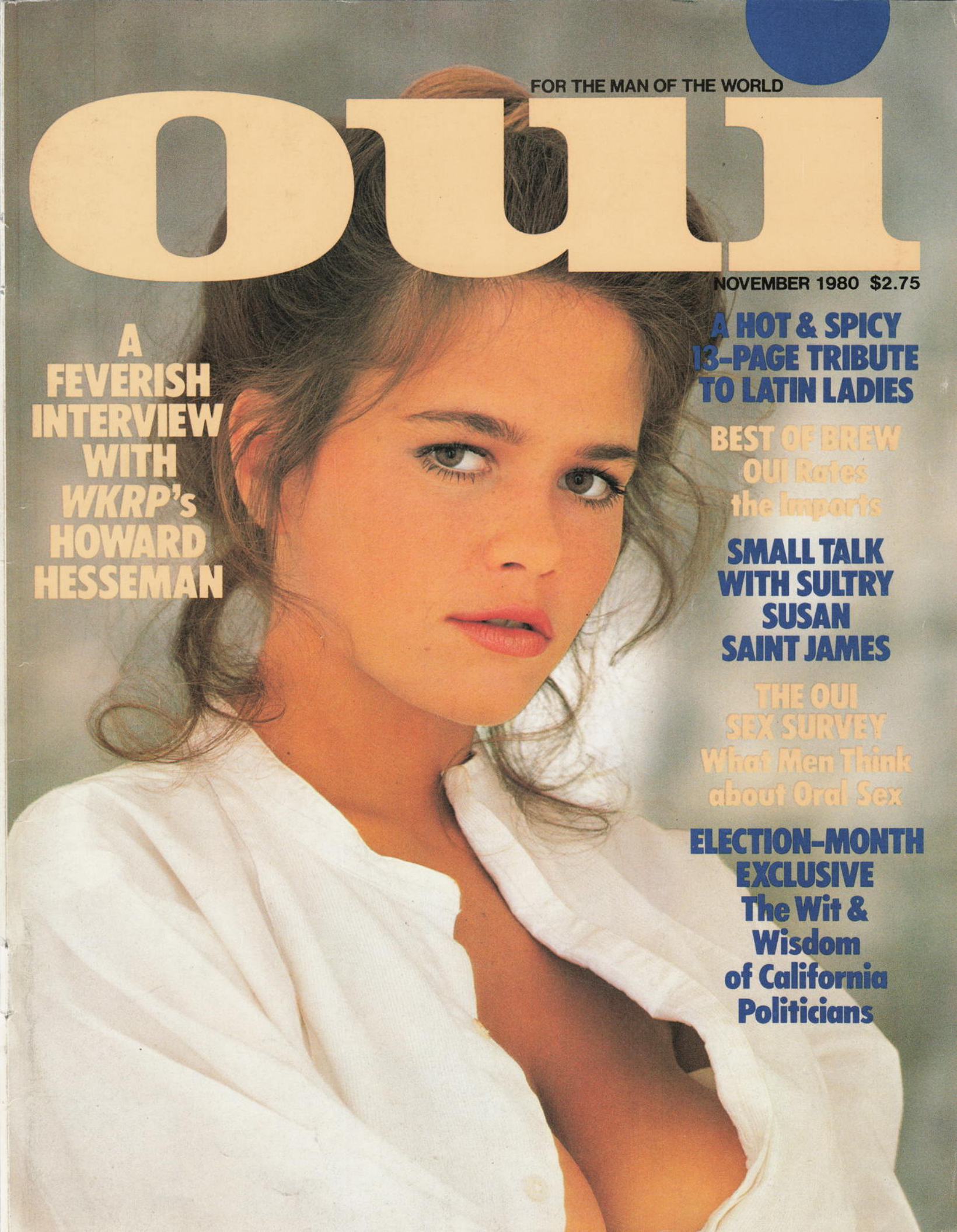




FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

OUI

NOVEMBER 1980 \$2.75

**A
FEVERISH
INTERVIEW
WITH
WKRP's
HOWARD
HESSEMAN**

**A HOT & SPICY
13-PAGE TRIBUTE
TO LATIN LADIES**

**BEST OF BREW
OUI Rates
the Imports**

**SMALL TALK
WITH SULTRY
SUSAN
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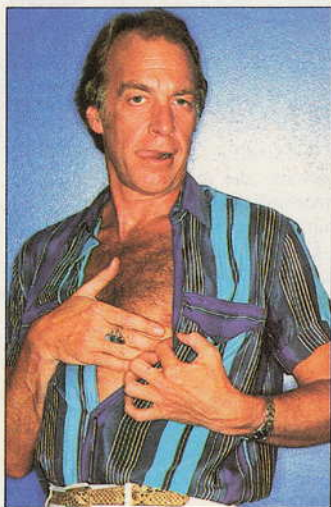
American Whiskey - A Blend • 80 Proof © 1990 Calvert Dist. Co., Louisville, Ky

**46 SEX SURVEY:
CUNNILINGUS**

As part of OUI's continuing series examining male/female sexuality, author Theodore Fischer sifts through the responses supplied by hundreds of young men concerning their thoughts and feelings on going south.

**70 INTERVIEW:
HOWARD HESSEMAN**

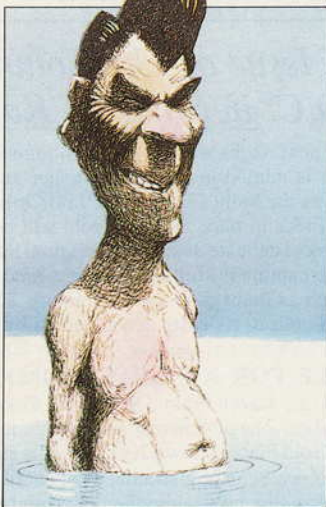
He may be Johnny Fever to WKRP fans but, to the rest of the world, he's just an entertaining maniac with as many personalities as a Celebrity Challenge of the Sexes. Contributing Editor C.W. Metcalf delves behind the masks and uncovers the real Hesseman—we think.

**50 BEST OF
THE BREWED**

A panel of red-blooded American suds specialists (namely, writers and drinkers Mark Christensen and David Kelly) rates the top imported beers from around the world.

**75 THE WIT &
WISDOM OF
CALIFORNIA POLITICIANS**

With Ronald Reagan (rouged cheeks and all) camped on the front steps of the White House and Jerry Brown resigned to another four years in Sacramento, we thought we'd let the world know just how important the Golden State politicians are. Article by John Roemer.

**FEATURES**

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56 IN PRAISE OF OLD GIRLFRIENDS/A.J. Morgovski. How ex-lovers can still make it as just friends.

60 LESLIE GRAVES/Photography by Phillip Dixon. Acting out her fantasies oncamera and in real life, too.

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85 UP YOUR INFLATION/Tom Hazlett. A decade's fiscal frenzy hits hardest where it hurts the most.

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**COVER**

Lithe, petite Leslie Graves, this month's cover and center girl, has a typically Californian attitude about her profession. "I'm an actress and, therefore, I'd like to make a career of it . . . but I'm easily waylaid. I could also just go shrimping forever." And the green-eyed 21-year-old means catching shrimp on a boat in the Pacific, not getting smaller and smaller. Photography by Phillip Dixon.



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THE WE PAGE

Some of the talented writers, photographers, artists, researchers and behind-the-scenes folk who helped produce this month's OUI

JOHN SHIRLEY

This is not, boys and girls, your average-looking magazine writer. This may be your average-looking New Wave singer (his band is Sado Nation) or even your above-average-looking science fiction writer (four novels), but not by any stretch of *anybody's* imagination is this the casing of a magazine writer.

Except that Shirley's *The Gunshot* (p. 108) is such remarkable fiction, we might have discovered a new genre of magazine writer.



LOU BEACH

Raised on an Indian reservation in Arkansas, Beach spent way too much time in environs like New York and Florida before he migrated west to become, he admits, "a drug-sopped hippie." Having illustrated for major magazines the past few years, Beach says he was surprised OUI bought his illustration for *The Gunshot*. "It's airbrushed and pretty—not typical of OUI's style." So what are we, Lou, all crayons and ugly?



NEAL WEINSTOCK

A recording engineer penned our *Stereo on the Move* (p. 78) because, while he's traveled the world in search of the perfect audio system, he now resides in New York, where city noise has deafened him.



EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH

Assistant Managing Editor Ed Bott, also OUI's Stereo Editor, tells a tale about how he got even with an irate landlord by spackling a lox into the wall upon his eviction. Bott is now our Interiors Editor.



GRAHAM HENMAN

To photograph 33 different bottles of beer, then shoot a group of individuals so seedy that no one would dare ask them to smile for the camera, we went right to a fellow with credentials. A man of such worldwide stature that our *Best of the Brewed* (p. 50) only whet his professional



appetite. An ace who has photographed Smirnoff vodka and Beringer wines, even. We went to a lush, for chrissakes, and it's a miracle the photographs didn't phone us from Henman's lab and ask us to hurry over before he spilled Guinness all over the emulsion.

A.J. MORGOVSKI

Four years ago, he produced the critically acclaimed play, *Isadora Duncan: A Unique Recital*, which left him broke. An old girlfriend got him back on his feet long enough to edit a rock magazine until that abruptly ended. Another old girlfriend, then another, helped him survive long enough to write *Your Old Girlfriends* (p. 56) for us. We think he needed the relationship.



MARA MCAFEE

If the style of artwork for *Your Old Girlfriends* rings familiar, it's probably because McAfee also illustrated a similar piece for us in our May issue called *Her Old Boyfriends*. Not that we think Mara is a one-act illustrator, mind you. Quite the opposite, as the world will see when Simon & Schuster brings out *The Art of Mara McAfee* this month.



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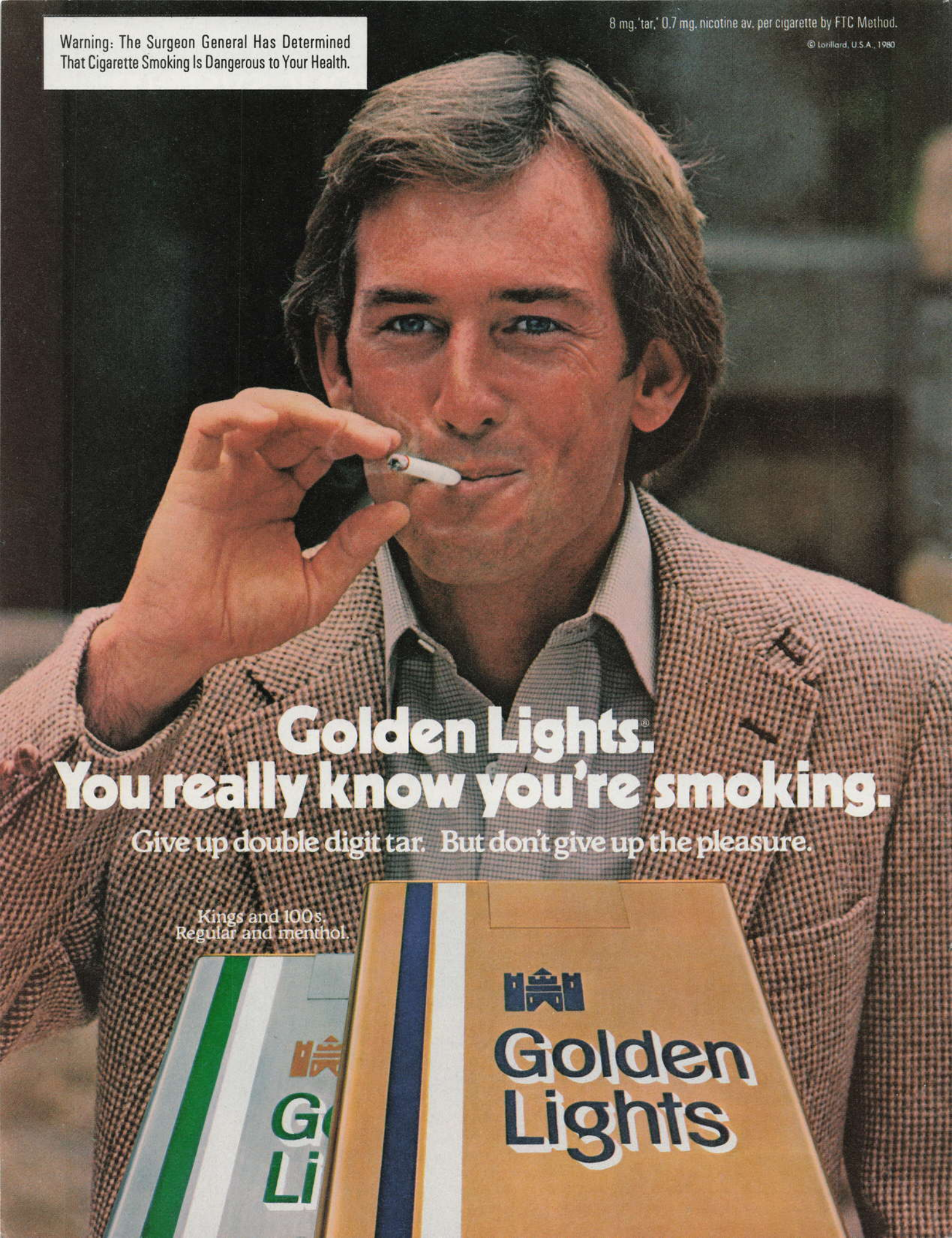


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MAIL

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READ THIS OR ELSE . . .

Thank you for the incisive interview with *National Lampoon* editor P.J. O'Rourke (*A Conversation with P.J. O'Rourke*, August). At last, somebody has dared to expose the so-called humor magazine for what it really is: a blatant tool of the Scotch-swilling, Upper East Side, upper-middle-class Irish conspiracy. Please shoot the editor (and the dog, too).

REX WEINER
New York, New York

Oh, wow, O'Rourke! I reckon your interview will be the closest that this ol' fan will ever get to fulfilling our ongoing, one-sided love affair. And God knows, I've tried.

The only time I met the man was at a book-signing session. I was a bit surprised when he asked me how he should sign it. With great abandon (not to mention the opportunity of a lifetime), I said, "Sit on my face is always nice." So now, in addition to Robert Singer's blue-ribbon interview, I have a personally penned prurient piece of prose from P.J., my favorite fantasy.

ANNIE RUBIN
Oakland, New Jersey

Except for a gremlin's error, which substituted the *East Village Other* for the *New York Herald*, I found *A Conversation with P.J. O'Rourke* amusing and informative. P.J. always was a waggish, entertaining figure, even when we were all toiling for a pittance in the vineyards of the alternative press. If someone had told him then that one day he would be the subject of an interview in a magazine the caliber of *OUI*, he would have come out, I am sure, with a suitably crushing rejoinder. His early success should be an inspiration to all young and aspiring journalists. Good interview.

STEPHEN KRAUS
New York, New York

Re: O'Rourke interview, *National Lampoon*. It seems all I hear about is *National Lampoon*. What ever happened to the good kind of articles we used to see about poisons in our water supply and the CIA killing Kennedy? Get serious, *OUI*.

TED MANN
Editor, *National Lampoon*
New York, New York

CONSCIOUSNESS RATING

Group Rate—A Consumer's Guide to Consciousness Raising (August) is an enlightening, well-compiled chart. I always

wondered who those folks were wearing the towels around their heads and carrying sabers—now I know. Good work.

L.R.R.
Northport, Long Island, New York

GRAY'S ANATOMY

I think *Penny Gray* (July) is one super pictorial—your best yet. She's absolutely the most beautiful girl I have ever seen. Keep up the great work.

D. TIPPIT
Austin, Texas

Brian Anderson's loving study of Penny Gray surpassed your usual high-caliber collection of incredible women. In other words,



you outdid yourselves on this one. Penny does look like *Mork and Mindy's* Pam Dawber—there's only one difference: Penny's even prettier. How about another look?

C.P.
Knoxville, Tennessee

Yarg! That's *Gray* spelled backward, and it's also an expression of the kind of urge I felt when I saw Penny in your July issue. She's one of the niftiest ladies I've ever come across in *OUI*. More!

DEAN KITTINGER
Anchorage, Alaska

INSIDE DOPE

Regarding *Dr. Oui's* advice on the legality of dope in Amsterdam (June): Even

though good quality smoke is, as you said, available openly and with above-average reliability, it is not legal.

Tourists visiting Amsterdam can be arrested for buying and possessing any illegal drug (including marijuana). And crossing any border in Europe with said drug(s) can get you a prison sentence in a foreign jail.

I recommend that visitors to Amsterdam be discreet with the chemicals they ingest. And don't buy any dope from the dealers on the streets. Established dealers can be found inside the Paradiso and the Milky Way—two clubs situated near the Leidseplein.

JACK KANIS
Camp New Amsterdam,
The Netherlands

PRAISEWORTHY NOTICES

In Praise of Praise (August) is not only an enjoyable read, it supplied me with some pointers I was able to utilize with a girl I met at school. Not that I was a tactless clod before I read the article. But it gave me new insights on how to flatter a girl without coming off like a smooth-talking jerk.

HENRY SCHOTT
Newtown Square, Pennsylvania

I really find it objectionable that *OUI* is now giving advice to guys on how to be civil, kind and charming to women, as you did in *In Praise of Praise*. If a man has to go to a magazine to learn how to say nice things to a woman, I don't want to meet him. Stick to personalities, sports and music, and let people shape their own characters.

JUDY JAMES
Detroit, Michigan

Flattery will get you everywhere, as Gerald Carpenter so brilliantly demonstrates in his article *In Praise of Praise*. Now, how about a feature based on the old axiom "The way to a woman's heart is through her stomach"? Or something like that.

S.S.
Bangor, Maine

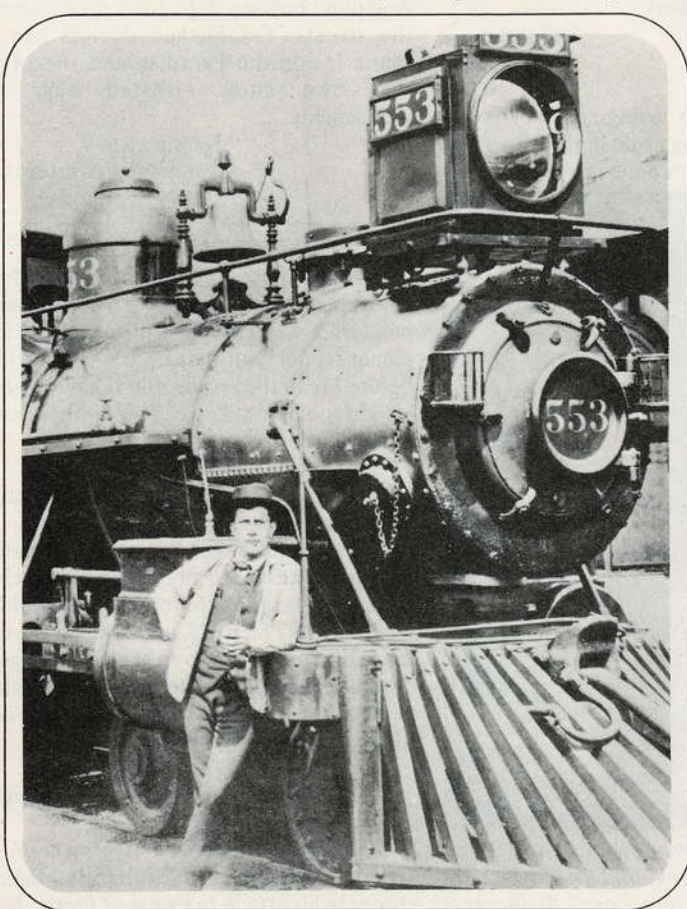
SHOOTING THE CRAP

Ivan Goldman's article *Dice Fever* (July) contains a number of surprising errors. While he promises to show how to approach the game with the "aplomb" of a regular, some of his advice would more readily mark you as an amateur.

First, when shooting, you *must* have either a pass or don't pass, but not "any bet." Next, there are no casinos in Las Vegas that

"We were stopped dead... 'cause Weed had traded all the railroad ties for 2 dozen oysters and a French piano."

Sean Sweeney, Gang Boss, Chicago & Ouray Railroad



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Fact was...he was a lot more than a railroad man. He was a man with real good taste. Yet he always liked a good prank. As long as it was done with class.

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use \$10 chips.

Worse yet, Mr. Goldman states: "Most casinos will allow you to increase your initial pass-line bet when you make a bet behind the line. This is to your advantage." On the contrary, it is absolutely *not* to your advantage. Never increase or make a pass-line bet while the shooter has a point; the increased amount along with the odds in this situation would pay equal or *better* as a place bet.

Dice Fever, even with author Goldman's serious errors, is nonetheless a valuable guide to shooting craps.

JIM LUCIANO
Crap Dealer, Las Vegas Hilton Hotel
Las Vegas, Nevada

Author Goldman replies: "(1) Mr. Luciano is correct. A shooter must play pass or don't pass, although I'll bet he's seen that rule stretched. (2) When I spoke of \$10 chips, I was, of course, referring to standard-issue Two Guys from West Covina—a casino and tune-up garage in Mendoza, Argentina. (3) Taken out of context. Look at the passage and you'll see that I was recommending that you bet more behind the pass-line than on it, which is, of course, to your advantage."

Now I understand (I think). Thanks for *Dice Fever*. Even if I don't win the next time in Vegas, at least I won't feel too intimidated to play anything but the slot machines. How about some guidance on blackjack, roulette, etc.?

ELAYNE SIDLEY
Compton, California

As a broken-down dice shooter, myself, I especially enjoyed the *Dice Fever* article. I, too, learned to shoot craps with the gang from the pool hall. The author's comments were knowledgeable and informative. As a matter of fact, even an "old man of La Mancha" like myself was able to pick up quite a few pointers here.

TOM STANTON
North Miami, Florida

The kind of "how to" pieces you've been running of late, especially the article on playing the crap tables, is a real bonus for me. They're helpful and fun to read. Hope you have more planned for the future. Also, how about something on the history of gambling?

E.G. ZINNER
Rancho Palos Verdes, California

DEAD LETTER FILE

At last, an article on America's greatest rock resource and its legions of fans (*Dead Heads*, August). It's about time somebody wrote a comprehensive appreciation of the Grateful Dead and pointed out that Dead Heads are as much a part of the show as Garcia & Co.

Also, a note to all the people who wonder

how someone can go see the Grateful Dead over and over again. I just returned home from Colorado, where I saw them play twice, and from Arizona, where again, I saw two shows. In four separate gigs, the band repeated only a few songs—and those were from their new album.

Thanks, OUI, for turning your attention to this band. And thanks, Grateful Dead, for 15 years of great music.

TOM KRAFT
Bayonne, New Jersey

I am so weary of reading about a bunch of old acid casualties and aging hippies who are supposed to be such a hot rock-'n'-roll band. The Grateful Dead don't play rock; they play long, rambling, amplified musical exercises in tonality and feedback. These Dead Heads who follow Garcia and Co. around should be ashamed. And so should OUI for devoting four pages to a band better left forgotten.

ALLAN GREENE
San Francisco, California

Fifteen years later, the Grateful Dead are still making revelatory music—and a new generation of Dead Heads have joined the ranks. Good work for furthering the cause.

L.M.
Des Moines, Iowa

PHOTO STRIP TEASE

Listen, I'm a subscriber, so I think I have something to say about this. Find Krissy (*Openers*, "Photo Strip," July) and give her anything she wants. Just get more photos and publish them.

MICHAEL W. KONBOL
Flagstaff, Arizona

That little Krissy is something else! She's sweet. Throw her a kiss and give her my very best.

A.C. DOWNING
Cincinnati, Ohio

SUGGESTION BOX

You did an interview with Lou "the Hulk" Ferrigno (*A Conversation with Lou Ferrigno*, June). Now do an interview on someone we girls *really* want to read about—Ron Duguay of the New York Rangers. He's a great hockey player and one hunk of a guy. Remember, you've got to keep the female readers of your magazine happy, too, and I'm one of them. Keep up the great work, and hope to see Ron Duguay in your pages soon.

LIZ GENTILE
Maspeth, New York

A mini interview with Ron is forthcoming. Keep your eye on the puck...

APARTMENT LIFE

Thanks for your recent OUI feature on my old tenant Shelley Smith (*Small Talk: Shelley Smith*, August). It was like reading

about an old friend who had grown up and become a big-city attraction. I guess a sign on the apartment is in order: HERE SLEPT SHELLEY SMITH, BIG STAR. WE KNEW HER WHEN SHE WAS JUST SWEET AND SEXY.

GEORGE R. HARTLEY
Los Angeles, California



Thanks for the opportunity to see and hear more from Shelley Smith. She's a lovely, talented and intelligent lady. Shelley exudes more real sensuality fully clothed than most women do stark naked. Hope she has continued success with her career.

J. NORRIS
Providence, Rhode Island

ROCKER REBUTTALS II

In response to the letter from James Jones in the July *Mail*, under the heading "Rocker Rebuttals." I can't believe this guy. He must be ten years old and a total wimp.

For someone to say that the Who and Pete Townshend are old and outdated is crazy. Is this guy Jones crazy? I mean, the Who is the greatest rock-'n'-roll band in the world. Fact!

DALE QUACKENBUSH
Lombard, Illinois

Who in the hell is James Jones, and where does he get off saying Pete Townshend and the Who are has-beens? What kind of has-been band can sell out huge stadiums consistently, have a steady string of hit singles and albums and, in their third decade, be going as strong as they were at their start? The mark of a truly great band lies in its longevity, as well as its ability to play kick-ass, knock-'em-dead rock. As for Mr. Jones, he can go back to his pseudorock punk garbage and hear three chords and a tin can on every song. Grow up, guy.

DENNIS J. BOYLE
Grand Rapids, Michigan

LOST IN THE STICKS

Life Among the Yahoos (August) hits the ol' spike right on the head. I'm originally from Pittsburgh and, three years ago, I moved up to Maine. I'm sorry to say I agree with the message of Ivan Goldman's article—country living can get mighty tiresome and mighty dull. Of course, living in a sprawling urban mess has its downside, too. The only alternative is to be rich enough to have a house in the city for those times

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when you feel like partyin' all night long, and another house in the sticks for when you just want to breathe some clean air and hear the birds sing.

R.S. McNUTT
Danforth, Maine

So Ivan Goldman thinks he knows about life in small towns, huh? Well, I'd like to take this opportunity to say that he's absolutely right. After several years in several cities, I moved back here little more than a year ago. The article reads like a paraphrasing of my journal entries since that time.

But I do think the author was a little harsh on Missoula, Montana. A lot of nut cases and oddball types live there; for such a small town, it's really quite an exciting place.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY
Flat River, Missouri

Life Among the Yahoos is an insipid and banal exercise in idiocy, which maligns the city of Missoula. Aside from obvious oversimplifications of the comparative advantages and disadvantages of rural and urban living, your article is, at best, only witty half the time. Or, in other words, the work of a half-wit.

We've got foreign films here and lots of live music—everything from rock to jazz to classical. We have some of the liveliest bars in the country. And some of the most beautiful women.

As far as author Goldman's prehensile efforts at invective go, he's better off tap-dancing on éclairs for a living.

GEORGE EVERETT
Missoula, Montana

Ivan Goldman's article is more informative and to-the-point than the satirical tone of the piece would have some believe.

One doesn't have to go far, however, to find the likes of Missoula, Montana. In Paramus, New Jersey, a mere 15 miles from New York City, a mention of the Big Apple brings chills to true locals. "That whole place should blow up and sink into the ocean" is the kind of remark often heard.

I've been in a lot of small towns in my life. *Life Among the Yahoos* rings true from start to finish.

GUSTAVO FLORES
Paramus, New Jersey

It works both ways, guys. Montana hosts a bigoted dislike for Californians, too. You've given us good reason to kindly shove your magazine where it will never again see the light of day.

PHIL NORCROSS
Missoula, Montana

Life Among the Yahoos is a gem. Now please tell me how to get 199 million people to stop by for a vacation, spend all their money and then go home to earn some more for next year's visit?

oui

I commend the author for his honesty and insight, and I hope he's able to establish a large cult of followers who believes cities are where it's at (as long as they continue to come and spend their bucks in the backwoods).

LUCY MICKELSON
Missoula, Montana

As much as we respect our dear friend Ivan Goldman, we feel compelled to add one important point to his article rapping small towns. When once asked where, if given only one choice, he would like to spend the rest of his life, Ivan replied, "Aspen, Colorado." According to the 1970 census, its population is 2437. That's *small*.

Seriously, it's always refreshing to read quality writing and, once again, Goldman has succeeded admirably. Even if he does exaggerate. Just a bit.

LINDA AND JEFF
Las Vegas, Nevada

A.M. AMOURS

Writer Katharine Lowry really put her heart in it when she delivered *Morning Becomes Electric* (August). One gets the feeling that *anytime* would be an electrifying time with her. She obviously knows what she's talking about, and she knows how to write, too. Keep up the fantastic job.

THEO E. WILLIAMS
Represa, California

PULLING OUR LEGS

Blasphemy! How dare you run that superb feature on the female leg (*Legs*, August) without one single photo or mention of the owner of the best legs in the free world.



To help you repent, here's one especially gorgeous shot of the peerless Catherine Bach of TV's *The Dukes of Hazzard*.

S.C. DACY
Toronto, Ontario

SEX FACTS

Regarding the article *50 Things You Never Knew About Sex Until You Read This* (July). Number 28 states, "There are 14,288,400 possible combinations of sexual positions for a man and a woman to engage in."

My associates and I consider ourselves men and women of the world. We share what you might call a conversational open

relationship. In blending our mutual experiences, we have been unable to think of more than 18 sexual positions for a man and a woman to engage in.

I presented the dilemma to my audience of many thousands in order to broaden the base of experience. I can assure you, a significant part of the population of Akron, Canton and Cleveland, Ohio, are in the dark as to the other 14,288,382 positions.

Please help!

STEVE FULLERTON
WHLO News/Talk Radio
Akron-Canton, Ohio

Let's see: There's man on top, woman on bottom; woman on top, man on bottom; man and woman on their sides. That's three . . .

OVER THE HILL?

Your recent ads for OUI state that the magazine is "for men in their 20s." Being that I'm soon turning 30, I wonder which magazine will suit me best now?

JOHN DUNN
Westmont, Illinois

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CONTENTS: 12 U.S. FL. OZS.

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DR. OUI

Sensible and straightforward answers to your questions about sex, the law, drugs, money, health, fitness, manners and self-improvement

I work the night shift, and I try to keep in shape through diet and exercise. But I wonder if there are special rules for night people. Like, when is the best time for me to exercise and to take vitamins? Can I eat breakfast before going to bed, or is it bad to crash on a full stomach?

B.M.

Scranton, Pennsylvania

The best time to exercise is whenever you can do so conveniently and pleasurably. The lunchtime workout is recommended—regardless of when lunchtime is—since it's a healthier pick-me-up than coffee, it raises your energy and mental alertness and it won't interfere with your sleep as before-bedtime exercise often does. Take your vites with the first meal of your "day." Breakfast is the 24-hour meal and, like chicken soup, it can't hurt, no matter when you take it.

After taking a routine company physical examination, I got the word that I tested positively for syphilis. My girl and I were both virgins when we met two years ago, and we've both been strictly monogamous—swear to God. When we went to the lab for more blood tests, she came out negative, but mine was positive again! Please confirm that I could have gotten it without having sex (toilet seats, etc.) before she loses faith.

W.R.

Tallahassee, Florida

We'd be glad to, but it's much better to take her, and your crotch, to a dermatologist specializing in V.D. He can soothe her suspicions with greater authority. Fact is, it's possible for nonvenereal factors to produce a positive syph reaction. A specialist can give you tests to rule out such a false diagnosis, or he can treat you if the news is still bad. Certainly your bewilderment, conscientious honesty and deep concern—both about your dilemma and her resultant doubts—are the signs, not of a deceiver or a cad, but of a sincerely troubled and committed partner.

My motto is seek a career that turns you on. So now that I have my B.S. from a major university, I'm tempted to try pharmacy school. How hard is it to get in and, if I do, how hard will it be to get drugs?

W.W.

Washington, D.C.

If your primary goal is simply to score,



you're wasting your time. The pharmaceutical profession is subject to such tight scrutiny and security that you'll probably have better luck with your local dealer. Although pharmacy-school admission isn't as cut-throat as dental or medical school, it's still extremely competitive, with an average of three to five applicants per opening. Each school sets its own requirements, which usually take into account your major, your GPA and your letters of recommendation. A background in biochem, biology or math is advised but not always necessary. For a list of schools and requirements, get "Pharmacy School Admission Requirements" from the American Association of Colleges of Pharmacy, 4630 Montgomery Ave., No. 201, Bethesda, MD 20014.

I consider my husband the greatest man in the world. Sex with him is super but, before we married, I had several affairs with women—though I wasn't gay—and now I want a woman again. Should I tell him about this desire or not? If so, how do I break it to him?

H.D.

Albuquerque, New Mexico

Consider your situation: (1) You have a secret bisexual past—and maybe a bisexual future. (2) You're not certain you can trust him with the truth. (3) You don't know how to communicate with him. Now, consider the options. Your desire may be nothing but a passing yen; in which case, let sleeping dogs lie. However, if you seriously need to act on this urge, try raising the subject

discreetly. Suggest going to a bi flick, or confide that you have fantasies about a three-way. Who knows? He may go for it; then you'll have the best of both sides. But if he doesn't bite, you'll have to choose between deliberate deception and informing him that he doesn't fulfill your sexual needs.

I've heard that the average adult male masturbates three times a week. Maybe I'm oversexed, but my rate is almost triple that. Three questions. (1) Am I a male nympho? (2) Will excessive masturbation shorten my sex life? (3) Will it hurt my sex life?

G.B.

Cleveland, Ohio

It sounds to us like it is your sex life. Three answers. (1) The phrase "male nympho" is redundant: Men in our society are reared to pursue orgasm like IBM stock. (By the way, the word you're looking for is "satyr.") Furthermore, masturbators tend to be more sexually active than the norm. (2) Excessive hand humping won't shorten your sexual career. There's no lifetime quota on your number of ejaculations. (3) Fist loving can hurt your sex life if it "programs" you for quick, emotionless climaxes, and it may dispose you to premature ejaculation with partners. Assuming, of course, that you still have time for partners.

A friend suggested that I see a chiropractor for my back pain. But I've always thought of chiropractic as pseudomedicine, and I know that many medical doctors do, too. Assuming "Dr." Oui can be objective, could a chiropractor really help me?

D.L.

New Hope, Minnesota

"Objectivity" is just a euphemism for a rationalized bias. But here's ours. Chiropractors using spinal/muscular manipulation can do wonders with skeletomuscular and joint problems. But so can heat and exercise. It's certainly preferable to drugs or surgery but, remember, it's an adjunct to medicine, not an alternative. Back pain, for instance, could be related to a neurological or cardiovascular problem—alien turf to chiropractors. A few caveats: Don't see a chiropractor for a diagnosis; they tend to interpret all dysfunctions in terms of chiropractics. See an orthopedist, instead. Also, avoid chiropractic treatments for body asymmetry (it's universal) and for problems concerning your vision or hearing. Stay away from a chiro who recommends

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one "adjustment" for each year of your age. The bottom line? Anything that you believe will help you, probably will.

Until recently, I made flattering comments about other women when I was with my lady. Then she started checking out other guys in my presence—you know, talking about how handsome, sexy or well built they were. It really annoyed me, so I soon quit my riffs, figuring she'd do the same. But she didn't. Would it be chauvinistic of me to demand that she knock it off?

V.P.

Colorado Springs, Colorado

It would more likely be futile. First, seek out the source of her button-pushing tendencies. She may be trying to even the score for your roving eye or trying to punish you for some other unexpressed reasons. She may even be trying to vent her resentment about the relationship itself. Most likely, your open admiration of other women made her deeply insecure; provoking your jealousy reassures her. She has a right to admire, but you have a right not to hear about it, and vice versa.

I'm 19 and my girl is 18. She's never had an orgasm, although I've tried masturbating her and giving her head for up to ten minutes. She wants to get off, and I'm beginning to feel guilty because I do and she doesn't. She says it's in her mind and blames herself. What do we do?

D.W.

Seattle, Washington

Reject guilt and self-blame with all your might. Female orgasm is a learned experience that most women don't grasp until their mid-20s. Time, patience and practice can work wonders; be supportive and creative. Also, a woman gives herself an orgasm; you're just the catalyst. To discover what sets her off, discuss and explore her body with her. Check out her past for psychological barriers to orgasm—fear, distaste or resentment of sex. And ten minutes is nothing. A half hour of affectionate stimulation will do you both good. Also, buy her "For Yourself," a fine guide to sexual awareness by Lonnie Barbach (Doubleday, \$3.95). Remember—getting there is half the fun.

Hard drugs have never been important to my girl—until now. Lately, she's been hanging out with some people who are into snorting smack! She says you can't get hooked by just sniffing junk, but I wonder. Is she right? And, if not, how much can you snort before getting hooked?

D.D.

Columbia, South Carolina

She's hazardously wrong. The majority of Vietnam smackheads got started by "safely" snorting or smoking heroin. V.A. drug-detox wards are filled with pitiful

guys who bought the "no needle, no sweat" bromide. You can get hooked on junk regardless of how you taste it. As for how much you can do—when you feel shitty without it and/or wish you had it to the point of craving it or altering your normal behavior to get it, you're strung out. Whether you take it in the vein or up the ass, junk is junk.

After using the pill for almost five years, I went off it about 14 months ago in order to have a baby—but no luck so far. Can the pill make you infertile? Are there tests for infertility? Which sexual positions are best for conceiving?

C.G.

Vancouver, British Columbia

The latest data indicate that sexual positioning has a negligible effect on your odds of procreating. Post-pill infertility is widespread. Your problem is probably due to the fact that you're not ovulating regularly. But it's usually only temporary. Even in cases in which infertility proves chronic, it is, for the most part, easily treatable. If you are ovulating, both you and your husband should see an M.D. who specializes in reproductive medicine. New fertility tests are developed almost monthly; find someone who's familiar with the latest ones.

For my money, the worst trend in fashion since the maxi skirt is lipstick. It makes me feel as though I'm kissing a slab of bacon. I hate it, but every woman you see these days is wearing it. How can I diplomatically get a lady to take it off before we kiss?

A.S.

New Castle, Delaware

Be romantic: Tell her that you want to feel her bare lips on yours, rather than squander your passion on a facial paint job. Be comic: Tell her you don't want to kiss her while she's wearing lipstick because if you forget to wipe it off you might later be mistaken for a drag queen. Be daring: Tell her you'd like her to rub it off... all over your body.

When I finally realized that I was completely impotent, I saw a doctor to determine whether my problem was psychological or physical. He said it would cost \$500 just to find out. Please tell me, is there a cheaper way to find out whether my insufficiency is in my head or in my crotch?

D.P.M.

Madison, Wisconsin

How does 45 cents sound? Although impotence can be physical—hormone deficiency, arterial constriction, diabetes—it is usually emotional (the ratio is still vehemently debated). However—if you get any erections while sleeping, the cause is definitely psychological. To find out, get three postage stamps (or trading stamps or Christmas seals) and stick them around

your schwantz for three to five nights in a row. A mid-sleep erection will break them at the perforation! Talk about ingenious. And cheap. Remember, though, even nocturnal detumescence can be psychologically based. Skip the medical exam and see a sexual counselor; at \$500 you are, shall we say, getting stiffed.

I've been in the navy for about two years. When my ship is at sea and I'm away from women, I jerk off about four times a week. Last time out, I noticed that the amount of semen had decreased dramatically by the fourth day. Is this normal? Are there supplements I should be taking to increase the amount of my ejaculation?

T.V.

San Diego, California

Seminal fluid is mostly plasma from the prostate gland with a dash of sperm from the testes. Approximately a teaspoonful of ejaculate is normal. If orgasms occur frequently in a brief time span, the amount of semen can diminish—sometimes your prostate just can't keep up with your id. A moderate decrease of seminal fluid after heavy sexual activity is routine, but a significantly lower volume after, say, three orgasms in four days is something to take up with a good urologist. Causes range from dysfunctioning seminal vesicles or a deformed prostate to the use of heroin, methadone, Thorazine or antihypertensive drugs. Supplements sometimes boost your peace of mind, but rarely your juices.

Like Zonker in *Doonesbury*, I'm heavily into getting a total tan. What's more, I'd like to maintain my color throughout the winter. I've heard about a tanning pill sold in Canada that tans you from the inside out. When will it be sold in the U.S.?

R.G.

Tyler, Texas

Be prepared to wait awhile. The FDA first has to decide whether Oro-Bronze is a cosmetic, a drug or a food. Indoors, the recommended dosage turns the skin a kind of apricot color; with exposure to the sun, it enhances your natural tan. The active ingredient, canthaxanthin, is a carotenoid pigment found in carrots, corn and squash and is used as a food-coloring agent. It's structurally similar to vitamin A. There seem to be no adverse effects as long as the recommended daily dose of 25 mg. per kilo of body weight is followed. People on fad diets that include massive amounts of carrots often experience the same effect. So until Oro-Bronze is legalized, you could probably do as well with a pound of carrots each day.

When we first started going together, my girl was unable to climax with me inside her. But soon after I told her how frustrated I felt, she started to come every time. I'd like to think all my extra attention has paid off,

but that seems too good to be true. How can I tell if she's faking orgasm?

F.Y.

Mexico City, Mexico

When she's peaking, ask her. If she pays any attention to you, she's probably putting on the O. Seriously, see if you can feel any vaginal contractions; this could indicate orgasm. Perhaps the real problem here is overemphasis on coital orgasm. Tell her your misgivings, but reassure her that she's more important to you than her physical response. If she is faking, make her stop; phony sexuality is worse than no sexuality. There's always hope that foreplay, experimentation, counseling or simple loving acceptance will overcome the problem.

Before I had a baby three years ago, my husband could bring me to orgasm by just fingering me. Ever since then, however, my clitoris and vaginal lips have been so sensitive I can't enjoy foreplay anymore. Four separate doctors have been unable to find anything wrong. Is there anything I can do?

J.F.

Albany, Georgia

Yes. Persist. Childbirth can mess with a woman's sex life both physically and mentally. Check with your local medical society for the names of some gynecologists—per-

haps female—who also specialize in sex counseling. Although another thorough examination or two may be costly and frustrating, it will probably be worth it, especially in view of the serious marital threat implicit in sexual unhappiness. For the time being, a cool, damp cloth may help desensitize your clitoris; your doctor may recommend other local anesthetics. But be prepared to deal with this problem on a psychological level—this is where most sexual hassles reside.

My boyfriend gets very turned on whenever I change my hair color. I'd like to go all the way and dye my pubic hair also. Is this safe, and are some dyes better than others?

P.H.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Not very and not particularly. Hair dyes can stain, irritate or burn skin tissue—especially in the delicate groin area. We don't advise it. But, if you must—use a mild, non-ammonia, nonperoxide dye. First, test it for adverse reactions on your forearm or underarm; then try it on a small patch of your pubic area away from your vagina. If all is cool, proceed, but avoid labial contact.

The Doctor is in every month to answer your questions. Write: Dr. OUI, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069.



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OPENERS

NOVEMBER

COMING OUT OF THE BROOM CLOSET

Quick! Describe a witch. They look like Margaret Hamilton with a pointy nose, green skin and a black gown from Frederick's of Transylvania. They're wrinkled, cranky old crones who dance around a boiling caldron, chanting, "Double-bubble, five o'clock stubble." All Shakespeare and Oz, right?

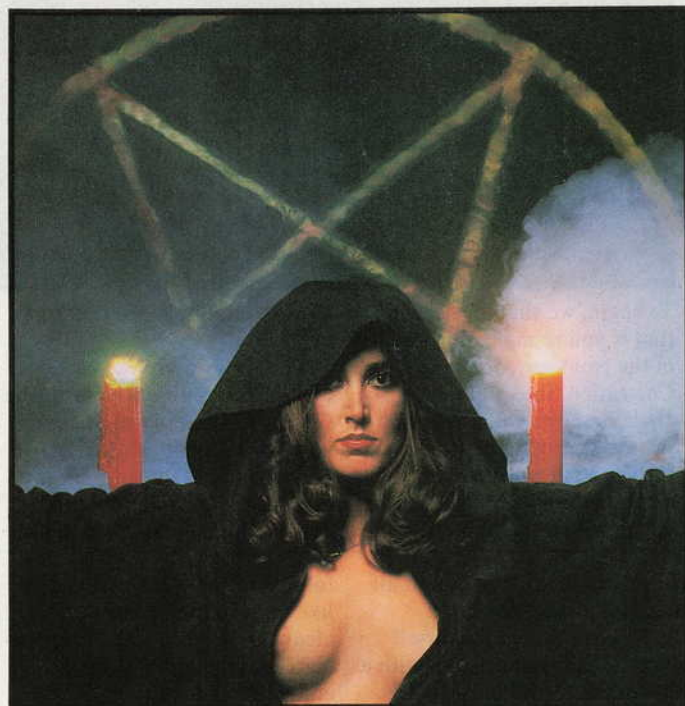
Wrong, toad breath. This is the 20th Century. And not only do real witches exist, but they're as normal as any of us (whatever that may mean). But now they've decided to bring their magic out of the broom closet.

Samantha (yes, Samantha) Smith doesn't sacrifice squealing babies on a slab, ride a broomstick or haunt graveyards for love-potion ingredients. Still, she's a full-fledged, card-carrying witch, and proud of it.

"Witches have suffered fifteen hundred years of bad P.R.," says Samantha. "And I, for one, am doing my best to straighten things out." In her case, this includes speaking at local high schools and colleges, aiding Leonard Nimoy in his research for *In Search of...* and dispelling a few Hollywood Halloween rumors for *Openers*.

"First of all, we don't worship Satan or the devil or whomever. That's a Christian concept, making God all good and dumping all the bad stuff on the devil." Witches, in fact, do not believe in an evil entity.

"This Black Mass bullshit



RICHARD ADRIAN

began with the Hellfire Club and the homosexual depravities of Gilles de Rais in the Fifteenth Century. It's nonsense and has nothing to do with the worship of what we call the Old Gods, the Goddess and her horned consort. The male entity, the Laughing God, Pan, has cloven hooves, goat legs, horns and a tail. Pan is joyous lust, carnality, the enjoyment of screwing yourself utterly senseless. So, not surprisingly, the Church saw this as evil and nasty—and fun. The gods of the old religions became the devils of the new. Sexy Pan became Satan."

The word *witch* (referring to both males and females) stems from the Old English root *wicce*, "to bend," as in bending reality. Way back when, before Colombian and Castaneda, the neighborhood wise-woman (or man) knew all about the psychotropic and medicinal properties of herbs and used this knowledge for the benefit of the locals. In a time when the Church attributed disease to God's wrath, the witch used folk remedies

to cure fever, ease pain and raise a few consciousnesses. The Old Religion also audaciously claimed that the universe was created by the union of male and female forces and that sex was not a sin, but a sacrament to be cherished. Unfortunately, in the fun-filled spirit of the Crusades, the holy fathers decided to wipe out this "obscene" cult through tor-

ture, political shenanigans and a few hundred thousand murders. But instead of dying out, the Old Gods merely went underground. And what of that splintery phallic symbol, the flying broomstick? "Misinterpretation," explains Samantha with a shrug. "There's an old witches' recipe for a hallucinogenic ointment made of aconite, poplar leaves and cinquefoil in a base of hog's lard. All of the ingredients are highly poisonous, but highly mind-bending as well. Rub that ointment on your body and you'd think you were flying, too."

In olden days, pagans and witches celebrated Samhain Eve, summer's end, near the end of October, both to mark the dawning of autumn and to salute the spirits of the dead. When the Catholic Church rewrote the holiday calendars, it proclaimed November 1 All Saints' (or All Hallow) Day; thus, the preceding day became All Hallow Eve, or Halloween. Even though most people think of Halloween as witches' night out, it is a relatively minor cross-quarter day, falling between the more important summer solstice

W I S H Y O U W E R E H E R E



Send your postcards to: "Great Postcards," OUI, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069.

and the winter equinox. "It's a minor holiday, true," sighs Samantha, "but right now, it's all we've got."

Another fallacy that Samantha is out to debunk is the belief that witches have to run around dressed like perpetual mourners. In truth, they don't dress at all.

"I enjoy working magic in the nude," Samantha states. "I feel closer to nature. When I'm working a spell or saluting the gods, I dance and move around a lot. Clothes confine me. My boyfriend and I both work nude but, when we visit other covens, we wear ceremonial robes. I may be a witch, but I'm still modest."

Since witches tend to be individualists, beliefs and practices vary from group to group and from place to place. Most covens worship a central female deity and a lesser male consort (lesbian witchcraft eliminates the male deity entirely). "There are as many different forms of the craft as there are groups that practice it," states Samantha. "There is no central church, no dogma, no hierarchy. Most groups situated in the same area don't even know of each other's existence. There is, however, one rule consistent throughout the craft: As long as what you do hurts no one physically or psychically, anything is permissible. That

eliminates death curses and all that Hollywood nonsense.

"Anyone can call himself a witch," adds Samantha with a tight smile. "And unfortunately, a lot of crazies do, which makes life miserable for the rest of us. People like to play at being naughty. If they knew anything about karmic law, they'd realize that evil thoughts and deeds come back three-

fold. Witches—real witches—like to keep their karma clean. To live life fully, to appreciate and defend nature, to enjoy life and creation, that's what the craft is all about."

One way witches appreciate creation is by re-creating the original Big Bang, in a practice known as the Great Rite. Some covens regularly get it on *en masse* in Dionysian revels, although Samantha has only done it once. "Even then, it was unplanned and totally spontaneous," she recalls smiling. "My boyfriend and I were naked and were working within a consecrated magic circle. Candles burned at the cardinal points, incense filled the room. We finished the ritual we had prepared, and then something came over us. The passion was incredible. I felt like the Goddess incarnate, and my boyfriend smiled this sexy, satyric, Pan-like smile. It was the most mind-blowing, cosmic sex I've ever had. And luckily, my roommate didn't come back until after we were done. That's really what I'd consider a religious experience."

It sounds like more fun than dunking for apples. Trick or treat, anyone?

—TED NEWSOM



To begin, we should warn you that if you're male, don't be in the front row when the Castration Squad breaks into *Dead Billy*, or you might find yourself grabbed by the hair, thrown to the ground and kicked around a bit. Of course, you never really know. A lot

of guys might be into that sort of thing.

The six vampirelike, black-leather girls who form the Castration Squad are Shannon (lead singer/songwriter), Mary (backup singer), Tiffany (keyboards), Elissa (drums), Tracy (guitar) and Alice (bass).

Together, they deliver hard-edged, whip-cracking rock 'n' roll aimed at one ideological objective: "to repair men."

They're not exactly the kind of girls you'd bring home to mom... but then, mom never did like girls that were "fun."

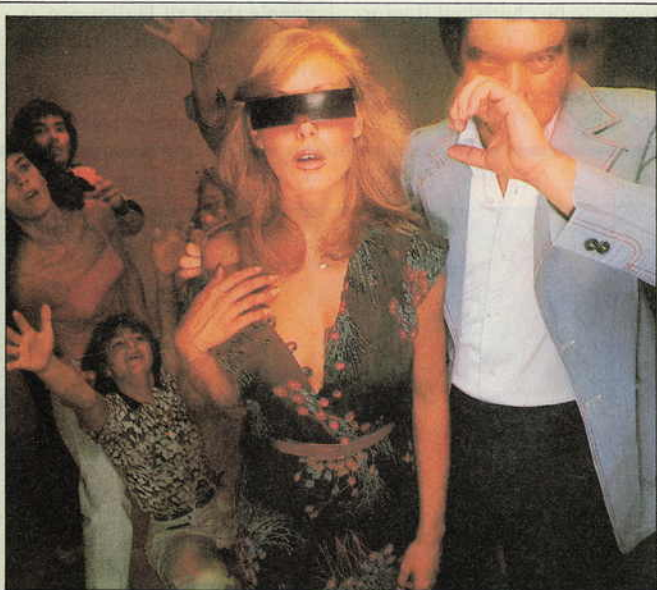
—ANTHONY MORA

He's Cute, but Can He Type?

Sexual harassment has come full circle. According to a recent UCLA survey, almost 40 percent of male employees say they're being chased around their female bosses' desks. Psychologists Barbara Gutek and Charles Nakamura interviewed 178 working men and found that nearly half claimed to have been the victims of sexual advances by female supervisors and employees.

But while approximately the same number of women said they've had similar experiences with men, there were some distinct differences in the physical attributes of the accosters involved. Women reported that their male chasers tended to be unattractive and were usually older. The men, however, said that the ladies after them were usually attractive and under 40.

This probably explains why 25 percent of the men thought it was OK to have an affair with their female bosses in order to keep their jobs, while only 14 percent of the women were up for a roll on the desk top.



SUNGLASSES OF THE STARS Farrah wears them. Cheryl Tiegs wears them. John Travolta *should* wear them. *Censor Bar Shades* by Gary Martin of Newport Beach—for life's embarrassing moments.

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More Naked French Girls

Irina Ionesco has exhibited in almost every major city in Europe and is one of the few photographers who has had works purchased by both Sylvia Bourdon (France's ex-porn queen, who now runs a prestigious erotic-art gallery in Paris) and the straitlaced Bibliotheque Nationale. Several of her photos are also part of

the permanent collection of the Georges Pompidou Museum in Paris.

Irina says that photography is just like literature, only she works with a camera, "printing out what I carry within myself, like my daily biography. I bring in the baroque to express my dreams and fantasies because I am baroque," says

Irina. "And no one else can do what I do because no one else is me." Nor can anyone else duplicate the rapport she has with her models, who enter Irina's fantasies as soon as they walk into her house, where most of her photos are taken.

The baroque decor is permanent. Irina is now working on a scenario for a film. "It's about

two women who know each other well, then discover that their lives center around the same man. It explores what happens when they face this fact with each other and the man." Irina hints that the scenario is autobiographical, but then adds, "All my fantasies are autobiographical."

—HALYA HRYNCHUK



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3 mg. "tar," 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. 1980.

The Openers Guide to Alternative Board Games

Tired of LED guff from unbeatable electronic-computer toys, but bored stiff by standard board games? *Openers* presents five imaginative alternatives to the overfamiliar mean streets of Boardwalk and Park Place. A mere toss of the dice will catapult you and your friends into new worlds of offbeat lifestyles and imaginary intrigue.

Created independently of the major board-games industry and, thus, not often found in local toy stores, these adult diversions have often been as elusive as a world conquest in a teeth-gnashing session of Risk. Now with our handy game guide, you can order direct from the source. Choose the fantasy that fits you best, be it smuggler, hit man, anarchist, whatever. And while you play, you can gloat over the fact that you aren't filling the coffers of the board-games establishment, but are bolstering the spirit of free enterprise that made America the glittering game of life it is today.

THE OFFICIAL DEALER McDOPE DEALING GAME

The peaks and pitfalls of big-time drug dealing—the methodical paranoia, shrewd haggling, instantaneous fortunes and backstabbing ripoffs—all come together in this tabletop edition of the multimillion dollar Dope Industry. From Doobietown, U.S.A., players circle the wide world of drugs to cop kilos of Peruvian coke and tons of Thai stick, utilizing Deal cards representing foreign connections.

If not busted crossing the border, you Walter Mittys of marijuana can sell the goods Stateside for a dizzying profit. First dealer to make two million dollars wins, unless you opt for the "Perverto" version, which lasts longer than a one-pound stash of *punta roja*. As much a primer as a game, McDope is a prerequisite for anyone considering competing in the real-life game of dealing for dollars. And while new dealing games sprout as abundantly as varieties of reef-er, McDope excels as the *sinsemilla* of the crop. From Last Gasp, 2180 Bryant Street, Suite C, San Francisco, CA 94110; \$14.95.

CLASS STRUGGLE

You say you want a revolution? Then you're ripe for Class Struggle, a wry reflection of the socialist view of capitalist society that pits repressed Workers against incorrigible Capitalists. Forming alliances with farmers, students and other social classes, players strive to collect enough "assets" and avoid enough "debts" to attain victory in various strikes, elections and similar showdowns leading up to the ultimate Confrontation. The Capitalists, though, can win by merely landing on the Nuclear War square, automatically triggering global holocaust.

New York University politics professor Dr. Bertell Ollman designed Class Struggle to be entertaining and educational. Familiarity with classic Marxist theory is rewarded

by Chance cards depicting scenes like: "You've just been laid off from work. If you blame the Blacks or Jews, move two spaces back. If you blame the Capitalists, move two spaces ahead." From Class Struggle, Inc., 487 Broadway, New York, NY 10013; \$11.95.

ANTI-MONOPOLY & ANTI-MONOPOLY II

In the original Anti-Monopoly, players act as trust-busters who break up monopolies within the steel, oil and other industries. Antitrust indictments against individual companies lead to Assigned Cases. When a player lands on a company already assigned for prosecution by another, he pays "supervisory payments" instead of rent. Sort of like Ralph Nader with dice.

Anti-II is an entire other ball game. Monopolists and Competitors race to develop America's dollar-lined avenues, from New York's Wall Street to Los Angeles' Wilshire Boulevard. Separate rules for the antagonists illustrate the economic realities: Monopolists can jack up the rent when they get a lock on any block of real estate, while Competitors may charge lower rents and don't need a monopoly before building houses. San Francisco State University professor Ralph Anspach utilized computers to determine the game's values and chance probabilities, making Anti-II the first scientifically devised board game. Both versions of this

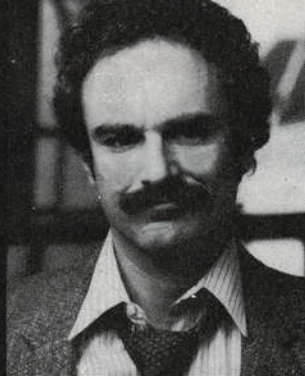
quintessential alternative to Monopoly pack plenty of stimulating action and win hands down as state-of-the-art achievements in board games. From National Games, Inc., 520 So. 2nd Street, Mankato, MN 56001; Anti-Monopoly, \$7.99; Anti-Monopoly II, \$9.99.

ASSASSIN! THE FINAL GAME

Off your opponents silently with a poison dart in the Casino, or do them in a little more spectacularly with a high-powered rifle during a South American soccer game. The intriguing concept of Assassin will bring out your killer instinct with the vindictiveness of a viper. The object is to hire any of 30 professional assassins to rub out the other players for keeps.

First, you must traffic internationally in plutonium, diamonds and drugs in order to accumulate enough money to pay the killers a \$10,000-to-\$100,000 contract to do your dirty work. Then you can enlist sinister henchmen like Karl Radek, the Latvian lunatic known to chew the hair off his victim's heads, or Wing Chen Tong, the martial-arts expert who sleeps on a bed of rice. A suitable game for your power-freak friends, Assassin accommodatingly omits the Go-to-Jail square, so no one ever loses a turn behind bars for any of the cold-blooded crimes required for victory. From Southold Game Corporation, P.O. Box 1650, Southold, NY 11971; \$16.00. —SHAY ADDAMS





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Bob Seger: Stranger in Town

At 35, Bob Seger is finally reaping platinum benefits from his long (12 years), hard rise to fame. Yet despite his popularity, he still spends most of his offstage life at home in rural Michigan with his girlfriend of eight years. Amidst the whirlwind of his *Against the Wind* tour, Seger stopped to talk with *Openers* about the album grooves, night moves and the fire down below.

OUI: Why do factory towns in the Midwest seem to produce such great rock audiences and more than their share of performers?

SEGER: Why do New York and L.A. produce so many hot basketball players? Because people see it as a way out. A lot of it comes down to the fact that you work hard in a factory six days a week and life's just a struggle. If you work hard, you want to play hard. For the longest time, Jackson Browne and Linda Ronstadt couldn't even get arrested in Detroit; they were too laid-back. Detroiters like it hard; they like a little edge and tension in their music. They want some fun.

OUI: You seem to be having a little fun of your own with the success of *Against the Wind*. How come the album took more than a year to produce?

SEGER: At first, it was too dark. It was morose, more stark and more extreme than anything I'd ever produced before. It was originally going to be called *No Man's Land*, and there were harder rockers and slower ballads. All of which got carved off when I shifted to the *Against the Wind* theme. I decided not to make it such a heavy psychological package.

OUI: Did all of that reflect what was happening in your personal life?

SEGER: No, not really. I was just trying to make a record that was not *Son of Stranger in Town* or *Son of Night Moves*. It was hard coming up with subject matter. *Night Moves* was the nostalgia album; *Stranger in Town* was the re-

action to big success; and *No Man's Land* was going to be "Well, I'm a success now, and sometimes it's not a lot of fun."

OUI: Do you resent your success—what you've had to give up for it?

SEGER: Not yet. It's pretty tough to move around southern Michigan, though. Where I live, it's really unusual to see somebody famous; people go gaga. It's like a magazine come to life.

OUI: How did you start play-

what we wanted.

OUI: Now, even though you've made it big, your lyrics are laced with a kind of regret and sadness. Where does that come from?

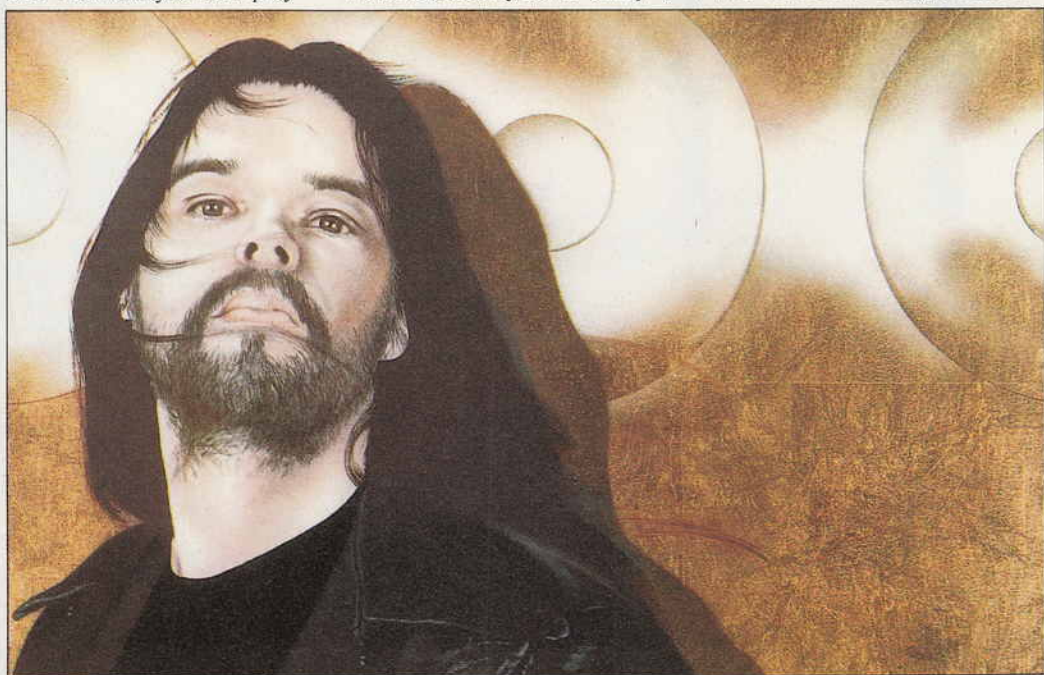
SEGER: I guess it's just that I'm 35 and it took a long time to make it, and a lot of it is a result of butting my head against the wall for 12 years. It's here now, but it was a hell of a price to get here. Sometimes you've got to question that. I also think that some of the melancholy flavor of my

flamboyant lifestyle, you wouldn't think so. But when it comes to voting, they're a bunch of damn Republicans.

OUI: You seem awfully intense on that subject. Why doesn't it show up more often in your music?

SEGER: It does occasionally, like with *2 + 2 + ?*, which was a statement against the war, and with *Feel Like a Number*, which is about dehumanization in our society.

OUI: Are you uncomfortable with the idea of being a rock-'n'-



ing music professionally?

SEGER: I started playing, really, just to make scratch, because we were pretty poor and I had to help pay the rent. I sold retail clothing, and I played on weekends to make a little extra dough. We played the little places around southern Michigan. We were a primal band. We just went out and played and never said anything. It was burn for 45 minutes and off. We used to do Ronettes songs off old Phil Spector records.

One time, I remember, we were playing a strip joint in Jackson, and we played three 15-minute shows. This place was like the last stop for strippers before the glue factory. It was horrible, but we did that joint because we got to play

songs is due partly to the fact that I'm wise—not beyond my years, but beyond my listeners' years. I'm trying to relate to them like a big brother or something.

OUI: Shifting gears, what are your feelings about politics?

SEGER: I vote in every election, and I am very rarely right. I voted for Nixon. Are you ready for that? I did it because McGovern called Nixon corrupt during the last week of the campaign and I thought that was a cheap shot. Boy, was I wrong.

What strikes me as funny is that a lot of the rock people I've met are really conservative and right-wing. Yeah. They're hawks and very Republican because of their wealth. With the long hair and

roll high priest?

SEGER: I'd hate to take that responsibility.

OUI: Whether you take it or not, there are people out there who hang on your words and emulate your lifestyle.

SEGER: OK, maybe people look to entertainers because there is an absence of other things. Politics is out of fashion, TV is a joke and the education system is going down.

OUI: Sounds serious. With all of that, does it ever give you pause that you're spending all your energies on something as frivolous as rock 'n' roll?

SEGER: I try not to think about that too much. Everybody's got tough choices to make about what they'll do with their lives. I've made mine.

—CARL ARRINGTON

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New Wave News

Hullo deh, all you punk and post-modern petty boo\$whah skum, not for getting all the noo(dle) waveros from condo world and dorm city...

So begins a recent issue of *Slash*, one of the planet's most authentic punk magazines. Filled with concert reports, record reviews and scathing social critique, *Slash* is an example of pure punk journalism. But you won't find any future Lou Grants here. No, sir. What you'll find is a fiery nonfiction prose that'll easily match the fury of punk's most apocalyptic music.

Claude Bessy (aka Kickboy Face), seen above, has served as the magazine's editor and most prominent writer since its debut in 1977. He is found daily in the journal's sparse offices on Beverly Boulevard in Los Angeles. His eyelids seem permanently stationed at half-mast. Buttons proclaiming PUBLIC IMAGE LTD., X and THE GERMS dot his loose, black jacket. A little heart-shaped goody hangs from his left earlobe. He smokes Camels furiously. And as he speaks to you in a soft European accent, he picks habitually at his teeth with a pushpin pulled from his littered bulletin board.

If you were to call Bessy the father of punk journalism, which he might very well be, he'd probably run your privates through an offset press. However, he shouldn't argue

with being credited as one of punk journalism's principal movers.

"I don't know if what we write is journalism," he confesses. "Journalism is objective. This is punk. This is pure Maoist propaganda. Sometimes I think we're really good because we point out some really important stuff. But other times, we're pathetic because we're so flippant that we miss the boat. But that's too bad. That's the way it is. That's the way we live, so that's the way we write."

Bessy writes almost 70 percent of the 40-page mag, and

he does so at a mad sprint: all in one draft, and all in five days. That demands an intense focus on the typewriter. He achieves this by drinking about 12 cups of coffee, swallowing whatever will keep him awake, chain smoking and pacing. "Then it just comes out like diarrhea," he says. "I don't try to be fair. I don't try to be objective. I don't try to give them a chance. It's instinct... first impression."

"I try to bring real life into it," he adds. "So if I'm pissed off, I start by mentioning that, or I start by mentioning the retread that I had to get for my car or the rush I just got ten minutes ago from this or that drug."

"Some days there's a record that I have to review, right? But at that moment, I could be transcribing the *Six o'Clock News*, just twisting it a tiny bit, and it will be as valid a statement of that record as anything. Shit, I'm just writing about fucking pop music. It's disposable crap, anyway."

Claude Bessy has the proper punk journalist's attitude: Never take yourself seriously.

"Punk journalism," he says. "I don't consider it an art form—not *that* kind of writing. It's no more of an art form than taking a shit. It just has to be done." —W.B. CONGER



Tired of your kid coming home sounding like some monosyllabic moron? "See Spot. Run, Spot, run." Sure, he can count to ten, but what good'll that do him when the gang of punks on the corner carves him up for his lunch money? Today, in an age that can boast more extortions, muggings and thuggery than a South Korean dinner party, many people feel that a traditional education based on the three Rs is about as useful as a eunuch with an erection.

Sensitive to the changing face of society, Nancy Grygiel, a third-grade teacher at Jefferson School in Dixon, Illinois, decided to give her class a practical edge. For the past year, this sagacious schoolmarm has been handing out assignments on the finer points of ransom-note writing. That's right, as in *ab-duc-tion*. Just the kind of thing that would've warmed the crooked cockles of Fagin's chiseling heart.

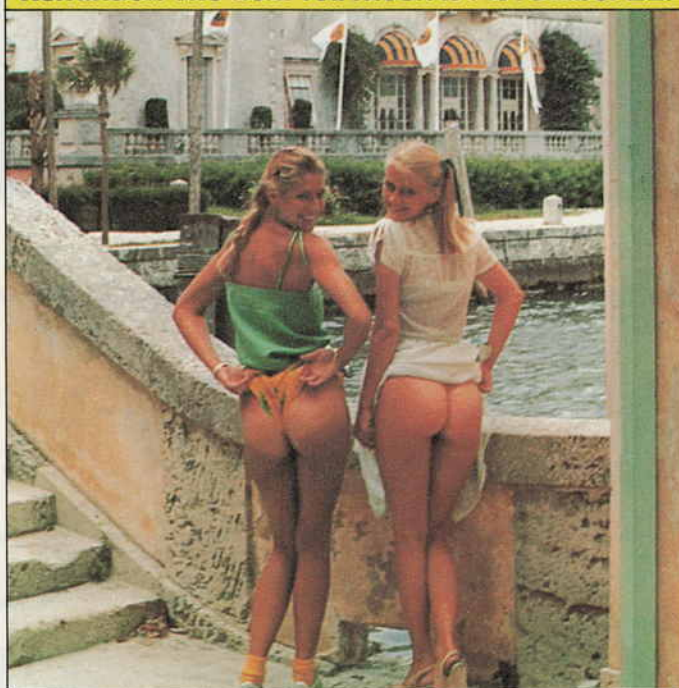
A typical assignment: "I have your daughter. I will give her back for \$2000. If you want her back, drop it in Jefferson School's garbage can. If you call the cops, I will kill your daughter." One third-grader with an artistic bent adorned her demand with illustrations, drawing a picture of a knife for the word *kill* and substituting an eyeball for the word *I*. Another of the fledgling felons wasn't going to waste any time on the penny-ante stuff: He demanded a million dollars for the safe return of the President of the United States.

The administration's position on this illicit instruction: Principal Douglas Shippert admitted that the notes were "inappropriate," but added that he thought Grygiel was just trying to come up with something creative for the kids to do.

Anybody for Advanced Embassy Storming 101?

—RODGER W. CLAIRE

Reminder: The next full moon is November 22.



10 MINUTES WITH THE NEXT VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

Had your fill of election-year politicking? Meet the savior: Dr. James Boren, president of the International Association of Professional Bureaucrats and a serious seeker of the United States Vice-Presidency—on the Bureaucrat ticket. Boren, a born-again bureaucrat, says it happened during a stint in the U.S. State Department. A staff meeting, as always, was dull and boring. But, as he glanced around the table—"the 'long mahogany,' we called it"—Boren realized that his colleagues were actually enjoying themselves in their pursuit of creative nonresponsiveness. In a Zenlike flash, Boren saw his calling: He became a missionary dedicated to letting "people know how much beauty there is in dynamic inaction and how much happiness one can find in just letting the system roll."

OUI: Why are you running for the number-two spot in America?

BOREN: Having done nothing for some 30 years, but having always done it with style, I think I'm qualified for the job. I do *not* want to be President, because that's too much work. The Vice-Presidency is more my speed. It has fine-food opportunities, the chance to meet a lot of nice people, world travel, no heavy lifting.

OUI: What's your political philosophy?

BOREN: Being a bureaucrat, I'm very adjustable; I have no political philosophy. I could parrot any official line of any party. I could support policies, no matter how stupid they may be.

OUI: What's your position on the resumption of a peacetime military draft?

BOREN: I think it stinks.

OUI: Didn't you just take a firm position?

BOREN: No. I *never* take positions. I just gave you an olfactory response.

OUI: What's our nation's most critical problem?

BOREN: I would have to agree

with the economists—inflation is our major problem. I've developed the Boren Formula for Inflation Control: BOFOFOINCO. You must understand that in Washington it's important to have the acronym first, then you develop the program to go with it. Under BOFOFOINCO, every three months I would adjust the salaries of all Washington,



D.C., policy makers *downward* by the same rate as the increase in inflation.

OUI: What about energy?

BOREN: I have a plan: The bureaucrats would stay at home except for one trip per month to their places of employment to pick up their paychecks, to deposit the papers they've shuffled in the preceding month and to pick up the papers they need to shuffle in the next month. That would leave enough gasoline for the people who are productive to get to work so they can support those of us who are less productive in the style to which we've become accustomed.

OUI: What's the future of bureaucracy?

BOREN: Unlimited. It's the world's greatest-growth industry. Bureaucracy, the world's second-oldest profession, is here to stay. I'm just urging people to recognize its inevitability—to relax, to enjoy it and to learn to play the game with us.

OUI: We understand that in recognition of truly prodigious

feats of bureaucratic non-responsiveness, you award the nondoer with the Order of the Bird, a huge statue of a bald eagle strangled by red tape.

BOREN: Yes, we've given out 47 of them.

OUI: Do the winners ever accept them?

BOREN: Yes, indeed. Matter of fact, it pays to take my Bird the first time out. We have a policy: When the Bird is not accepted, we continue to re-announce it and re-present it until it is finally accepted. Take the Hertz Corp. They won their Bird for confirming reservations for rental cars before checking to see if they had cars available. They didn't take their Bird at first. But I discussed it on the *Today* show, on Tom Snyder's *Tomorrow*, on Canadian Broadcasting's morning show—finally, they showed up to accept their Bird. They indicated that they wanted it out of circulation.

OUI: As a professional bureaucrat, is there any advice you can give to young men and women who are embarking on their careers?

BOREN: I would first give them the Boren Guidelines: When in charge, ponder; when in trouble, delegate; when in doubt, mumble. With these three tips, they can get through any situation. But, to put it in fewer words, I'd give them the Boren Dictum: If you're going to be a phony, be sincere about it. With that, I think they'll be able to bubble to the top in a great cesspoolian move.

OUI: Speaking of bubbling up in a cesspool, if you lose your bid for the Vice-Presidency, what does the future hold for you?

BOREN: I think that's an inappropriate question. I'm *so* confident that I'm going to win. But I must confess, it's been suggested that I'm already the *de facto* President of the United States. But I don't want that job, I want the Vice-Presidency. So, should I lose, I guess I'll continue to serve the public interest as best I can in a *de facto* status.

OUI: As the *de facto* President?

BOREN: Well, as the *de facto* something. I'm very adjustable.

—ROBERT MCGARVEY

PHOTO STRIP

Love, hugs and \$150 are on the way to Bel Air, Maryland, for Denise T. and her photographer friend Fred. Send your entries to "Photo Strip," OUI, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069. And don't forget your name and address.



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Here's an issue of PLAYBOY that's sure to get your vote. First, it features a dream of a Playmate named Jeana Tomasino. Then there's a Capitol pictorial on D.C.'s finest—*Girls in Government*. And while we're in a bureaucratic mood, you (and the next President) will learn how Washington really works. Then it's off to Dallas to meet the most hated TV character in history: "J.R." himself, in a candid conversation with Larry Hagman. You'll also learn why and how NFL players play with pain. What it's like at a transvestite convention. What's happening with *Sex in Cinema*. Plus lots more. All in November PLAYBOY.

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THIS MONTH: THE FOREPLAY PLAY-OFF

Perhaps it's no wonder there's so much confusion about foreplay. "Webster's Seventh Edition" doesn't even acknowledge that there is such a word—they skip right from "forepeak" to "forequarter." We define the word as any sexual activity that leads up to, but does not include, intercourse. But, as you shall see, several of our interviewees took exception to that definition. In a loose sense, foreplay starts with that sideways glance from across the room that sends out zingers of sexual interest. Romantic talk is foreplay, as are sharing food and dancing. Kissing, hugging, petting and oral sex are all generally considered to be foreplay activities. The first thing we found out in our interviews this month is that no two people like the same thing when it comes to foreplay—as is probably true with every other sexual activity. One woman would just as soon dispense with it altogether, while another thinks that foreplay is all that really counts in sex. Perhaps you'll find your opinion among the following conversations.

(Alexandra, 23, a struggling actress and part-time cocktail waitress, and her roommate Laura, 25, a caterer, both live in San Francisco.)

OUI: Do you have any special likes or dislikes when it comes to sexual foreplay?

ALEXANDRA: Well, for starters,



I especially dislike the term *foreplay*. It implies that anything you do before intercourse is not "real" sex. It also suggests that "playing" is something that is only done before you get down to the serious business of real sex. I can't stand words that pigeonhole your behavior like that.

LAURA: I never liked the word *foreplay*, either. But in my case, it's because I don't have much use for long, drawn-out sexual encounters. I like things to be sudden, hot and explosive.

OUI: The concept of foreplay

doesn't have to be limited to physical contact.

LAURA: Well, if you're talking about something more like seduction, then I like weeks of that. You know what I think is great foreplay? A shopping spree. That turns me on so much, I want to make it right there in the parking lot. Lately, I've been seeing a lot of a wealthy businessman whom I met last month at a party I catered. He took me on an impromptu shopping expedition yesterday. To an antique store, yet. He bought me a bunch of

old kitchen equipment. When we got back to the apartment, I practically attacked him. He hardly had his coat off before I was unzipping his pants. I love sex like that—when a sudden surge of energy hits you and you just want to devour the other person.

ALEXANDRA: Presents turn me on, too. But not if they're extravagant. A special record or a single long-stemmed rose does wonders. I get real nervous when a guy I don't know very well starts showering me with expensive gifts. I feel like I'm being bought.

LAURA: I didn't mean they had to be expensive. It's the excess that I love, the drama. That, coupled with the unexpected, gets to me every time. Another guy I knew had this habit of coming up behind me, picking me up and whirling me around. As you can see, I'm not exactly skinny. Nobody had ever tried to pick me up before. But this guy was as strong as an ox. He'd fling me down on the sofa or somewhere, and I'd turn on in a flash—blood pounding, nerves tingling.

OUI: Most of the sexual-advice books these days say that women prefer things to go much more slowly than you indicate.

LAURA: I know. Men have just got to learn that what works for one woman is not necessarily going to work for another. I think I should also mention that I'm not in favor of being flung around by just anybody. I don't like the idea of being

manhandled any more than the next girl. An ideal relationship for me would be one in which the flirting would go on for several weeks—lots of eye contact from across the room and stuff like that.

ALEXANDRA: She also likes to talk dirty. I've heard her.

LAURA: Who, me? I never use four-letter words.

ALEXANDRA: Not that kind of talking dirty. I'm talking about sexual references. *Double-entendres*. Remember when you had that businessman over to dinner last week and you brought up the idea of writing an S/M cookbook?

LAURA: Oh, yes. Garbanzo bondage. Flayed fish. Whipped-cream delight. I call that "talking flirty."

ALEXANDRA: I like to do it, too. Talking about sex before you do it is a great way of discovering in advance what a new lover is really into. Or, for that matter, of letting him know what you're really into.

OUI: For example?

ALEXANDRA: Well, if I'm trying to find out if a guy I'm interested in is going to be a good lover, I might start talking about some friends of mine who are getting a divorce because he's really into sucking on her toes and she thinks that it's perverted. "Imagine that," I'll say, giving no indication of whether or not I think that toe-sucking is perverted. If he laughs or reacts in some other positive way, then I'll at least know that he's not totally uptight. That's stage one.

OUI: What's stage two?

ALEXANDRA: Necking. I'll stay at stage one until I'm at least sure that he feels favorably about oral sex and isn't averse to having the woman on top.

OUI: But you never come right out and ask?

ALEXANDRA: Of course not. I always ask the question indirectly. It'll always be about my mythical friends, or maybe I'll make a reference to an avant-garde play I've just read for.

OUI: So then what happens?

ALEXANDRA: That brings us up to fooling around—necking, making out, whatever you want to call it. I consider necking a dress rehearsal, especially when I'm with a new guy.

LAURA: If it doesn't work out, she looks for a new leading man.

ALEXANDRA: Well, why not?

Kissing is very important. I've never met a bad kisser who wasn't also a bad lay.

OUI: Describe a bad kisser.

ALEXANDRA: It's someone who sticks his tongue down your throat right off the bat. I like soft kissers who nibble around your lips, exploring. They'll go on to your neck or cheek or eyes and then return to your mouth. I

when she tells me a guy is a bad lover because, half the time, I'll date him and find out he's great. For me, anyway.

(David, 27, is a science instructor at an Illinois university. He is currently between girlfriends.)

OUI: Do you have any special theories about foreplay?

DAVID: I don't know if I have

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call it a dress rehearsal, see, because I like to make love the same way, slowly exploring, then stopping and then starting all over again. When I have a steady boyfriend, I like to spend an hour or so making out and then take a break—you know, cook dinner or something. I find that my sexual-energy level rises to new heights that way.

LAURA: I'm entirely different. If someone asked me to stop in the middle of things to cook dinner, I'd think he was crazy.

ALEXANDRA: Maybe. But I still think that most people could improve their sex lives if they'd stop thinking about foreplay as something you have to go through in order to get to the "good stuff" and started looking at it as a time for, well, feeling each other out . . . or up.

LAURA: I still think that if the chemistry's wrong, no amount of foreplay will solve a thing. And when the chemistry's right, why bother with toe-sucking and all that stuff? I haven't the patience. I'll tell you one thing, though. I'm really glad that Alexandra feels the way she does about sex because, this way, we never fight over boyfriends. I always get interested

any theories, exactly, but I do have a couple of gripes.

OUI: Like what?

DAVID: For years now, I've been hearing about how insensitive we males are, especially when it comes to foreplay. We don't take enough time, we don't try to find out what the lady wants, we're just into "wham, bam, thank you, ma'am." Well, I'm here to tell you there's another side to that story: Most women know damn little about foreplay.

OUI: But aren't women constantly discussing foreplay? You see it all the time in the women's magazines.

DAVID: Yes, but the emphasis is always on them—*How to Get Your Man to Stimulate Your Breasts*, *How to Get Him into Cunnilingus*. Always the same thing. I have yet to read an article on how to stimulate a man's breasts.

OUI: You may have a point there.

DAVID: Let me tell you about my ex-girlfriend, Julie. In a lot of ways, Julie was a terrific lover. She was very affectionate, very passionate—she could come five or six times a night. But she had all these rules we had to follow: We could only

make love at night; we had to smoke dope first. And God forbid I should touch her left breast more often than her right! It was always assumed that I could turn on at the drop of a hat, but she, of course, had to be coaxed and stroked and fussed over. One night, I suggested we exchange body massages. After about three minutes of working on my back, she began to complain that her arms were getting tired. But I, being the stronger one, was supposed to massage her for a half an hour.

OUI: Sounds like she was pretty self-centered.

DAVID: Only when it came to sex. That was the weird part. She was always cooking and cleaning and typing my papers—doing things I never even asked for. But when it came to sex, she was a taker, pure and simple. And Julie wasn't alone in that respect. I've known a number of women who always waited for me to make the first move—even after we'd been going together for months.

OUI: Why do you think that happens?

DAVID: Conditioning, I guess. Coupled with an incomplete understanding of women's lib. I mean, I will admit that women had a pretty tough time of it back before birth control. All that holdover-Victorian "good girls don't have orgasms" nonsense. I agree that women have a right to sexual pleasure, but does it have to be at the expense of ours?

OUI: It's not *that* bad, is it?

DAVID: No, probably not. You caught me at a peculiar time. Not only because I broke up with Julie, but also because last weekend I met a lady who taught me things about foreplay, middleplay and afterplay that I never even knew existed.

OUI: So what's wrong with that?

DAVID: She's married. She just wanted to fool around a little. Nothing serious. She hopes I'll understand. Her name is Connie. She's a graduate student in anthropology. Maybe she picked up her tricks among the Tiwi of northern Australia.

OUI: How's that?

DAVID: Oh, she wanted to blindfold me. Then she rubbed some sort of scented oil all over her body, got on top of me and sort of slithered all over my chest and legs. Then she gave

me a hand job.

OUI: That sounds a little anti-climactic.

DAVID: No. I mean she massaged my hands. For about 15 minutes each. She'd pull on each finger and massage the palm and press on certain nerve points. My hands tingled for about an hour afterward. In fact, my whole body tingled from it. For once, I was dying to get on with making love, but she insisted on holding me back. She told me that her husband was a good guy, but that he took her for granted sometimes. She said she just wanted to be appreciated.

OUI: Sounds like you and Julie in reverse.

DAVID: Hmm. Never thought of it that way. In any case, I sure tried to appreciate Connie like she'd never been appreciated

before. And you know what? She didn't want me to do a thing. She wouldn't let me give her head or even touch her very much.

OUI: Why not?

DAVID: She had this weird sense of ethics. It was OK for her to give, but not to receive. She said she felt much more vulnerable receiving, as if it weren't really adultery if all she did was please me.

OUI: All right. You've had a giver and a taker and not much in between. In the best of all possible worlds, what would you like to experience—or deliver—in the way of foreplay?

DAVID: I'd like to think that when two people get into bed, they have only one thing on their minds: how to please each other as much as possible. I'm not talking about trading off—you

know, "I'll go down on you if you'll go down on me." That way, you set yourself up for owing somebody something, and that's not conducive to good sex, either. A friend of mine tells me he can't really relax until he's brought his girlfriend to orgasm using his tongue or his hand, first. Once he has his "duty" out of the way, he can enjoy himself. I've fallen into that trap a couple of times myself. The end result is always the same: The joy of sex turns into the job of sex.

(Abby, 25, and her boyfriend, Joel, 26, have been living together in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, for two years. She is a dental hygienist; he works as a lab technician and moonlights as a keyboard player in a jazz band.)

OUI: Finish this sentence: When it comes to foreplay, I...

ABBY: Think it's the best part of sex. Only I don't exactly understand the term.

OUI: We're defining foreplay as whatever you do or say between thinking about sex and actually having intercourse.

JOEL: In that case, my first 16 years were nothing but foreplay.

ABBY: Come on, now. As long as we're discussing definitions, I'd like to know something: If you kiss and pet and then have intercourse but don't come, and then you go back to kissing and petting, what is it called? In-between play?

OUI: Let's just say it's called foreplay, part two.

ABBY: Then intercourse for me is foreplay, because cunnilingus is the only way I ever have a climax.

JOEL: I've an idea. Why don't we just call it "for play"? That'll

SPEAK EASY QUESTIONNAIRE

Mail to: OUI Speak Easy, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069

Your answers to these questions will be detailed and discussed in the *Speak Easy* column of a future issue. Individual identities will be kept strictly confidential. We don't want to know who you are; we just want to know how you feel about foreplay.

1. First name or initials: _____
2. Age: _____ Sex (M or F): _____
3. Occupation: _____
4. Marital status: _____
5. City and state: _____

FOR MEN:

6. The amount of time I spend on foreplay is ...
 - a. ten minutes or less.
 - b. half an hour.
 - c. usually more than an hour.
 - d. dependent on the lady I'm with.
7. To turn on my partner, I like to ...
 - a. give her head.
 - b. give her a body massage.
 - c. play with her breasts.
 - d. All of the above.
 - e. Other: _____
8. To turn me on, I like a woman to ...
 - a. do a striptease.
 - b. say sexy things to me.
 - c. give me head.
 - d. give me a massage.
 - e. Other: _____
9. The most unusual foreplay I've ever engaged in was ...

- a. eating food off my lover's body.
- b. tying my lover up, or having myself tied up.
- c. acting out each other's fantasies.
- d. Other: _____

10. As far as foreplay goes, I wish women would ...

- a. pay more attention to my desires.
- b. communicate more clearly what they want.
- c. take less time to get aroused.
- d. be more adventurous and try new things.
- e. Other: _____

FOR WOMEN:

11. The best kind of foreplay involves ...
 - a. lots of long, slow stroking.
 - b. something athletic, like dancing or wrestling.
 - c. having my lover go down on me.
 - d. a great deal of romantic talk.
 - e. Other: _____
12. To turn on my lover, I like to ...
 - a. dress up in sexy clothes.
 - b. touch him in a specific place: _____
 - c. kiss him all over his body.
 - d. act out his favorite fantasy.
13. My general attitude toward foreplay is ...
 - a. positive. I could do it for hours.
 - b. totally dependent on the guy I'm with.
 - c. so-so. It's not that hard to turn me on.
 - d. Other: _____

FOR BOTH SEXES:

14. My most memorable experience with foreplay went like this (use separate page to explain):

cover all the stuff you do while fooling around that isn't necessarily aimed at orgasm.

OUI: Hey, we'll use whatever definition you want. What we're really trying to find out is what turns you on.

JOEL: She likes to wrestle.

ABBY: Yes. And I like to rip clothes into shreds. You know those new paper jump suits that are selling for five bucks each? We got some of those last week and tore each other's to pieces. It was a lot of fun.

OUI: What about you, Joel?

JOEL: Oh, I like almost anything that Abby does.

ABBY: He likes me to tell him what I'm going to do to him in advance.

JOEL: I forgot that one.

OUI: And what do you mean, exactly?

ABBY: Well, I'll say, "Now I'm going to take your nipple in my teeth," and then I'll start slowly kissing my way up his chest. He'll say, "No, don't—you know they're too sensitive," but I'll just keep on kissing. By the time I get

anywhere near his nipples, he's twitching like a fish.

JOEL: Ah, you do love to see me squirm.

ABBY: Yes. Nothing turns me on as much as watching *you* turn on.

JOEL: That works in reverse. Abby always keeps her eyes closed when we're making love, so sometimes I'll tell her that I'm just dying to go down on her, and then I'll bypass her pelvis area entirely and kiss her feet, instead.

ABBY: And because I'm thinking about my clitoris, it just explodes, anyway. But I wasn't kidding when I said that touching Joel gets me hotter than just about anything else. I like to do things very slowly and deliberately and watch his reactions.

OUI: How did you meet in the first place? Who seduced whom?

ABBY: It was probably mutual, if the truth be told. I got him to talk about sex, and then he put the make on me.

JOEL: You never told me that.

ABBY: Sure. You know how it

turns me on to hear sexy stories about your past. I remember them all: Hilda Hoffenmeyer, who did a striptease in the boys' locker room in the seventh grade; Sandy what's-her-name, who had a padded bra and wouldn't let you touch her tits in the backseat of your dad's station wagon...

JOEL: Enough already. I used to think Abby was weird, always prying into my past the way she does. I mean, the last thing I want to hear is how she had 14 orgasms with some guy in the back of a Buick. But Abby loves to hear about my past—it really turns her on.

ABBY: I figure that the past is past, and whatever those other women may have taught him made him a better lover for me. So the stories just serve to stimulate my imagination. As Joel tells me the story, I see myself as Hilda or Sandy or whoever.

OUI: Abby got you to talk about your past experiences, and you asked her to come home with you. Is that right?

JOEL: In a nutshell.

OUI: So then what?

JOEL: As soon as we got in the door, Abby turned from this self-assured individual into a little girl.

ABBY: I'd been asking him about the first time he ever had sex, and I just fell into the role. Besides, I know that nothing intimidates a guy more than knowing that the new girl he's with may know a lot about sex.

OUI: Really?

JOEL: I'm afraid she's right on that score. Abby put on this innocent act and, for weeks, I simply thought that she was an extremely fast learner.

ABBY: I think that we've both taught each other a lot. I mean, you can sleep with a dozen guys as one-night stands, but what have you learned? It takes a great deal of time with one person to find out what's really sexually satisfying.

OUI: Have you any advice for couples about foreplay?

JOEL: Yeah. Think of all sex as "for play."

SPEAK EASY LETTERS

The responses to our "Sex and Water" questionnaire indicate that playing around in tubs, showers, swimming pools or lakes is a favorite activity of many OUI readers. Some 95 percent of our respondents said that they find making love in the water "extremely sexy." The other 5 percent would like to do so but, so far, have only fantasized about it. As a sexual stimulant, hot water is vastly preferred over cold, and the best wet place to make love turned out to be the bathtub. Of the women who answered our questionnaire, 60 percent said that they like to make out in the shower or in a swimming pool; however, they much prefer to have intercourse on dry land. Although they love the sexy feeling of water, they complained that it tends to wash away natural lubrication. For more unusual damp exploits, read on.

Your column on "Sex and Water" really appealed to me. I think that actually making love in the water is rather difficult, but it's a great place for indulging in foreplay.

Last year, I took a beginners'

swim class at my college. For the first few weeks, I wore gym shorts for a bathing suit, which was fine for a while. But the first time I actually dove into the pool, the force of the water pulled them right off. Unfortunately—or fortunately, as it turned out—two female members of the class happened to be underwater wearing goggles,

and they had a perfect view of my nude body.

After I came up, I put my shorts back on and saw that the two girls were staring at me. I could tell they were turned on, because they were laughing and giggling and whispering to each other. I left the pool, but I decided I would try to track them

down later.

I found out where one of them lived and quickly discovered that the other girl was her roommate. We all enjoyed a big laugh over my afternoon depantsing, and that led the talk around to sex. They must have made up their minds before I came into the room, because in less than half an hour, we were all three in

I guess the wine had taken its toll because, before we knew it, our suits were off and we were making love right in the water.

the water again—this time, the shower. Some wonderfully wet foreplay then preceded my first, but hopefully not last, threesome.

CRAIG R.
Richmond, Virginia

The best experience I ever had involving sex and water oc-

curred two years ago at Lake Tahoe. I had just spent the early part of summer in a monklike existence, studying for and taking my bar examinations. So when it was over, I was plenty ready to decompress with some female companionship.

Just a few days after my exam, I met Diane, a cute little grocery checker with long, blonde hair. She had made some flirtatious remarks to me a couple of days earlier and, when I suggested that we drive up to Tahoe for a day at the beach, she readily agreed. My heart sank, though, when she balked at the idea of going to one of the nude beaches.

We arrived at the lake early on a Saturday morning—well supplied with wine, I might add. It was indeed a family-type beach, but there were very few people there when we arrived. Even though it was only ten o'clock, the sun was blazing away. Diane and I started drinking wine right away and, between that and the hot sun, we both got pretty loose in no time at all.

Diane and I had been check-
(Continued on page 121)

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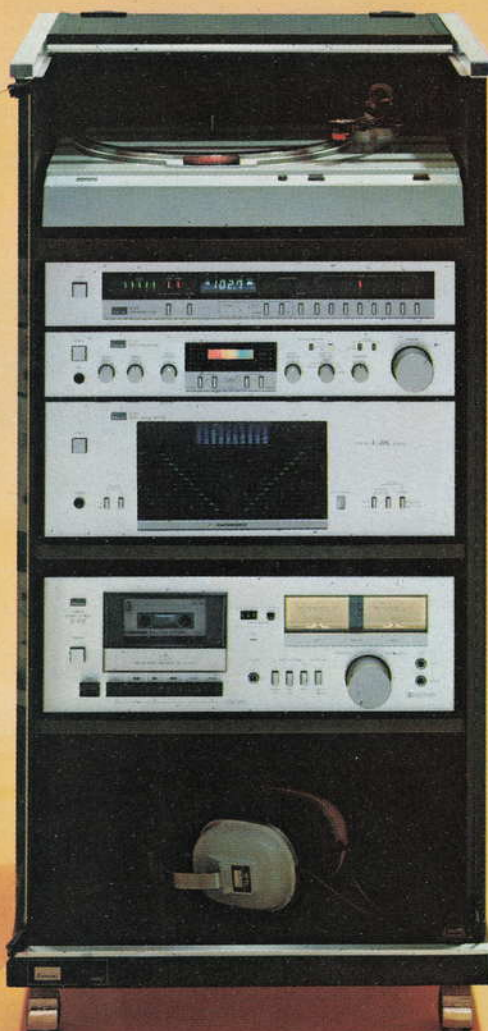
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JULIE THORSON

Swedish
Movements

Photography by
Brian Anderson





"A Swedish massage!" laughs Julie Thorson, a nineteen-year-old native of Sweden's harbor city Göteborg. "When I first came to Los Angeles, all I noticed were advertisements for Swedish massage parlors. At home, that's what I was—a masseuse. I went to school, trained, received my certificate and my license. Then I arrive in California and start looking for work. It seemed natural for me to apply at one of these places. Was I in for a shock!

"I go into one of these 'establishments,' and this sleazy old man chewing on an old cigar tells me to take my clothes off. I mean, if he had looked like Björn Borg and *asked* me to take my clothes off, I might have. Even then, that's not my style."

It didn't take Julie long to figure out that a Swedish massage in Göteborg and a Swedish massage on Sunset Boulevard are two totally different things. "If I had wanted to do that, I could've just jumped on the







boat to Amsterdam or gone to work in a brothel in Stockholm." So what does Julie do now that she's forsaken her cold Scandinavian habitat for the wilds and warmth of Southern California? "Well, I advertised in the papers for legitimate massage, and now I've lined up a large list of regular customers."

Is there still room to join the client roster? we wonder. "I don't know," she smiles. "Being a masseuse—a good one, which, I'm proud to say, I am—is hard work. After two or three hour-long sessions, I'm exhausted. It's not easy rolling muscles and fingering tendons."

Right. But don't some of the men whose bodies she rolls and fingers try to steer Julie toward some more erotic endeavors? "Yes, men—and even a few women—have made it obvious that they'd like to, hmmm, get to know me better. But I don't mix business and pleasure—that's

"I go out with a lot of different men because I don't want to get too serious with just one."



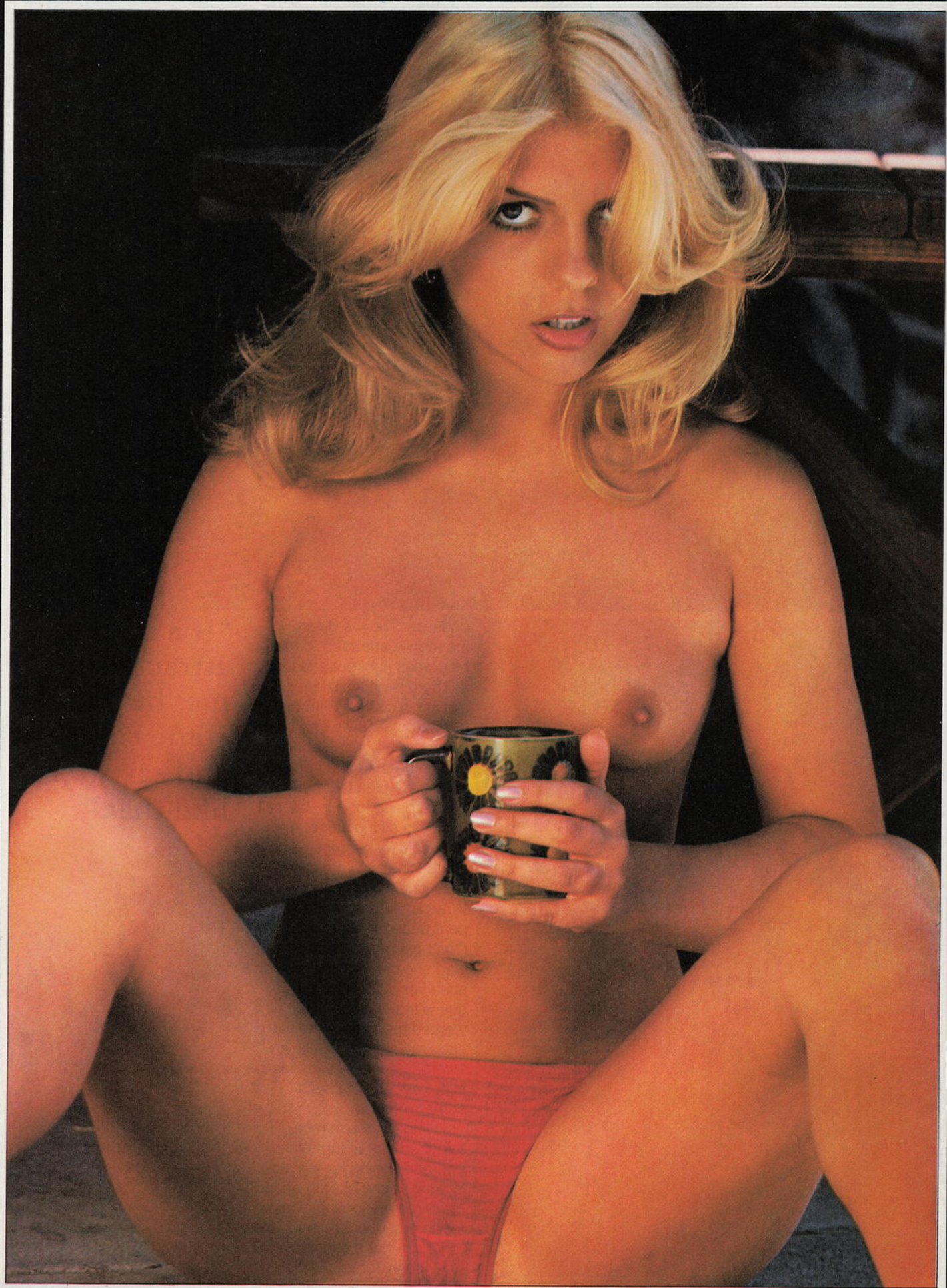
one of my firm rules."

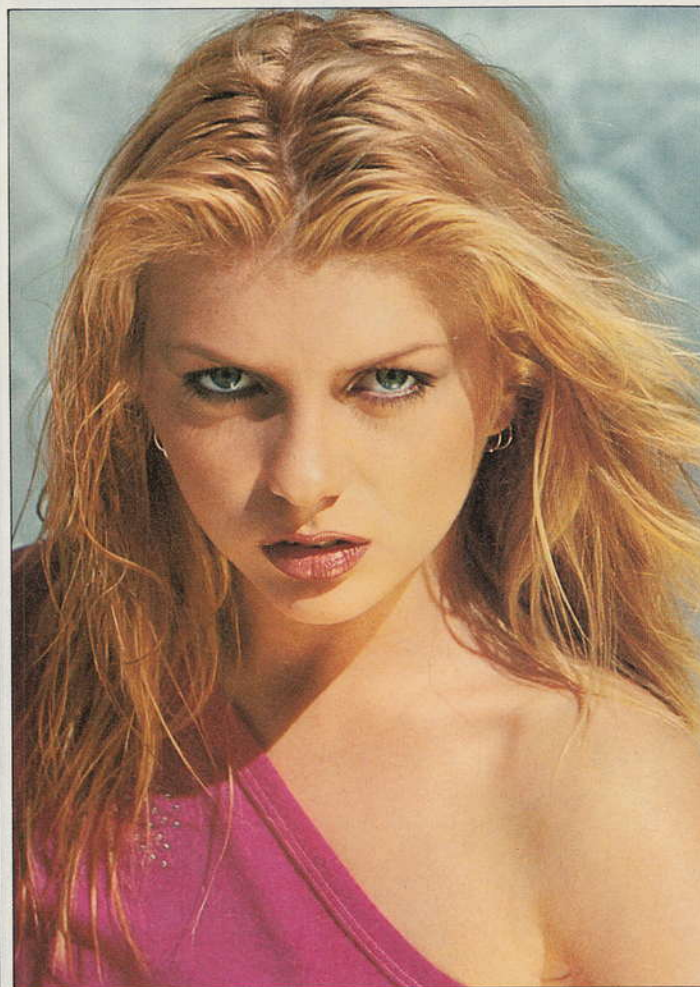
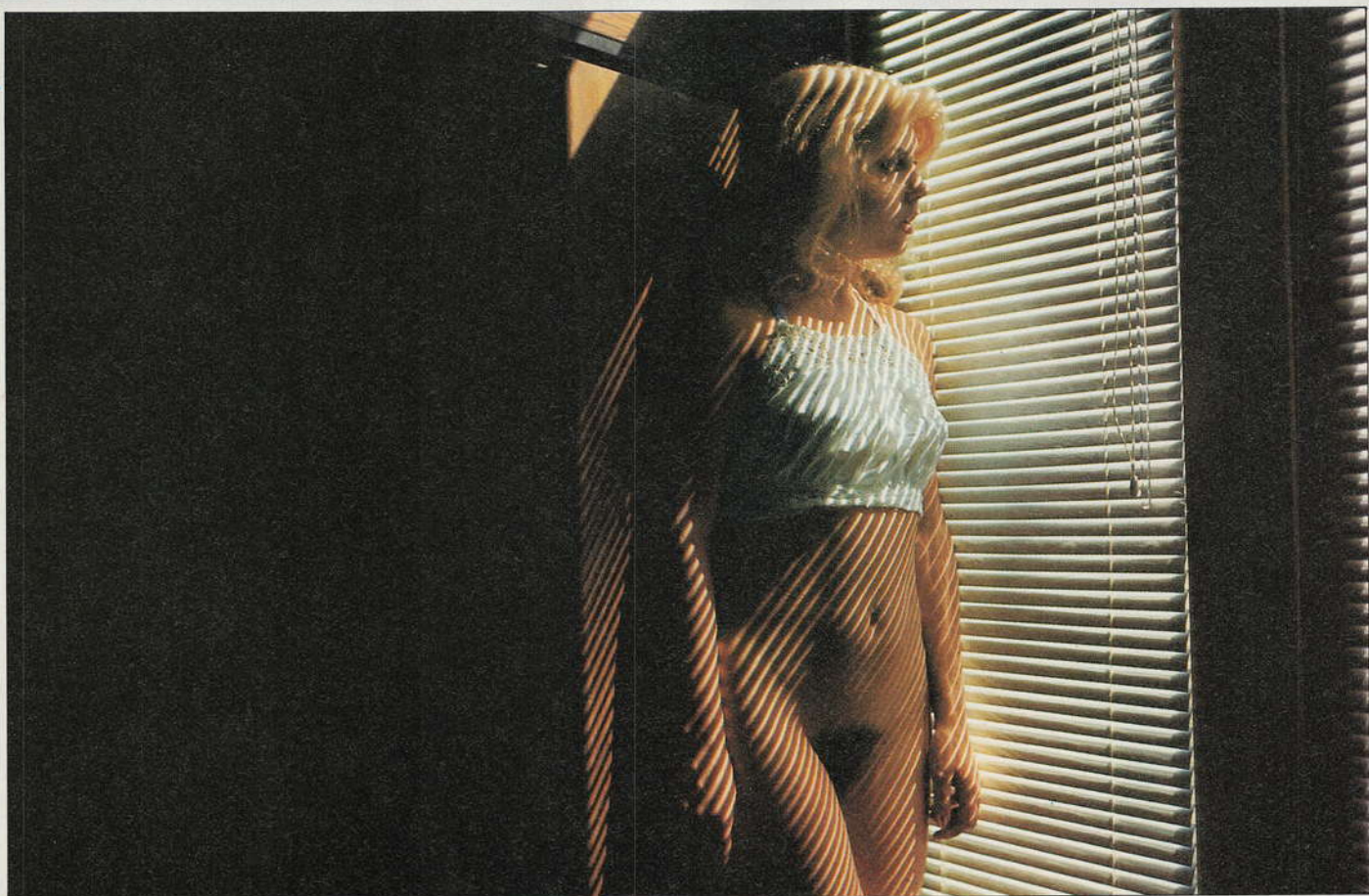
So what does Julie do for pleasure? "I spend a lot of time in the sun—the warm, wonderful California sun. One of my boyfriends has a swimming pool. I play tennis. I go to parties. I go out with a lot of men because I don't want to get too serious with one guy, and there are a thousand different types of men that turn me on. This is a terrific town for a single girl like me—all these handsome, luscious males—film makers, actors, mechanics."

We gather that Julie likes guys. How do we Americans compare to her men in Sweden? "In Göteborg, everyone is somber and serious. The image others have of Swedes being fun-loving, free-sex types is false. It is a very dull, depressing place. I am glad to be away—and I'm not planning to return there for a long time."

Why did Julie decide to move to the U.S., and not, say, France or Japan or Australia? "I love the simplicity and the openness Americans







possess. They're direct. If a man is attracted to me, he comes right out and says it. There is no waltzing around in circles. I like that."

Us, too. And we can't help feeling a little attracted to you, either. "Yes, but this is business—pleasant business, posing for our—but still business all the same. And like I said," she grins, "I never mix business with pleasure."

All right. One final question: Why did Julie agree to appear nude for our magazine? Don't get us wrong, we're glad she did. But she wouldn't shed her clothes for the guy with the cigar. "He wanted me to do more than shed my clothes," Julie answers, a spark of wickedness in her eyes. "That was something else."

"I like to arouse men, to turn them on—it turns me on—and posing for a good-looking young photographer, his camera shooting away for an erotic, but tasteful, pictorial . . . that's a thrill."

Not only for you, Julie.

"If a man is attracted to me, he should come right out and say so. I like that."





MATTELSON

THE OUI SEX SURVEY

*Feeding off the libidos of modern man,
herewith some amazing revelations about this
little-investigated topic.*

Cunnilingus

Article by Theodore Fischer

I WAS an 18-year-old first-term college freshman when I found out I had not invented cunnilingus. What tipped me off was a lot of loose talk around the dorm about box lunches, hamburgers, picnics at the Y and the amorous exploits of Herr Pie. To a hot, young English major adept at decoding strange metaphors, those euphemisms were a cinch. Besides, you might say that I'd had a head start.

Undoubtedly, those experienced sophomores were referring to my own wild and woolly improvisation with a psychoanalyst's precocious daughter that previous summer. Our unique way of coupling was all my idea. At the time, it seemed to us like the perfect solution. We were a couple of horny suburban teenagers who were as sexually adventurous as we were contraceptively unprepared. And since our motives were primarily to prevent pregnancy, I assumed that, as exciting as the act-without-a-name was, it held no candle to the "real thing." (I hadn't gotten around to the "real thing" yet, but I certainly did nurture extravagant expectations.)

Before I tried it myself, I'd never heard tell of a man inserting his head twixt a woman's fair thighs for the purpose of affording pleasure. And if my mind-expanding shrink's daughter had, she was too much the lady ever to let me know.

Years have passed since those first sweet genital kisses and, though my sexual illiteracy has been partially corrected, I'm still convinced that the embargo on cunnilingus information wasn't just the product of my

imagination. Men, I discovered, do not talk straight about sex. Joke about it? Constantly. Lie about it? Like rugs. But talk straight about it? No way. And the sex act men talk least honestly about? Cunnilingus. Unlike fucking—unanimously voted the most pleasurable of experiences—cunnilingus is more often a matter of individual style, taste, preference and mood. Some guys love it, some guys hate it, some love to hate it, others hate to love it.

To men, eating a woman is intensely exciting and exquisitely lewd. On the other hand, it's also kind of smelly, boring and fairly disgusting. While many of us consider it a fantastically sexy way to afford pleasure to our partners, it can also seem demeaning, masochistic and a tacit admission of an inability to satisfy a woman with a respectable man-sized fuck. Because of this ambivalence and a general lack of communication between the sexes, both men and women are pretty confused about what is really happening on the cunnilingus scene.

Statistically, American men are currently feeling really down at the mouth. According to the Kinsey report and to surveys in both *Sexual Behavior in the Seventies* by Morton Hunt and *Beyond the Male Myth* by Anthony Pietropinto and Jacqueline Simenauer, pussy eating among American male high school graduates increased from 15 percent in 1948 to 56 percent in 1972, and by 1977, it was up to 74 percent. During the same time span, college male muff-diving rose from a somewhat puny 45 percent to a whopping 84 percent.

The most generous head givers have been closely indentified by sexologists. In *Eros & Ethos: a Comparative Study of Catholic, Jewish and Protestant Sex Behavior*, author Enrique Lopez concludes that "college-educated Catholic and Jewish males are more oral than WASPs in the same class, and high school-educated Jews are more oral than Catholics or WASPs who have the same diploma. But among males with only a grade school education, there is no distinction between Jews and gentiles in their general disdain for oral sex, particularly with respect to cunnilingus." Morton Hunt's survey further determined that white men—in particular, single white men—perform cunnilingus much more frequently than their black counterparts.

THESE statistics paint a much prettier picture than the one we get from the ladies themselves. The typical woman reports that ready-and-willing muff divers are few and far between and that men are usually reluctant, unwilling or inept. "My first boyfriend would eat me till the cows came home," states a Los Angeles film editor. "I never knew how good I had it. It took me eight years to find another guy like him."

A Boston waitress divides her men into three categories: "Some men really turn on to it. Some of them act like they're doing me this big favor. And some of them wouldn't do it for a million bucks. I guess I've run into about an equal number of all three types."

"I believe, as your statistics show, that

eighty-four percent of men have eaten ladies," says a skeptical New York attorney. "But I believe a hundred percent have tried liver, and most of the men I've ever known have the same appetite for pussy as they have for liver."

Because of this type of disagreement, we strongly suspected that a large disparity exists between what men say on surveys and what they actually do in the privacy of their bedrooms. So, OUI prepared our own survey on cunnilingus to find the truth. And while the surveys previously cited hardly gave lip service to pussy eating, our questionnaire concentrated on nothing else but. In completing the OUI survey, our respondents had to examine their performance of, and attitudes toward, cunnilingus—perhaps for the first time in their lives. In doing so, they produced the most intimate appraisal of the subject that we have yet come across.

A note on our survey mechanics: A three-page questionnaire was distributed to 200 male volunteers, representing a random sampling of ages (19–67), occupations, religions, places of residence, marital statuses and educational backgrounds. The sample neither exclusively comprises nor excludes readers of OUI, although approximately 75 percent of the respondents were between the ages of 19 and 33.

OUR results, like those of the analogous OUI *Sex Survey: Felatio* (June 1980), were overwhelmingly procunnilingus. Ninety-six percent had done it at least once, and at least 66 percent make it a regular part of their sex lives.

The questionnaire answers indicate that the most popular terms for describing cunnilingus are *going down on* and *eating* a girl. Many prefer *sucking pussy*, *eating pussy*, *giving head*, *performing cunnilingus* and *muff diving*, while a few odd fellows *give blow jobs*, *lick pie* and *dive-dive*. When conversing with women, most men generally employ more delicate expressions, such as *tonguing*, *tasting*, *kissing* or simply *doing oral sex*.

Regardless of what the guys call it, their average age the first time they did it is 18.6 years, although nearly two-fifths of the sample waited until they were in their 20s. Once they tried it, though, they usually liked it. A 42-year-old salesman stated he was "nervous at first, then I loved it"; while a 27-year-old Californian "enjoyed the view and the reaction of the woman." A 28-year-old Detroit "didn't wash my moustache for a week." But a Chicago high school teacher complained that his first attempt felt "about the same as sticking my face in an armpit after a workout." And as a 33-year-old optician put it, "I thought I'd puke."

"It's an acquired taste—like martinis," said a 31-year-old New York investment analyst, explaining why pussy eating doesn't always inspire love at first bite. "Besides being very tiring if you're not used to it, the first time you so closely encounter a

woman's peculiar odor and taste, it may be a shock to discover it's no cookie factory down there. But it's part of the myth and mystery of sex that you eventually start enjoying it without knowing exactly why."

Over a third of our respondents have not only acquired the taste; they have become addicted to it. They eat pussy every time they make love. Every single one of these men has discovered the joy of inducing an orgasm by mouth alone. Although some consider coming through cunnilingus a form of "cheating" on the woman's part, most authorities consider eating a woman the easiest and most efficient way to make her come. As Pietropinto and Simenauer note in *Beyond the Male Myth*, "Because of the direct, gentle-but-intense clitoral stimulation received, even women who have difficulty reaching orgasm through intercourse have easily attained climaxes through this activity." In fact, 15 percent of our sample claim to get their partners off every time they go down on them. It may take an average of 14.5 minutes of tongue action a session to get her off (fewer than 20 percent do it for under ten minutes), but to most of our respondents, her pleasure is worth a tired mouth. Besides, it seems that the more you do it, the easier it becomes.

A logical assumption is that the position in which a man performs cunnilingus contributes to its ease. Surprisingly, only one-third consider sixty-nine a lucky number. This gladdens the heart of Alex Comfort, who says in *The Joy of Sex* that *soixante-neuf* "is fine, but it has a few practical drawbacks. The chief [shortcoming] is that this sort of lovemaking belongs better to the playing-the-instrument category than to the completely mutual. It needs attention and care to give your partner your best, and consequently you can't go berserk over it. Our own experience is that mutual genital kisses are wonderful, but if you are going to orgasm it's usually better to take turns." In agreement with Comfort are those 64 percent who said they like the sixty-nine position, but do not prefer it.

WHAT is the preferred position to perform cunnilingus? Male dominant, of course. A 26-year-old Boston grad student said he "kneels on the floor while she's on the edge of the bed," and a 33-year-old art director goes "upon my knees with her lying on her back, her crotch in my face and her legs draped over my shoulders." "The best, most comfortable position," insisted a 28-year-old Chicago actor, "is her on her back, legs spread, knees bent, me supporting her ass in my hands. It's like eating a watermelon."

But while most of our woman-eating tigers want the lady to play some variation of lie-back-and-enjoy-it as they go about their business, others would have her talk, grab hair, watch admiringly or massage the head for encouragement and instruction. And one extreme underachiever is pleased

when she does "anything but read."

It seems that not only is cunnilingus an acquired taste, it is also an acquired skill. Asked to evaluate their pussy-eating prowess on a one-to-ten scale, 40 percent of the men awarded themselves perfect 10s, and only a modest 4 percent rated themselves below 5. A 38-year-old Philadelphia pharmacist—who considered himself a 10—definitely has his technique down pat: "Stimulating a woman's genitals with a penis is like trying to cut a diamond with a chain saw. I've perfected my oral technique over the course of many years. My repertoire includes the rapid-fire flutter stroke, a long, slow rear-to-front vertical slurp, sucking the clitoris into my mouth and gently flagellating it with my tongue, sliding my lips horizontally across her vagina (to rest my tongue), tantalizing staccato tongue flicks and much, much more. I'd like to see a penis do any of that."

That flexibility of the tongue as opposed to the rigidity of the penis is probably why, as *The Hite Report* determined, most women enjoy cunnilingus. And no wonder. It's like the difference between a hand job and a blow job. Some women do have anxieties and apprehensions about the act, however. As Shere Hite notes: "The most common worries about cunnilingus were: Is the other person enjoying it? And, especially: Do I smell bad?" Hite's female subjects said: "It's messy. My husband must brush his teeth and wash his face after." "I wonder sometimes if my partner is enjoying it, or if he is only doing it to please me, especially when I like to take a long time. The feeling he is not enjoying it lessens my pleasure and I get self-conscious about coming." "I am afraid I smell. I also feel that I must come when so much attention is paid to my doing just that—and that pressures me, and I don't feel free enough to come." In light of such tension by both the tonguer and the tonguee, it's hardly surprising that cunnilingus has remained for so long a kind of *Avis* of the erotic world.

Our own survey supports this contention. Three-fifths of the men who responded state that they have encountered women who have refused offers of cunnilingus. The turndowns were variously attributed to menstrual period, bad smell, yeast infection and venereal disease. Some women have told these men that the very idea made them sick and ashamed. As one woman explained, "It just isn't part of my bag of tricks." A 32-year-old Washington, D.C., lawyer lamented, "The ones who refuse it are the ones least likely to explain why."

But ladies who don't refuse it know what they like, and are not shy about telling the man what they like. After all, if a man is willing to do it, why not do it correctly? Some of the plaudits our surveyed males received include: "I can't believe your tongue" and "You have the best tongue in the world." Rap sessions were generally mild but to the point: "Don't bite!" "She

liked my pressure changes, but thought at first I was doing it too hard." "She wanted me to keep my tongue out of her hole and concentrate on her clit."

MEN don't mind the constructive criticism, but they do prefer to give head when it's *their* idea—just like women. The OUI *Fellatio* survey reported: "The idea that women owe men blow jobs because of some psychological hang-up they suffer is hardly an attractive one. When fellatio is reduced to a duty and an expectation, it ceases to be pleasurable for the woman to perform and is no more fulfilling sexually than washing dishes or scrubbing floors." Respondents to the cunnilingus questionnaire, for the most part, echoed this sentiment exactly. Half expect fellatio as a reward for cunnilingus, and one-third have felt an obligation to give head. Some typical responses: "You have to give to get." "Because she has blown me." "I'll do her after a great blow job or a great meal." A 32-year-old New Yorker said he felt obligated to perform because "I tell women that I will eat their pussy till they have orgasm after orgasm."

A 33-year-old Atlanta policeman described one regrettable instance of sub-voluntary servitude: "I had been dating Brenda for a couple of months with no big problems—or so I thought. One night, she asks me if I was satisfied with her head-giving. When I told her I loved it, she asked why it never occurred to me to give her some of the same. Actually it had, but I had never got around to doing anything about it. So I apologized and started pitching in. Well, maybe she felt under pressure or maybe I didn't do it so well—I don't know—but nothing ever 'came' of it, and I never tried with Brenda again after that."

Also like the female respondents of the *Fellatio* survey, many men do not dive in head first on the initial sexual encounter. However, unlike 32 percent of the women, 60 percent of us men take the plunge the very first time. The remainder wait until the second or third time or "until I'm sure she's clean." Cleanliness is a major factor with men. Yet, cleanliness does not necessarily mean freshness, since 80 percent of us will eat a woman after we come in her vagina. Apparently, sperm is also considered cleaner than menstrual discharge: Less than a fifth will do it during her period. A divorced Californian said, "I have eaten bloody pussy, but I usually avoid it. It can be exciting because it seems so wrong. A Quaalude or some weed makes all the difference in the world." (For what it's worth, the Hell's Angels award one of their loftiest honors, the Red Wing patch, to any member who goes down on a menstruating Angel mama.)

Although about 40 percent express no preference in pubic coiffure, the discriminating majority most often favors blonde

(Continued on page 120)

RESULTS OF OUR UNDER-THE-BLANKET SURVEY

The following are highlights of the three-page questionnaire we used to determine men's feelings about cunnilingus. Seventy-five percent of our respondents were between the ages of 19 and 33; 52 percent were single; 64 percent had at least some college education. Although these results may not accurately reflect the attitudes of all American males, they do give a good indication as to where the young man's head is at these days.*

	% Yes	% No
1. Have you ever performed cunnilingus?	96	4
2. Is it a frequent part of your sex life?	66	34
3. Do you feel that oral sex is primarily a foreplay technique?	28	72
4. Do you feel obligated to go down on your lady?	35	65
5. Does your partner usually come when you go down on her?	100	0
6. Do you usually initiate cunnilingus?	83	8
7. Has a woman ever refused to let you go down on her?	60	40
8. Have you ever been complimented on your technique?	76	24
9. Do you usually go down on a woman before achieving your own orgasm?	82	18
10. Does your mouth ever get tired?	63	37
11. The first time you make love to a woman, do you perform cunnilingus?	60	40
12. Do you expect her to fellate you if you do her?	50	50
13. Do you avoid cunnilingus during a woman's menstrual period?	67	33
14. Have you ever fantasized about performing cunnilingus on a particular woman?	65	35
15. Is oral sex a regular alternative when you can't get an erection?	64	24
16. Do you prefer a particular pubic-hair color or texture?	60	40
17. After you come in her vagina, will you then go down on her?	79	21
18. Have you ever changed your oral-sex technique to suit a particular woman?	50	50
19. Do you like the sixty-nine position?	64	36
20. Have you ever gone down on a woman who had shaved her genital area?	40	60

*Results do not always tally 100 percent due to variable answers.

BEST OF THE Brewed

A no-suds-barred rating of the finest imported beers sold in America today

ARTICLE BY
MARK CHRISTENSEN
AND DAVID KELLY

Gott in Himmel! It's midnight, and back home the party's blasting on all four burners. Somehow you've managed to get to the local liquor store to replenish the brewski supply. But there you stand, flat-footed and bewildered before the beer cooler. You're thirsty. Plenty thirsty. But what is this? Instead of the familiar domestic brews, there are all these strange beer bottles. Unrecognizable labels in strange tongues. Un-American beer bottles. Tons of them. Probably more imported beer bottles than Hunter S. Thompson's had hangovers.

Where the deuce did they all come from? Well, you, sir, are eyewitness to a phenomenon. Imported beers are America's latest liquid rage, and they're selling as fast as grocers can slap them on the shelves. In fact, according to *Advertising Age* (which keeps an eye on such matters), the imported-beer business in America is growing at a current rate of about 30 percent a year—a clip that even humbles the inflation rate.

There's good reason for America's affair with foreign suds. Fact is, our domestic brewers tend to think and brew alike, and only subtle differences exist between even America's finest. They are usually pale, usually lager and, to the beer connoisseur, usually as satisfying as soda pop. Hence, they leave a taste vacuum, which has been filled of late by everything from Australian ale to Xuului beer from Zaire.

Now, time was, the only imported beers seen Stateside were from Germany and the little nations it overwhelms every generation or so. That, too, is yesterday's papers. Today, Germany and the Low Countries account

for only a fat fraction of the truly delicious imports flooding the country. Australia, New Zealand, Japan, Mexico, England, Czechoslovakia, Norway, Canada, Austria and Yugoslavia are all turning out amber rivers of award-winning exports.

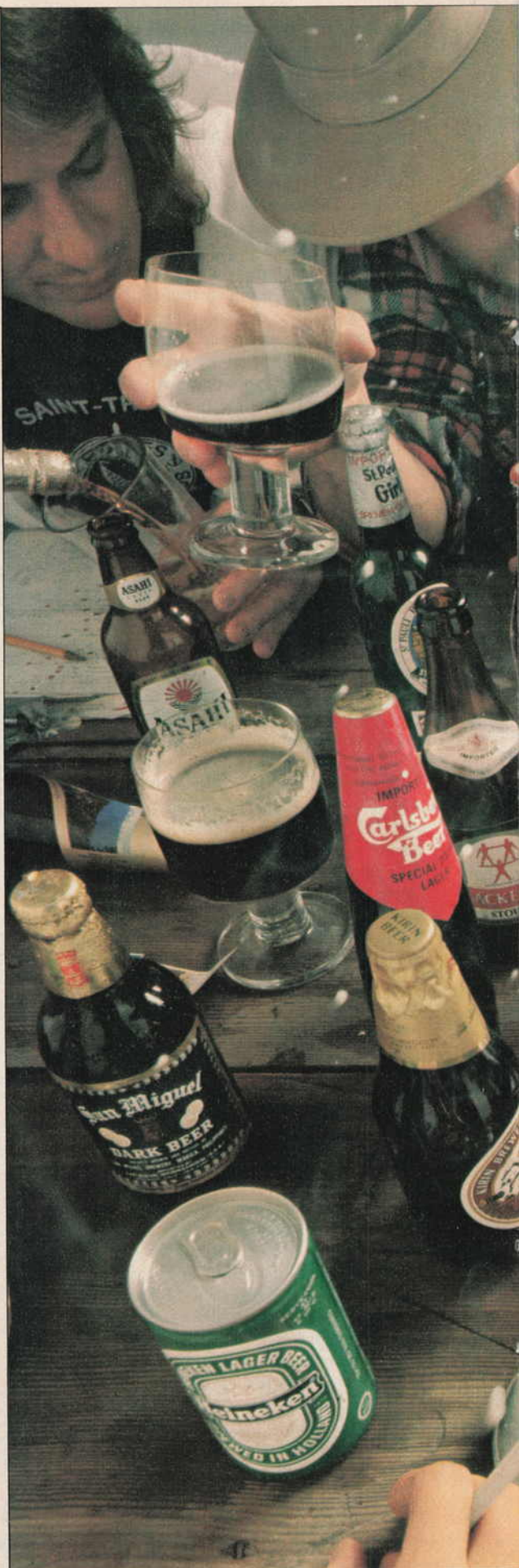
But how's a guy to know just which bottle of alien hops to snag? Well, you came to the right place. The authors and an elite team of beer-loving doctors, lawyers and Indian chiefs have assembled a crack tippler's guide to the best imported lagers, stouts and ales in the fullest range of flavors and potency.

First, a word about our methods. Taste testing was performed under rigid laboratory conditions. Each beer, for instance, was served in a sterilized glass loaned by the Captain Cook Hotel in Anchorage, Alaska. Each beer was also sampled by a minimum of four judges, and sometimes, as many as five, ten, fifteen or even—burp!—fifty bottles of an individual import were swigged by the assembled before a rating was finally agreed upon.

We also took care that each beer was tasted at its perfect temperature. For example, "bottom fermented" lagers were maintained at approximately 46° Fahrenheit. (These beers are brewed at low temperatures and should be served the same way—cold but not freezing.) However, most stouts and ales are "top fermented," brewed in a much warmer process; so we served them at near room temperature (60°–70°F).

The beers we tasted are under 7 percent alcohol by volume—not that we weren't eager to get our mitts on some of the real European zonkers, like the legendary 28 proof Bavarian Kulminator, but Uncle Sam bows to all sorts of individual state regulations that make that impossible.

After we had narrowed the imports down to the best, they were grouped by country or region and then rated against



PHOTOGRAPHY BY GRAHAM HENMAN



each other. Here's how our "Super Stein" rating works:

- D** Solid suds. At the very least, a quality eccentric.
- DD** Top of the line. Worth every nickel and more.
- DDD** God Himself drinks it.

One last word before we begin. There is always a fair amount of blue sky in the beer-critiquing biz; what sent the judges into ecstasy may not set your heart on fire at first plug. Many of these sweethearts—especially the stouts and ales—are concocted in places where the American taste for light lagers amounts to downright blasphemy. So, we've made an effort to include a number of imports—especially the Australian and Canadian brands—that should immediately appeal to the Coors-softened Yankee tongue. And while space does not permit us to touch on more than a relative few of the world's really great imports, our survey should, nevertheless, give you an excellent foundation. If your curiosity is truly piqued, you may want to pick up Michael A. Weiner's *The Taster's Guide to Beer* (Collier Books, \$7.95). He wall-to-walls the subject of imported beer rather magnificently.

A suggestion: When buying a foreign beer for the first time, start with a single bottle so you can afford the loss if you pick a lemon. Be adventurous in your selections; however, if you've been brought up exclusively on American beer, our advice is to try an Australian brew like Foster's Lager, then maybe a little New Zealand Leopard Deluxe and some Carlsberg Special Dark Lager, before you introduce your tongue to the more exotic stuff like Shanghai or Watneys Red Barrel. It's a beer world out there, pardner, but you're not obliged to drink it all at once.

THE GERMANS

The Bosche have been beer kings since the days of Frederick the Great. If you had a buck for every brand of German beer on the market today, you'd have enough for a down payment on a private island. The German government sets strict standards for the industry, and German beers set quality standards for the world. Among the best:

HENNINGER LAGER DDD

Not as celebrated as the heavily marketed Löwenbräu from Munich and Hofbrau from Würzburg, Henninger from Frankfurt may be Germany's best light lager today. Its malty, almost fruity aroma precedes a sharp, definitely hoppy main course and a smooth, darkish aftertaste with a slight, lingering sweetness. Henninger has the kind of complexity that puts a beer in a league with the stellar likes of Pilsner Urquell and imported Carlsberg. Available in bottles and Mercedes-sized gallon cans, in case you're expecting the entire *Offizierkorps* for lunch.

DORTMUNDER UNION DDD

This venerable lager is described by the makers as "Pilsener Type." In fact, it's nothing of the sort. A distinctly sweet, malty initial taste and a full, dry finish make Dortmunder a heavyweight among light beers. It has the lusty quality that attracts Americans to the better Australian beers, but it's a more sophisticated beer than the Aussie varieties. It takes three of the smallish bottles to fill the liter stein the *Bürgerlich* Teuton demands. Then just keep swallowing until the crowd stops yelling, "Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!" A Wagnerian experience.

LÖWENBRÄU DD

The original German Löwenbräu has long set a standard for the industry, and we may have sinned mightily by not allowing it more than two steins. It is indeed long in the malt department; special care is taken in its growth, selection and brewing process. In

terms of bouquet, body, character and flavor, it jumps through all the hoops—with a flourish. The American version of Löwenbräu is, however, weaker in taste than its European counterpart.

GRENZQUELL DARK PILSNER DD

A dry, surprisingly elegant production out of Hamburg. Since the much ballyhooed Grenzquell light (itself a Heineken clone) is now holding its own in our nation's supermarkets, Grenzquell dark may become a staple here soon. We certainly won't carp if it does. Good head, great body.

ST. PAULI GIRL D

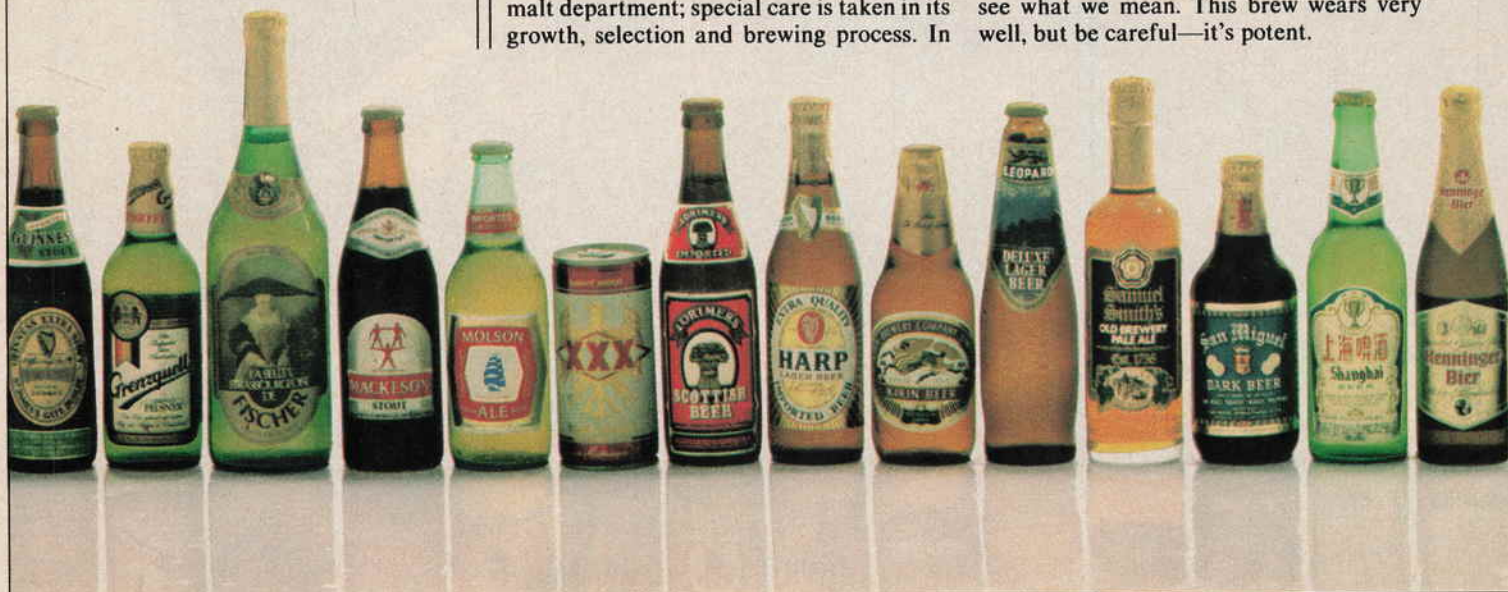
This is a very popular, if somewhat trendy, beer that numbers a lot of ex-Heineken drinkers among its admirers. It is brewed and bottled in Bremen and is possessed of tongue-sizzling carbonation and a dry, dark bouquet. Sip—do not guzzle. Also expect a high burp quotient and a surly little kick at the finish. St. Pauli Girl breaks little new ground, though it is a competent and well-realized beer.

BECK'S DARK DD

Beck's dark is perhaps the best representative of the Bremen brewery's thousand-plus years of experience. Brewed with pure Hartz Mountain water, it is a solid, zesty, forceful nectar that should put some real lead in your pipe. Though Beck's dark is, frankly, not as downright delicious as its Carlsberg competitor, you certainly get your money's worth. Each bottle is rich enough to constitute a small meal.

DINKELACKER MALT LIQUOR DD

This is one of the very few German malt liquors readily available in America. If you like American malt liquor, you'll simply love this. In fact, Dinkelacker may remind you of a dry, light stout. A contradiction in terms, perhaps, but, unlike a lot of American malt liquors, DML courts your senses instead of assaulting them. Try it and you'll see what we mean. This brew wears very well, but be careful—it's potent.



THE ENGLISH, IRISH, SCOTCH

Whatever their historic differences, the Brits, Scots and Irish are collectively only a hair behind the Germans when it comes to the quality and quantity of beer they produce. If anything, beers from the British Isles are likely to be even more foreign to American tastes than their German counterparts. There, they go for extremes: either the extremely sweet or the extremely tart.

IMPERIAL RUSSIAN STOUT **DD**

The most muscle-bound of stouts, a real silk fist. You may see Jesus after a couple "nip" bottles of this fine drink. Malt sweet and malt sweet only—there is no added sugar—Imperial Russian Stout is an English masterpiece whose roots date back to the 1800s. Bottled and aged a minimum of one year by the London brewery Barclay Perkins, one "nip" bottle of Imperial (about the size of a standard American stubby) packs the punch of two good shots of Johnnie Walker Red Label. Rich, dark, thick, sparkling and expensive, Imperial Stout is as smooth as a rattler's bottom. We recommend it highly.

GUINNESS STOUT **DD**

Drinking the incredibly rich Tooths (see "Down Under") Stout gave us a new perspective on this great and very popular Irish import, which is much drier and softer than the Australian champ. IRA provos may down it straight, but we were more inclined to let it serve as the *black* in making bastard Black and Tans—pouring a bottle into a pitcher of an American beer like Hamm's or Bud. Guinness has a distinguished history as a mixer, but its finest hour undoubtedly came circa 1917, when the "French 75" was the preferred anesthetic of American officers in Europe. To make one, cut Guinness 50/50 with dry French champagne. Toss in a generous shot of Napoleon brandy and, in no time at all, you'll be a long, long way from Tipperary.

MACKESON STOUT **DD**

OK, OK. We realize that not all great brews are meant for everybody, but this is a primo example of that English penchant for sweetness we just mentioned. Can anyone older than 18 have a tooth left in his head over there?

BASS & CO.'s PALE ALE **D**

Here we have one of the most highly celebrated ales in the world. And here we must disagree a tad with some of its celebrators. Bass is tart, Bass is rich, Bass is grainy and direct. But it also has a quinine-like edge. Take a swig, and then run the back of your tongue against the roof of your mouth. You'll get a bolt of bitter par excellence.

WATNEYS RED BARREL **DD**

Rest assured, no one dropped a bar of Ivory in with the hops. English Watneys is *supposed* to taste this way. But 'tis worth your time to pump down a few bottles just to get the hang of this blonde fluid. Watneys has a creamy, cheesy flavor and is often served warm, but its slightly soapy underflavor can take some getting used to.

STINGO DARK ALE **DD**

Another export from England's Watneys, Stingo isn't cheap: A 12-ounce bottle will cost you about as much as a gallon of gas. But it is strong (6.2 percent alcohol by volume), and it's the real McCoy. Stingo is very similar to an unsweetened stout, and if you like English stout but wish to avoid the bothersome English propensity for making it taste like licorice syrup, Stingo could be the brew for you. Note: Stingo also wins hands-down in our "Best Name in a Dark Ale Brewed West of the North Sea" category.

HARP LAGER **D**

Damn. Another odd one. Harp Lager is the Irish answer to Michelob. This is a very light, summer-style beer brewed in a land not known for either its light beer or its summers. Harp Lager wears well, but it is dry and almost bland by European standards.

SAMUEL SMITH'S OLD BREWERY PALE ALE **DD**

Lordy, what a delight. This glorious amber liquid is born tart and tingling, and the head on Samuel Smith's is nearly as thick as whipping cream. Smith's originates at the Old Brewery in Tadcaster, Yorkshire's oldest. This English ale has roots that go back to well before the American Revolution. Its makers have had plenty of time to refine their style, and they've done it brilliantly.

LORIMER'S SCOTTISH ALE **D**

A dark beer from Edinburgh that is both annoyingly thin and teasingly delicious, Lorimer's doles out flavor like pennies from a sporran. Thrift, however, is not its great virtue. Scotsmen may disagree, but their beer offers a less hearty, almost identically flavored alternative to such Sassenach compounds as Watneys and Bass. You can drink more than a pint without feeling you've fallen into the vat and drowned.

ADDITIONAL EUROPEANS

Now things really get eclectic. Therefore, the following shotgun selection of some of the Continent's finest:

CARLSBERG SPECIAL DARK LAGER **DD**

We'll kick off here with a great one. A thick and lively treat, Carlsberg Special Dark is a killer riposte to the redneck yahoo who only likes 'Merican cars, 'Merican women and 'Merican beer. He'll change his mind on the latter after just one slurp of this glorious Danish dark. However, Carlsberg is *not* the sort of beer you can snort by the six-pack. It's too rich for that. Brisk, smooth and inviting without being sweet, it is a textbook dark beer.

BOK BEER **D**

Bok beer may not be the greatest beer in the world, but it is certainly one of the most interesting. Imagine a *dessert* beer. We kid

(Continued on page 118)



Boulevard Smarts

OU'S OFFICIAL RULES OF LIFE

ARTICLE BY
MICHAEL PRICE

If it's an occasion and you're masterminding dinner at a really outstanding establishment, make the reservations *in person* a couple of evenings before. This will: (a) make your face known to the maître d' so that he can—and probably will—greet you like a valued and frequent patron when you show up with the party; (b) give you an opportunity to familiarize yourself with the menu and layout of the room; and (c) provide you with a subtle, but evident, sense of relaxed familiarity with the place. P.S. Be sure that the manager or maître d' you deal with will be on duty the night you plan to dine, and get his or her name and use it when you return. “Good evening, Henri, how are you tonight . . . ?”

And keep your tie out of the soup.



STEVE MILLER

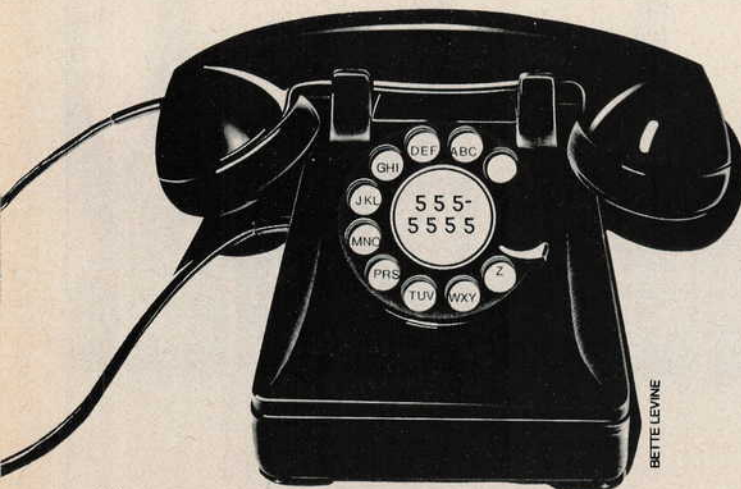
You want topflight service at a hotel or resort? Tip the hell out of the first employee with whom you come into contact, which will probably be the doorman or bellman. It'll take about eight seconds for word to spread throughout the place that there's a live one on the premises, and the rest of your stay will be like ice cream.

The best available I.D. in the world, better even than a driver's license (unless you're actually driving when it's called for), is a passport. It'll cash a check or calm a cop almost anywhere, and the added bonus is that it somehow lends you a rather romantic and cosmopolitan quality. And all it takes is a birth certificate, a picture and a small application fee. Whether you're going out of the country or not, get one. And use it. You'll love it.

If you like room to relax and really enjoy a restaurant experience, make a reservation for two more people than will be in your party. Can you help it if one couple didn't show up?



DOUGLAS HENRY



BETTE LEVINE

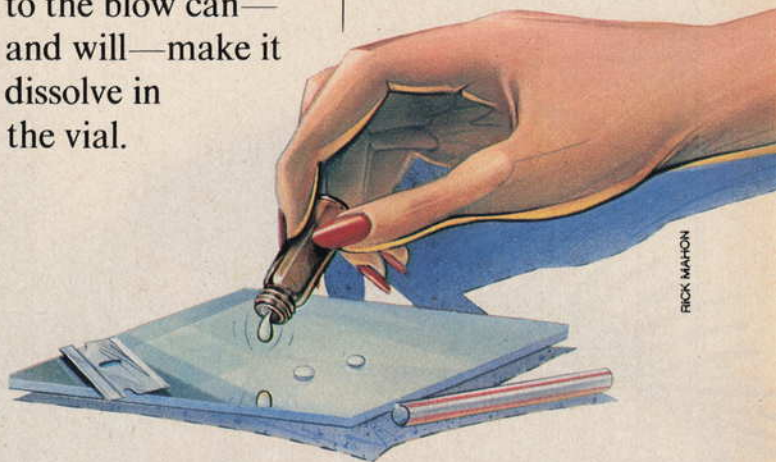
You're getting a telephone installed. You want a “good” number—one that's simple. *Very* simple. Just tell the service rep that your 91-year-old Aunt Debbie lives with you and she's got these serious ailments and her memory isn't what it used to be back when

she was dating young Alexander G. Bell, so could he please put in a supersimple number, because the old broad's health and safety may depend on her ability to communicate the number or dial home? And for chrissakes, try to *look* like a guy with an Aunt Debbie.



Never carry your coke in an inside shirt pocket, particularly when you might perspire. The combination of heat and moisture in that proximity to the blow can—and will—make it dissolve in the vial.

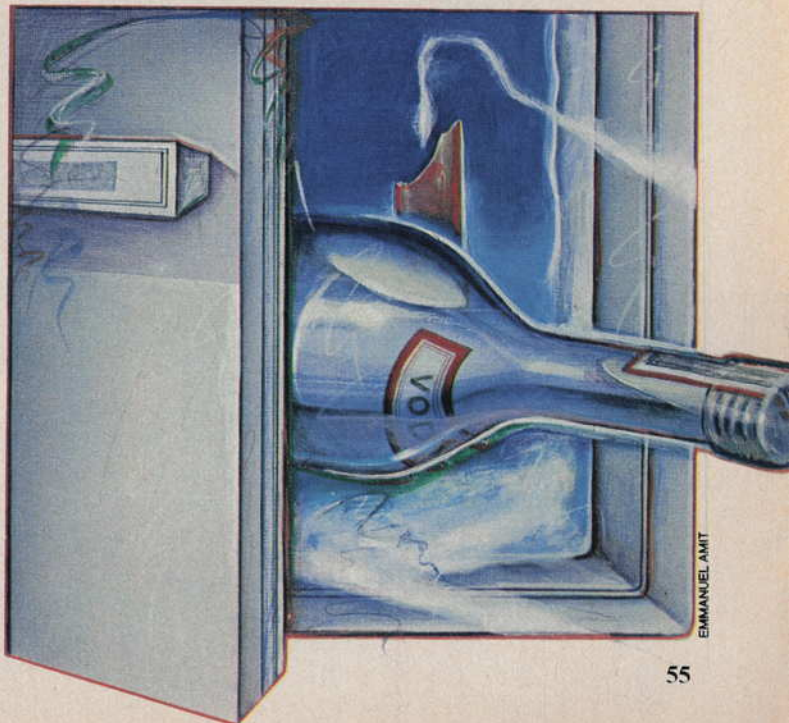
It's a real waste of dope if you live alone and smoke joints. The grass keeps burning, remember, all the time you're holding your breath and talking funny. The most economical way for a solitary smoker to toke is with a pipe and a cork. Take a hit, cap the pipe, and nothing gets wasted but you.



Store your vodka in the freezer. It should always be served icy cold, anyway, and direct from the freezer, any brand will taste like Stolichnaya. Besides, why clutter up the compartment with such mundanery as foodstuffs? Vodka can't freeze at that temperature—if it appears to, if there's even a hint of ice forming inside the bottle,

you'll know your staff has been watering the goodies.

For those romantic dinner parties you're always throwing, keep the candles in the freezer (along with the vodka) until just before you're ready to put them on the table and light them. They'll burn much slower and cleaner.



There's nothing like leaving a pack of cigarettes and a cheapo lighter next to an unfinished drink to make your absence appear temporary.



Always try to book yourself as the first appointment of the day when you have to visit the dentist, barber, chiropractor or any other human who will be working upon your person. That's when they're the strongest, most sober, most alert, most painstaking, most patient, least hassled and—most important of all—least pressured to hurry it up.



If you're meeting someone at the airport, just stop at the airline's passenger-service desk and inform them that you are there to pick up an incoming traveler who, for one good reason or another, shouldn't do much walking. Be creative. They'll whip an electric cart and driver on you if there's one available, and the person you're meeting will be properly impressed. So will the other passengers, who will glare with jealous curiosity as you zoom haughtily past them on your fat little rubber tires.



When you're having a lunch (or breakfast or dinner) business meeting and it's *really* important that you make your point, eat before you go. Then, while everybody else busies their faces with food, you can talk while they listen. They'll be glad for the respite, impressed with your abstinence, and they'll give you much more attention than if you were spilling your story through a mouthful of bean sprouts.



Wherever you work, if it's at all possible, take home some blank letterhead. Not a lot, necessarily, but a full set—stationery, envelopes, memos, etc. Put it away. Forget it, almost.

Why? Sometime, someday, you'll be glad you did.





In Praise of Old GIRLFRIENDS

A man's life can be a whole lot easier when he has a little help from his ex.

ARTICLE BY A.J. MORGOVSKI

A friend of mine works as a ship steward on the Caribbean cruise circuit. As a rule, he travels solo and then reports back, boasting an erotic-conquest average of 1.3 per trip. On his last trip to San Juan, however, he decided to take a gamble and arranged an off-season discount fare for Carol, an old girlfriend with whom he's maintained a non-physical relationship. When he got back from the "love boat," he told me that taking her along had been the smartest move he'd ever made.

"Carol would bird-dog for me. She'd point out a girl and whisper in my ear, 'That girl is eyeing you. She's hot for your bod.'"

"How do you know?" I'd ask.

"I can tell."

Well, for him, her fateful words assured a euphoric week of *bon voyage* and a record-breaking 4.5 new ports of entry (the 0.5 being an extemporaneous fellation on the lower deck).

For the rest of us, it should reinforce a celebrated, but seldom spoken, adage: Old flames need never burn out. Not only can they rekindle into a Gatsbyesque fantasy, but they have also proven to be a surprisingly lucrative inside track to more nookie, parties and gigs. Besides providing midnight confessions, rent advances, sick calls and a standby-reserve list of available ladies, old girlfriends can be your greatest ally in times of crisis and times of bliss.

If these ladies are such a rich source of physical and spiritual comforts, why have so many men so woefully neglected their ex-girlfriends for so many flustering, yet circumventable, reasons? Here's a sample of some typical old-girlfriend rancor:

"I never see any of the girls I used to go out with. It would be awkward."—Most common comment.

"Who gives a shit?"—Less common but still prevalent comeback.

"God, I'd be scared shitless to see my old girlfriends. Scared or sick."—Normal conditioning to spoiled romance.

The truth of the matter is that you can stay friends

with most of your former bedmates. Instead of being shunned like lepers, they ought to be elevated to the status of endangered species—believe me, they are worth preserving. Of course, a lot depends on the intensity of your former relationship. For instance, my relationship with Ching Siu was based more on friendship than on heavy romance. There was no betrothal ring, no personalized I.D. bracelet nor blood ritual.

She was a Chinese model/actress, and I worked at the talent agency that represented her. I was fascinated by her stories of Peking, the early days of the Communist takeover and her wealthy family's fall from grace. We became friends. She also happened to be exquisite, exotic and, at the time, the most beautiful Oriental girl I had ever met. We became lovers. The crux of the relationship was always fun, and we had a lot of it—in bed and out. But we were never in love, which is probably why we were able to adapt so quickly to our new just-friends status after the relationship had altered. There was no deep hurt when the break came.

Ah, yes. The break. That hairy moment that decides, perhaps forever, your future as enemies. And then again, perhaps not. When you exit under a hail of bottles and frying pans, much time is needed to become friends—if, of course, it is even possible or psychologically desirable.

Ultimately, there are some women with whom you can never rebuild a friendship. However, they are the exceptions. With time and tenacity, you can stay tight even with those you've once hurt. Time does heal most wounds. But you have to be prepared to go that extra mile . . . or two. Let discretion, humility and common interests dictate your moves. And if in the back of your mind you want to kiss and make up, remember that most women are sentimentalists. Absence (usually) does make the heart grow fonder.

Conversely, if you were on the receiving end and have incurred her wrath, you might, in time, reevaluate your situation, perhaps seeing the thing from her point of view (admittedly, a tough criterion to subjectively determine). And if you feel you were lacking or that there is something worth salvaging, you can proceed to reconcile past differences. But don't be a masochist, either consciously or inadvertently. Some women dwell in the valley of bitchdom. You're better off forgetting them and moving on.

My relationship with Ching Siu disintegrated via what I call stock formula 105-A, or marriage to another. Hence, our physical affair terminated by mutual consent. It ended amicably and honestly. And honesty in a relationship is pivotal to the survival of the post-relationship. With us, there had never been any false expectations. But I also know the flip side of the coin all too painfully well.

False expectations equal dead dreams.

It's a sad but common affliction. I once lived with a lady I seriously expected to one day accompany down the aisle or, at least, be divvying up community property with sometime in the distant future. We scraped, starved and went through all the classic struggling-years deprivations. But when it got down to the wire, I bowed out.

No rice shower, no Tahitian honeymoon, no precocious junior.

My ex was infuriated, and rightfully so. We went through spiteful, vindictive fights. Tears and spats. She moved out under a barrage of expletives, and a year of total silence between us passed. During that interlude, I

Women
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Of course,
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reflected on our relationship and why things hadn't worked out, and I came to the conclusion that "forever and ever" was just not meant to be. On the other hand, however, I missed her. Why couldn't we be friends? I had never done anything intentionally cruel, such as murder her hamster. So on my initiative, we timidly resumed contact. Shades of Sadat going to Jerusalem.

Although she was dating a few guys, she missed talking to me. That was it—*talking*. She was intransigently resolved that one phase of our relationship was over for good. But she was receptive to my olive branch—on the non-negotiable grounds that I would and could swear that I had never bullshitted her in the past and that I had honorable intentions now. Initially, I maneuvered on the sofa for a better bargaining position, but I finally acquiesced to the terms and we shook on it. Six years later, we're still good friends, and she still makes the best spaghetti in town.

Thank God women usually do have a ten-

dency to forgive and forget. Well, at least, forgive. Of course, her new boyfriend might have other thoughts.

Your old girlfriend's new man will often determine whether or not it is advisable to remain friends. If there's resentment, hostility or any form of jealousy on his part, it's best to back off. When a boyfriend thinks you're trying to get back on the inside track, bail out. The odds are stacked against you. (Just thumb back to *Her Old Boyfriends* in the May OUT.)

Occasionally, her new boyfriend will reject you for the most obvious reason: You once slept with his girl. That alone is enough to irreparably alienate some people. It all depends on his temperament, his background, his security with the relationship and, most significantly, how you react to him. Just stay away from potentially thorny topics. There are certain things you should never say; e.g., "Does Sandy still like to dig her nails into your back?" Highly uncool and uncalled-for. Most of your dealings with this fellow should follow basic rules of common sense. He knows you've tasted the fruit: Don't be a wiseass about it. Incredible as it seemed at the time, most of my old girlfriends' boyfriends warmed up to me once they were fairly certain I wasn't plotting to snatch her away.

Another potential barrier to breach is *your* new lady. Can she handle your palsy-walsy role with your ex? Will she feel there's a meddling Lady Macbeth lurking in the shadows, just waiting to seal her off? Lucky for me, most of my girlfriends liked Ching Siu and understood my relationship with her. In fact, after she opened a boutique, she gave most of them discounts—and nicknames, such as "girl with the beautiful eyes and skinny ass." But in all candor, there was one mini-eruption with a lady with whom I was playing house. She *did* resent Ching Siu calling me at home. In retrospect, I should have taken greater pains to ease her unwarranted suspicions.

Those are the hurdles.

Once you've been resourceful, tactful and, above all else, sincere—and have convinced your ex that all the dirty water is way downstream—and once you've successfully avoided all other major pitfalls in regards to her new amours, now you deserve to feast.

Your new relationship with your ex can be a passport to ecstasy. For example, when Ching Siu wants to take a three-day break from stretching spandex around tight, young buns, yours truly volunteers for shop duty. The shop is paradise. In addition to fielding all the boutique honeys one could possibly desire in a lifetime, I've also taken out several of Ching Siu's girlfriends who have popped up unannounced from who-knows-where. I'm there to lend a helping hand. What are friends for?

Perhaps the case of Ching Siu is unique. How many old girlfriends own a boutique or a salon or a modeling agency? But then there's the case of Mark the accountant.

Mark and Susie broke up eight months ago. They didn't talk for three months. It was particularly frustrating for poor Mark, who seldom gets a chance to leave the office during tax season. Not so for Coppertone Susie, who soon found herself a sun-tanned boyfriend. Tentatively and carefully, Mark and Susie edged into the platonic stage. (Note: After your ex has found somebody new, she will feel more secure in dealing with you.)

Recently, Mark told me that Susie had found a part-time job at a Marina del Rey dry cleaners—a veritable L.A. way station for stewardesses, actresses, models and other Bo Derek look-alikes. The manager has a policy of taking all customer telephone numbers, ostensibly in case someone forgets to pick up her undies or something. Anyhow, Susie considerably jots down the four-star numbers for her lonely ex-beau. Mark then tries to finagle his way into personally delivering the laundry. Now, *that's* friendship.

Then there's Leon, an architecture grad student who can be found buried under two dozen blueprints until three in the morning, every morning. He had a tumultuous affair with Cissy—one that was unexpectedly truncated when she came home early from work one afternoon to find a love note from Leon's side lady. Well, they split like the San Andreas fault, and Cissy went back to an old boyfriend for good. But remarkably, six months and innumerable hours of conciliatory rapping, apologizing, reasoning and forgiving later, Leon is now her favorite racquetball partner. And the big plus is that they play at Cissy's swank health club. Says a rejuvenated Leon: "I never would have believed this when we broke up. Here I am in this jock mating ground. Every Saturday I'm meeting some lush tush. Unbelievable."

Old girlfriends can often spark that unexpected catalyst to erotic endeavors. For guys who work the road, you know what I mean. Your boss sends you to Poughkeepsie on a buying trip. Who in the hell do you know in Poughkeepsie? Does anyone between 14 and 65 still live there? Yes. Holy shit! Jan, your old college sweetheart. Doesn't she live somewhere near there? Ooh... saved! Old girlfriend to the rescue, always ready, willing and able to turn you on (that, too) to her friends, parties and a good time. On the flip side, when she comes to town, you get a chance to score some choice favors from your friends for setting them up with her.

But old girlfriends are obviously much, much more than matchmakers and sexual tender. Once you've been physically intimate with someone, there's a permanent bond. Now, that bond may be thickly woven or it may be just a strand. Nevertheless, you've opened up a level of communication that brings you closer to that person and vice versa. It's a closeness that can bring you a great depth of human understanding.

My relationship with Ching Siu is tight in

that respect. I can confide things to her that I find difficult to reveal to other people, including hassles with current ladies. She understands and listens. That's important. I do the same for her with her man problems. And *that's* important, too.

This special feeling that lingers after the days of Mateus and Mazola oil is very much underestimated by my handball cronies. In contrast, most of the women I spoke with while writing this article brought up the "something shared" factor. The consensus of female opinion was that they feel "something" for their former lovers, regardless of their present situation—something most

You'll
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Perhaps even more
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heydays.

agreed "would never completely be over."

Anyhow, those feelings, those shared secrets, those intimate moments, make old girlfriends a very special part of your life. And you, a part of hers. And that's probably why you'll find a lot of compassion from your old girlfriend. Perhaps even more than what you experienced during the heyday of your romantic tenure.

She's more emotionally detached now. She's not worried about losing you. She doesn't get upset about your quirks anymore—little things like hair in the sink. She doesn't have to be mollified with excuses and compromises. She's got more space. She can be relaxed. She can emotionally afford to be more compassionate, consoling and objective.

In time, you'll find that an old girlfriend will go down the line for you. She'll lend you money when you're broke and not feel she's being made a fool of. She'll nurse you when you're sick and not worry about answering the phone. She'll go to the movies Dutch

and not bitch about it. What more could you ask for? Her brain? Yes. And now you have that, too.

"Women think different than we do," a screenwriter knowingly told me. "When I'm writing a woman's dialogue, I always go over it with a woman. I want to make sure it's authentic."

With your old girlfriend's more relaxed, less inhibited noodle feeding into your noggin, you're given a rare chance to tune into the fine wavelengths of the mysterious female psyche. You now have that much sought-after ace in the hole to deal with your current roster of women friends. Therein lies the crystal ball. The secret to how the other side works. Abracadabra... at your beckoning. Not even Freud could figure out what women wanted. But if he had had an old girlfriend...

Sanction your old girlfriend's advice. It's indispensable. Here's a woman who knows you, your good points and bad. Also, she knows what you like in a woman and what you loathe. Moreover, she knows how a woman thinks, because she is one.

"Their [old girlfriends'] minds are freaky, intuitive," a musician pal of mine in Palm Springs marveled. "I had some hassles with my equipment one night and, to make a long story short, I was three hours late in picking up my girlfriend, Mary. So I race across town, run up her steps, see her lights on, hear the stereo and knock. Nobody answers. So I knock louder. All right, I get it. The old silent treatment. So I burn rubber down to the drugstore and call her. She hangs up. Now I really dig this chick, and I'm stumped. I mean, I'm ready to drop a five-pound Quaalude. So I call Diane [his ex]. She knows me like the back of her hand. Christ, I must've done the same thing to her a dozen times. She suggests that I go home and send Mary a telegram—HAVING A GOOD TIME. WISH YOU WERE HERE. So I follow orders and do it. And when midnight rolls around, Mary appears—Ta da! And at 12:05, we're at it hot and heavy like two gazelles in heat."

A final example of the value of old-girlfriend insight. I was seeing a Japanese girl who Ching Siu had nicknamed Quiet Yumi. I was jokingly telling Ching Siu that before we went to sleep one night, Quiet Yumi had put her head on my chest and said, "If I ever catch you with another girl, I'll cut your balls off while you're sleeping." I told Ching Siu that I had slept with one eye open all night. She didn't laugh. Instead, she told me a story about docile Chinese women who put up with cheating husbands for years. Then, when least expected, they chop them up in the middle of the night and secretly dispose of the bodies. I took her advice and stopped seeing Quiet Yumi.

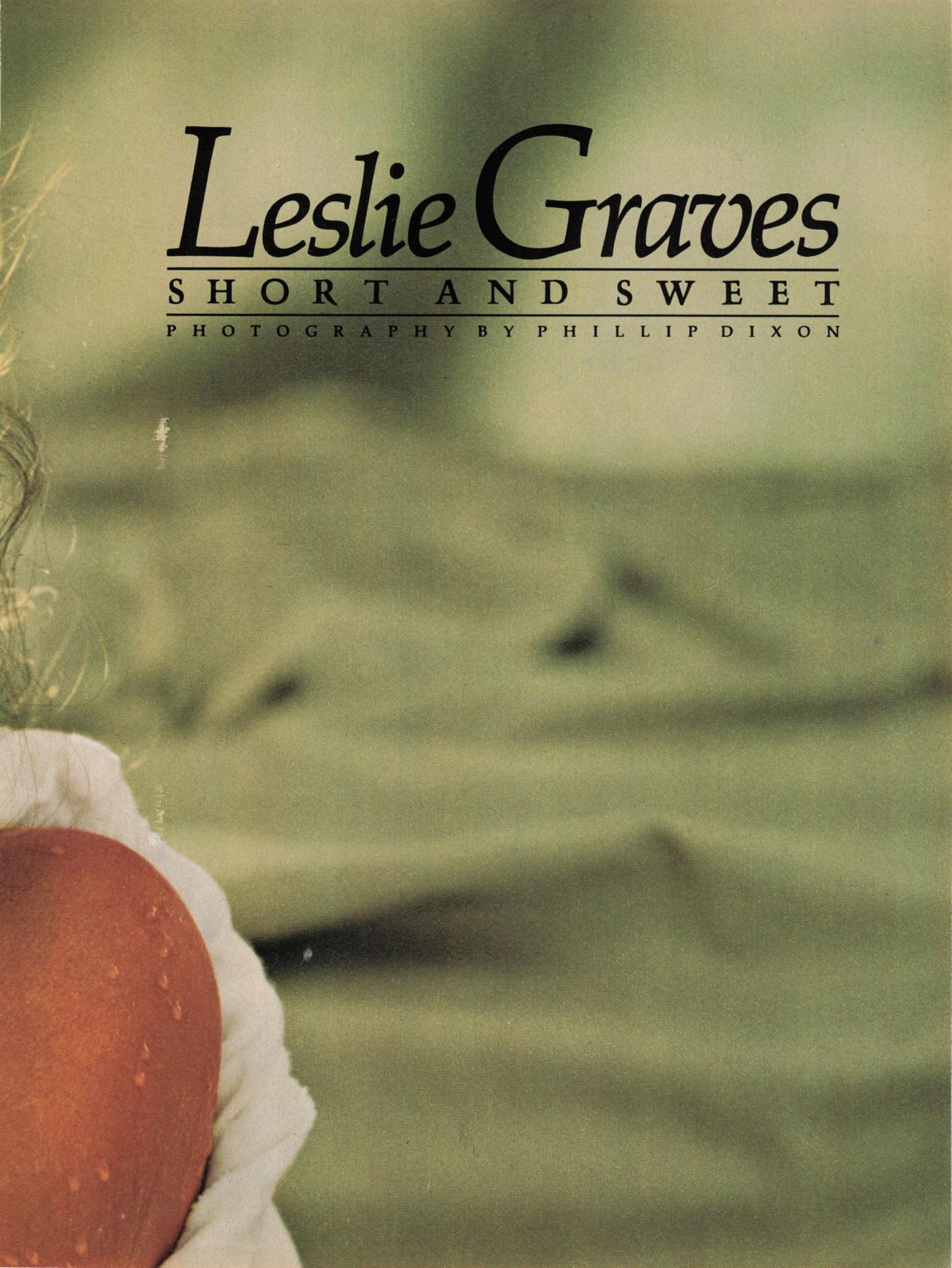
Your old girlfriend can provide solvency, sanity and sex. Let other women come and go, but relish your old girlfriend. She can be the best friend you'll ever have. ■



Leslie Graves

S H O R T A N D S W E E T

P H O T O G R A P H Y B Y P H I L L I P D I X O N







**"I'VE
FULFILLED
JUST ABOUT
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HAD."**

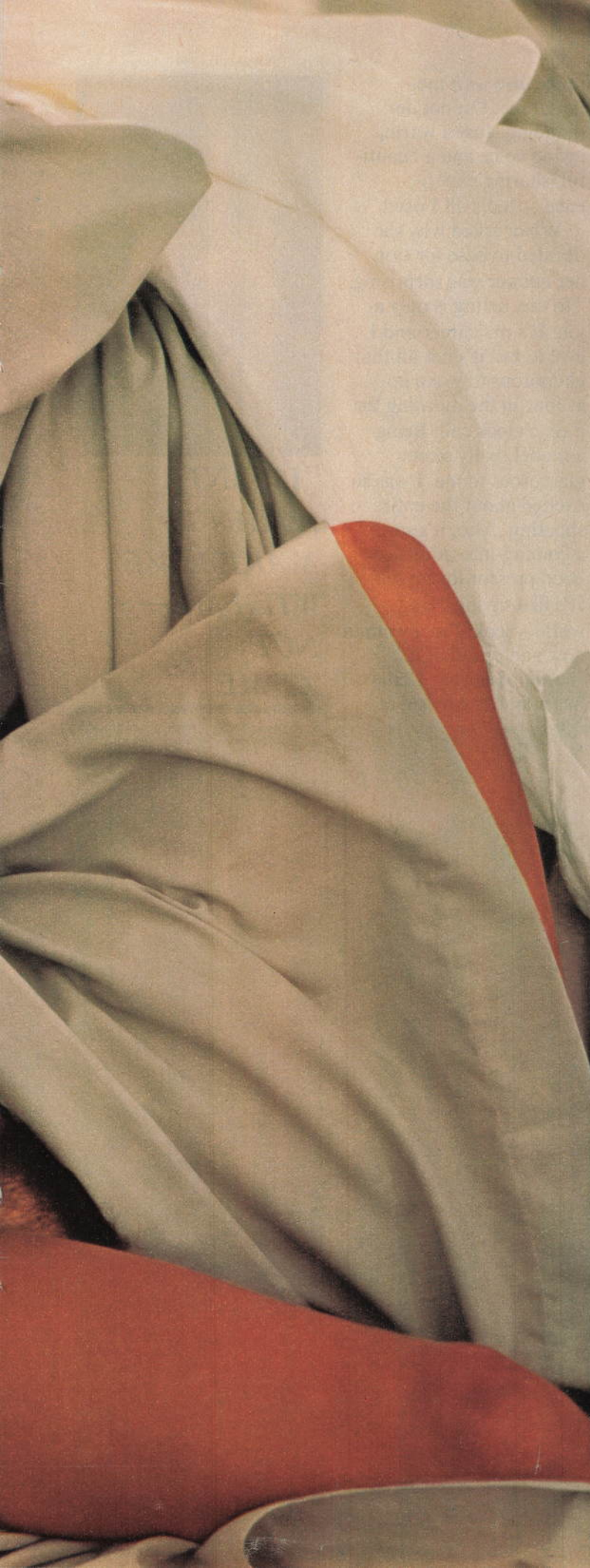


At first glance, 21-year-old Leslie Graves looks like a girl who would really stand out in a crowd. But look again. At barely five feet tall, the crowd would have to be *sitting* in order for you to get a glimpse of Leslie. But with her 36-22-31 figure, Leslie doesn't really have to worry about not being appreciated.

She was five years old when she got her first acting job—and she's still busy at it today. At an age when most people are getting their first taste of the real world, Leslie's already racked up enough accomplishments to last most people a lifetime. She's been on *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, has played opposite Anne Bancroft in the stage production of *Cry of Players*, was a regular







on *Sesame Street* during its first season ("No Big Bird jokes, please") and has even co-starred with *Dallas* bad guy Larry Hagman in the short-lived series *Here We Go Again*. "They put us opposite *All in the Family*. No way were we going to make it. But it was a good learning experience."

Leslie hasn't retired from acting but, for the time being, she's decided to stay away from the madness of show business by living on Mustang Island off the Gulf Coast. We asked her if she missed the social life of the big cities. "Not at all. I enjoy the quiet. After New York and L.A., this is a welcome retreat. Besides, all this solitude is fuel for my fantasy life." We asked her to explain. "I've always had this love affair with the great outdoors—that's the main reason I moved here. All my fantasies are about the sand and the water, and I've managed to fulfill just about every one."

Does she have a fantasy lover? we asked.



"I LOVE MEN WHO ARE TENDER—WHO KNOW HOW TO TOUCH ME SOFTLY."

"Well, I don't have any one person in mind, but I love men who are tender, men who know how to touch me softly. Lord knows, I've been pawed by enough creeps in my life. I also don't like men who feel they have to prove what great lovers they are. I want a man to





make love *with* me—
not *at* me. I'm not de-
manding. Just a warm,
loving voice and a beauti-
ful, sharing experi-
ence—that's all I need."

When asked why she
decided to pose for OUI,
her answer was surprising.
"To me, acting is only a
job. It's my career and I
love it, but it's not all that
glamorous to wake up
at four in the morning for
a six o'clock call. Being
a model really seems
glamorous to me. I was so
excited about the entire
shooting. Also, it's sort of
a coming-into-adult-
hood present for myself.
It's like saying, 'Hey,
world—look! I'm a woman
now and proud of it.'"

And obviously, Leslie
has a lot to be proud of.



**"I WANT
A MAN TO
MAKE LOVE
WITH ME—
NOT
AT ME."**





oui

N O V E M B E R 1 9 8 0







HOWARD HESSEMAN

WKRP's Johnny Fever spins the platters of his life and plays some mean cuts about sex, drugs, rock 'n' roll and his love/hate relationship with television.

Howard Hesseman, currently broadcasting as Dr. Johnny Fever over the video waves of *WKRP in Cincinnati*, describes himself as "the first prime-time pothead." But there's more to this manic/eccentric ex-d.j. than he gives himself enough tokens for. Hesseman, after all, is not an overnight potheaded success. He's been sharpening his wit on the establishment for years, ever since his dazed days as a member of the infamous late-Sixties improv group the Committee. (That's the same group of San Francisco characters who graced—so to speak—*The Tonight Show* stage and who later supplied that touch of real-life reefer madness to the first *Billy Jack* film.) From the womb of the Committee commune, Hesseman slid into numerous TV shows and films, playing gonzo characters in such films as *The Sunshine Boys* and *Steelyard Blues*. Even then, his for-dopers-only attitude attracted the more rebellious of the American public, but it took the success of *WKRP* to give him not only plenty of cash for his stash, but lots of name value. See, while Barbie Doll Loni Anderson put the tinsel back into Tinseltown, Hesseman reminded Hollywood producers of their own pre-Mercedes, rebels-with-a-cause days.

And now they love him. During his last hiatus, he

starred in two flicks, *Honky Tonk Freeway* and the soon-to-be-aired made-for-TV movie *Skyward*, directed by Ron Howard. Still, despite his film and television achievements, Hesseman's first love has always been satire. Ironically, his *last* love has always been television. So, how did this country boy from Oregon weave his way through the acid-laced lunacy of the Sixties to prime-time, family-hour TV?

There was only one person for the job of finding the answer to that question. Alas, Rona Barrett was negotiating with Freddy Silverman, so *OUI* sent Contributing Editor C.W. Metcalf. We figured anyone who could handle Andy Kaufman (*OUI*, April 1980) could handle Hesseman.

"It's interesting," says Metcalf. "The first time I saw Howard was when he was performing with the Committee under the name of Don Sturdy. San Francisco in 1966 was a very gritty time. There was the war in Vietnam, dope growing through the cracks in the sidewalks, the *Berkeley Barb* and people younger than Ronald Reagan actively involved in politics. And the Committee was all part of that. While I waited on Haight Street to catch a bus to see them, some pervert grabbed me and forced a hit of acid down my throat. Man, was I pissed. Ever since then, I've wondered if Howard Hesseman really did have goat's feet."

OUI: Would you like to start with your past, present or future?

HESSEMAN: Where are we now?

OUI: Don't complicate matters.

HESSEMAN: OK. Start wherever you want, but I may not be there.

OUI: Well, let's get the really important stuff out of the way first. Now, about Loni Anderson...

HESSEMAN: Oh, don't ask me about Loni Anderson! Everyone hits me with that.

OUI: Yeah? So what's the stupidest question anyone has ever asked you about Loni Anderson?

HESSEMAN: That one.

OUI: Besides that one.

HESSEMAN: Well, last year I walked into a hamburger joint on New York's Upper East

Side, and the guy over the grill turned around and said, "Hey, Fever!" I said, "How ya doing?" He said, "Just fine. How's Boobs?"

OUI: He got right down to the basics.

HESSEMAN: Yeah. So I said, "Fine, fine. How are the onions?" I didn't know what else to say.

OUI: Do your fans expect you to be Johnny Fever all the time?

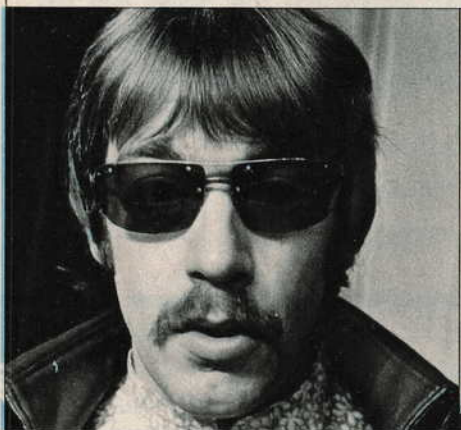
HESSEMAN: Yes. And sometimes it's easier just to give them what they want. I've tried to be a human being, but that doesn't work very well. One time, there was this bellhop who got in an elevator with me and, as the doors were closing, he said, "Are you...?" I said, "Yeah, I am." He pulls out a paper and pencil and says, "Would you mind?"

And I said, "Look, I'll tell you what. It's a tall building; we got a ways to go. Putting my name on a piece of paper is so impersonal. Let's just talk with each other. I'd rather talk with you than write my name on a piece of paper." He looked at me funny, like that was probably the stupidest thing he'd ever heard, and he said, "No, I don't want to talk. Just sign."

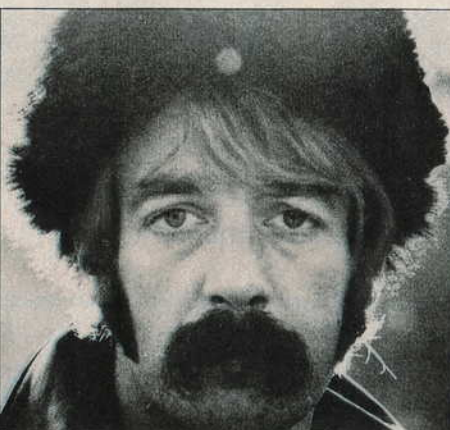
OUI: Do you have better luck with your female fans?

HESSEMAN: What comes to mind is the time I was sitting in a restaurant having lunch with some friends. I'm eating an omelet, and I notice my friends looking behind me, over my shoulder. So I turn around to see what they're looking at, and there's a woman in her late 30s, overly well-dressed

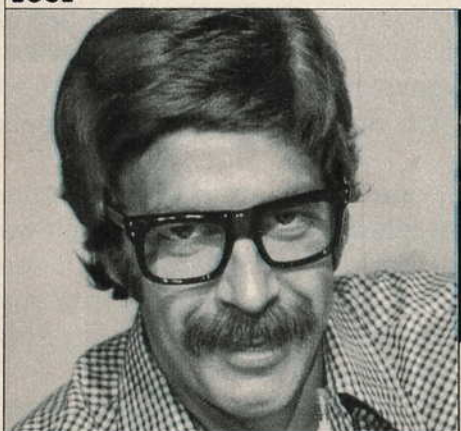
FACE-TO-FACE WITH HOWARD HESSEMAN



1967



1968



1968



1968



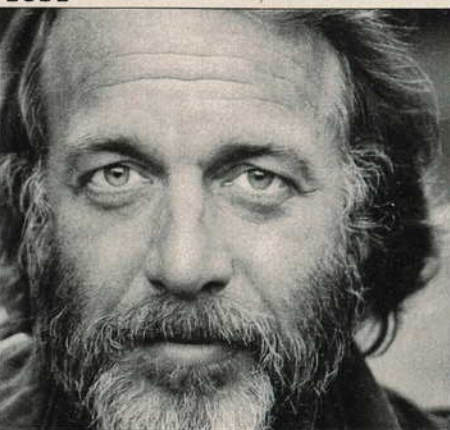
1969



1971



1976



1978

and made-up. When she's inches away from me, she bends down and says, "I just love you." And she begins kissing me. *French-kissing me!* I manage to disengage and say, "Thank you. I don't know whether it's me or my omelet you're after, but you're getting both!" And she says, "Oh, I don't care." And she went for it again. What's the use of fighting? If she wants to ream a Denver omelet and brown rice from out of my mouth, fine.

OUI: And then she walked out?

HESSEMAN: Yeah, amidst all the catcalls from the bar.

OUI: What kind of fan mail do you get?

HESSEMAN: Kiddie stuff. They want to know my favorite color. Do I have any brothers and sisters? How did I start in the business? It's strange but, when we dropped back into an eight P.M. time slot, most of my mail was on tablet paper: "I saw your birthday listed in *Dynamite* magazine." I don't even know what *Dynamite* magazine is, but it seems to be read by most of the first-, second- and third-graders in the United States.

OUI: Well, I know television isn't your favorite gig, but...

HESSEMAN: Can we avoid that one for a while? Let's wait to talk TV until I hit a heavy depression. Shouldn't be long.

OUI: Fine. So let's talk about the making of a Hesseman.

HESSEMAN: Well, I grew up in the Willamette Valley in Oregon. I was an only child.

OUI: And your father...?

HESSEMAN: ... was an auto-parts man. My mother, by her own insistence, was not a housewife but a homemaker.

OUI: So, you are the product, biologically speaking, of an auto-parts man and a homemaker. How do you explain your subsequent degeneration?

HESSEMAN: My mother remarried a police officer when I was seven.

OUI: Aha! Authority enters the picture.

HESSEMAN: Look. I see now that my stepfather was a good man with a wonderful heart, but he was rather caught up in himself as an authority figure. Prior to becoming a policeman, he'd been a prizefighter and a prison guard. I mean, he was into physical control of people. He tried to teach me to box when I was three or four years old, man. I remember thinking: "This guy's trying to tell me something." In fact, I learned how to act around that time.

OUI: How so?

HESSEMAN: I saw it was necessary to put on a front, to do a show, to *signify*, as it were, so that I could get through it all. It was easier just to put on an act. Sometimes I think I may have gotten a little too good at it. It's one of those double-edged lessons: If you give them what they want, they kind of leave you alone. Then you're not sure you want to be alone.

OUI: Were there any other indications that you had a talent for performing? Anything

you remember from your school days?

HESSEMAN: The best part about school was the joy of getting home and being able to play. And the occasional times when I could coerce my teachers into allowing me to bring my toy soldiers to school and do a show for the kids.

OUI: You weren't a crack student, then?

HESSEMAN: I loved to read, but I was—and still am—abhorrent of anything that smacks of math or science. I can't digest it. I never even understood why those little Scottie-dog magnets attracted or repelled each other, and they teach you that every year from the third grade on. Listen, I used to think that the radio was filled with little people who left at night and went to their little homes.

OUI: They don't?

HESSEMAN: Sorry. I know it's a jolt.

OUI: Anyway, did you leave Oregon to pursue an acting career?

HESSEMAN: No, I just wanted out, away from my stepfather. It's something all kids go through, I think, when a new parent comes along—a lot of buried fear and shit comes up in different ways. I just decided to leave. Besides, I was allergic to the country.

OUI: You weren't a country boy at heart?

HESSEMAN: When I was 16, I learned through a series of tests that I was allergic to bent-grass seed. I was living in an area that was a giant seedbed for bent grass. I was living in the middle of what was killing me. And it hasn't changed since!

OUI: What's killing you now?

HESSEMAN: Success, mostly.

OUI: How do you deal with that one?

HESSEMAN: I try to apply Einstein's theory: "The only way to escape the personal corruption of praise is to go on working."

OUI: But then, by working harder, you will be more successful and gain more praise and will have to work even harder to escape that and...

HESSEMAN: Thanks for blowing what little defense I have left, man.

OUI: It does seem like a trap.

HESSEMAN: Yeah, oxymoronic, isn't it? Probably more moronic than oxy.

OUI: So, let's head for safer ground.

HESSEMAN: No, let's leave it, instead. A year after graduating high school in 1958, I went to San Francisco to work as a truck driver and swamper on semis for the Del Monte Meat Company. San Francisco was calling.

OUI: What was the calling?

HESSEMAN: The music, the city scene. And I knew I didn't belong in college. I was incensed about the courses that were "required," like ROTC. Fortunately, I had a mentor, a director named Preston Tuttle. I had done some acting, and he said to me, "If you're serious about acting, leave college immediately. The only thing you learn in academia is how to teach other people how to teach other people... endlessly." There's a lot of truth in that. Also, I wasn't really fond of the college environment. I



Hesseman hamming it up with England's biggest ham, Mick Jagger, in a London television studio, summer of '69. Far left and right are Garry Goodrow and Jessica Myerson of the improv troupe, the Committee.

was constantly being hosed down by frat men and retaliating by throwing beer bottles through their front doors at night.

OUI: There was a lot of input, then, to get your ass to San Francisco?

HESSEMAN: A lot. I had been reading about that city. I was turned on to jazz, Lenny Bruce and hipsterism. San Francisco was where it was happening. So, in 1960, after a few years at the University of Oregon in Eugene, I piled 80 pounds of luggage and my newly acquired wife on the back of a 125 Lambretta motor scooter and moved to San Francisco.

OUI: Newly acquired wife? Where did she come in?

HESSEMAN: Ah... I saw her climbing the fire escape to get into her dorm after-hours

during the first week of my college experience. God, she looked good.

OUI: What was she like?

HESSEMAN: She was a Hawaiian, Chinese, Chippewa Indian, Swedish, French, Moorish, Portuguese and Irish dancer from Maui.

OUI: Sounds like just the kind of girl a fellow from the Willamette Valley would be looking for.

HESSEMAN: And she'd been trained in Tahitian dancing from an early age.

OUI: I see. She was not, however, your first girlfriend?

HESSEMAN: No, let's see... I first fell deeply, madly in love with a girl when I was a sophomore in high school and she was a freshman. We're talking pre-Johnny Mathis here.

OUI: Was there love before Johnny Mathis?

HESSEMAN: This was back around the *Song from Moulin Rouge*. Anyway, I slept with my jacket on my pillow because it had her scent on it... White Shoulders splash. And then her father was overheard threatening another man's life in a bar. The next morning, this other man was shot on his front porch by a man driving a car that looked suspiciously like my girlfriend's father's...

OUI: Wait a minute. I got it. Enter your stepfather, the policeman...

HESSEMAN: Let's just say I knew I couldn't see her as frequently as I used to. You know, if I had married her, I'd now be in charge of the produce section at the Safeway in Silverton, Oregon.

OUI: Drama seems to be an integral part of your life. Did this bizarre ending to your first love affair affect you in any way? I mean, do you still like girls to rub you down with gun-barrel oil or anything?

HESSEMAN: I like girls to rub me down with *anything*. But I don't have any sex-and-



Ten years later, Hesseman hamming it up with America's biggest cheesecake, Loni Anderson, on the set of *WKRP*.

firearms fantasies, if that's what you mean.
OUI: This wasn't the girl that you sacrificed your precious virginity to, was it?

HESSEMAN: No, but it wasn't for the lack of trying. I surrendered my virginity...

OUI: Surrendered? Were you attacked?

HESSEMAN: Funny how these phrases crop up. I forced my virginity upon a girl—not without equal insistence upon her part—when I was about 16.

OUI: How did that experience change your perception of the world?

HESSEMAN: I realized that it would have been better to take my car rather than her father's. Better my own seat covers than the stain of semi-original sin on his.

OUI: Was it usually in cars?

HESSEMAN: Once in her bedroom when her parents were having a card party downstairs—mmmm, talk about a grand slam! But there's a lot more to how the emergence of sexual energy shapes a person's perceptions. I don't remember when it first happened—maybe the second time, maybe later—but I gradually began to understand that there was something sacred in sex, in the act itself. Let's not totally overlook the profane, but...

OUI: Yes?

HESSEMAN: I was remembering those first "stirrings." But I also remember not knowing what they were at all. I think it became clear to me with the Marilyn Monroe calendar. Suddenly, naked flesh had an appeal and an effect that I could specifically locate and identify. When, exactly, it changed from a sense of lust to love, I'm not so sure. It's still changing. I think love is best approached as surrender. What I mean is, surrendering is really a victory over preconceptions, role models, cultural restrictions. Just think about the term *getting off*.

OUI: I'm thinking, I'm thinking...

HESSEMAN: *Getting off*, *taking off*, like getting off one plane to get onto another. Interesting, too, is the word a lot of hipsters used—*gone*. *Coming*, in sex, is a state of mind similar to someone who's *gone*. Not really here. *Coming* sounds like you're about to arrive *here*. But I don't think that "here" is the point of disembarking. When she says, "I'm coming," keep your eyes open, because she's just about to pass by. If she comes, there she goes! And if you're lucky, you can go with her. [laughs] So, instead of saying, "I'm coming," maybe we should say, "Let's go."

OUI: You're not one of those movie stars who started out in porno films, are you? I mean, will we ever see the release of some closet film called *Enema Bandit* that you might have made when you were in San Francisco?

HESSEMAN: That may be the *only* thing I don't have to worry about.

OUI: Don't you like X-rated movies?

HESSEMAN: Oh, I've seen a few.

OUI: What was the last one you saw?

HESSEMAN: I think it was *The Story of O*.

OUI: That's not a real porno movie.

HOWARD HESSEMAN

In the war between the sexes, I'm definitely missing in action. My first sexual trip was very short.

HESSEMAN: Well, listen, man, I don't rush off to see *Beaver on a Rampage* or anything. Sometimes I scan the newspaper ads or look at the marquees, because these movies have the most amazing titles. *Journey Between the Gams! Embryo Beaver!* I mean, where are they going? How far are they going to take these things? I, for one, don't want to know.

OUI: Well, now that we're getting more personal, maybe you could tell us what your first sexual trip was like.

HESSEMAN: Short—a very short trip. Stoned on beer. I mean, the level of sexual education available at that time was very primitive.

OUI: The thing that always puzzles me is how men all try to pretend that they've got it together...

HESSEMAN: That's because men are just like dogs.

OUI: What?

HESSEMAN: Dogs, man. When strange dogs approach you on a less than pet-me-stroke-me level, they always pretend they're doing something else: "Oh, pretty interesting couch leg here. Sniff, sniff." But they keep trying to sneak looks at you, hoping you don't really notice them. They're not very good at it. It's really transparent. And that's how men deal with one another. I guess it's a need for the appearance of control.

OUI: Of course, women do it as well, although a lot of women have told me they learned it from men.

HESSEMAN: Aha! That's why they resent us! They can't even develop an absurd separatist behavior on their own!

OUI: Well, as long as we're talking about men and women, how would you summarize your relationship with women?

HESSEMAN: Man, when it comes to the war between the sexes, I'm definitely missing in action.

OUI: Your parents didn't give you "The Books"?

HESSEMAN: Unfortunately, in my experience, sex wasn't something one discussed with parents. Today, there may be more raw-data information going in, but it's no different. Sex will always be a mystery. Books might expand your perception, but they don't have the power of experience. I think all books do is make you more curious. For almost everyone, communication with parents is a hassle. I think I developed a rebellious attitude because I was overly im-

pressed by James Dean in *Rebel Without a Cause*. I mean, I made my parents into something they were not so that I could sharpen my own fantasy about myself. Now I see that I went through all of this chicanery and it was unnecessary. But at the time, I tended to think I was the only one who sensed the drama. I remember, very early on, having a sense of omens, cosmic cues for things that were about to happen...

OUI: Did the cosmos give you any cues about Johnny Fever and *WKRP*?

HESSEMAN: This is bizarre but, last year, when the show was getting popular, I did an interview, and I suddenly recalled that in the second grade, my first exposure to performing was as the voice of a radio. They put me in something like a stove carton painted up to look like a radio, and I was the announcer's voice.

OUI: Knowing that you were actually a d.j. in San Francisco, I'd say that was more the start of a cosmic *script* than a cue.

HESSEMAN: Would you mind not repeating that?

OUI: Sorry. What I meant was: Hasn't music always been an important part of your life?

HESSEMAN: Come to think of it, my mother tells me that as a child, I didn't learn to walk until I was 18 or 19 months old. But I had one of those strollers, and I liked to wheel up right next to the big console radio and lay my ear against the speaker. I'd stand there in my stroller and dance.

OUI: You could dance before you could walk?

HESSEMAN: So my mother tells me. Later, I came across a Persian proverb that says something to the effect that the Lord smiles to hear me sing, but he loves me when I dance.

OUI: What kinds of music moved you when you were younger? I mean, do you remember when your musical "cosmic cues" began hitting?

HESSEMAN: *American Bandstand* caught my eye, but I was equally fascinated by a Saturday-night show called *America's Greatest Bands*. That's where I first got to dig people like Count Basie and his orchestra. Jazz and rock 'n' roll have *always* hit me hard. Shit, I can remember seeing a movie called *The Blackboard Jungle* in Salem, Oregon, and going out to record stores trying to find Bill Haley and the Comets' cut of *Rock Around the Clock*. Finally, I had to order it through a record store in Silverton. I didn't know what it was, but the music just killed me.

OUI: True, true. It did stand out when compared to *How Much Is that Doggie in the Window*? Most of the music of that time was...

HESSEMAN: It was not from the heart.

OUI: So, here comes hard-beat, balls-down, heartfelt music, and it just got to you?

HESSEMAN: Yes. Rock 'n' roll comes out of

(Continued on page 84)

THE WIT & WISDOM OF CALIFORNIA POLITICIANS

Wherein the Golden State's elected officials spout off wise sayings, sharp insights and frighteningly dumb comments on the state of politics / Article by John Roemer

"Since California was admitted to the union, the nation has been vaguely aware of something 'different' and 'peculiar' about the politics of that state."

—Carey McWilliams,
California: The Great Exception

Richard "I Am Not a Crook" Nixon has doubtless left our awareness of California's aberrant politics a lot less vague than it was when McWilliams wrote the above observation. We've learned to beware of the saddle-bum statesmen riding out of the smoggy sunset to deliver pronunciamientos poached in hot tubs. Nonetheless, in this electoral season, it seems like a good idea to take another cautionary listen to the out-of-work actors, sunburned solons and other assorted politicians from the state that's given us Jerry Brown, Howard Jarvis and Shirley Temple Black. Not to mention the wackos California has actually shipped to Washington—men like Herbert Hoover, S.I. Hayakawa, Robert K. Dornan and King Timahoe's master himself, Richard Nixon. And Ronald Reagan, who is knocking on the White House door like there's no tomorrow (if he gets in, there probably won't be). As a license plate on a Hollywood Rolls puts it, WHATAZU. So watch it. Like the jet stream and the Marlboro man, the predator pols from the Golden State bestiary are comin' atcha, straight out of the West.

"A tree is a tree—how many more do you have to look at?"

—Governor **Ronald Reagan**,
responding to proposals to enlarge
the state's redwood preserves.

"If you walked through his deepest thoughts, you wouldn't get your feet wet."

—State Senator **Pete Behr** on
Reagan's brain.

"We have such a lush climate that both fruits and nuts flourish."

—Assembly Speaker **Jesse "Big Daddy" Unruh**, back in the late Sixties, explaining California's wealth of extremists.

"Purchasing agents come to this country and want to place an order; they expect a little gift or finder's fee or bribe. They find they are going to be investigated and held up to disgrace in the American press for doing this, so they go to Germany, Japan, France, Canada, etc., and place their orders. We lose business."

—Senator **S. I. Hayakawa**,
analyzing U.S. loss of foreign
trade.

"It's the thirtieth anniversary of my thirty-ninth birthday."

—**Ronald Reagan** turns 69.



ILLUSTRATION BY BILL PLYMPTON

"I'm running against an actor. And you know who shot Lincoln, don'tcha?"

—**Pat Brown**, on the campaign warpath against Reagan. Brown lost.

"There are many, many tasks in the military that can be performed by the handicapped. . . . They can become supervisors of inventory in military stores—for gosh sakes, a handicapped person with only one leg can become a tail gunner. . . . There must be lots of things they are able to do. This is an original idea."

—**Senator S. I. Hayakawa** on drafting the handicapped.

"Government is mostly smoke and mirrors."

—**Jerry Brown**

"Money is the mother's milk of politics."

—**Jesse Unruh**

"When you've got a problem with swine, you've got to call in the pigs."

—**Semanticist S. I. Hayakawa** explains his strategy as president of San Francisco State during the campus riots and sit-ins of the late Sixties.

"Well, if you can't drink it, drive it or wear it—Nothin'!"

—**Assemblyman Willie Brown**, who keeps a well-stocked bar, drives a \$37,000 black Porsche and wears \$600 Brioni suits, revealing his net worth.

"Only one member [of Congress] has ever made it across the channel, and it was not a member of the U.S. Senate. It was this Congressman standing right here before you."

—**U.S. Congressman Robert K. Dornan**, the Santa Monica showbiz retread and arch conservative, taking the House floor last year to announce that he had swum the channel at Chappaquiddick to determine whether Senator Edward Kennedy could have done it.

"I was born for public office."

—**Robert K. Dornan**, who, as an actor, killed three men with a single bullet in the 1962 flick "Shores of Hell."

"Is the Pope a Catholic?"

—**Corona del Mar State Senator John Schmitz**, when asked if he planned to remain a member of the John Birch Society.

"Riots are comparable to a child who has a tantrum. You give that child some candy to stop it, and the tantrum will stop. But then the child, seeing he got by with it, determines to have another."

—**Shirley Temple Black**, running for Congress in 1967 after black riots wracked Watts, explaining "social unrest."

"Pat, you don't really understand. . . . Reagan has always been a good guy. . . . He's always been good to an animal. He's always been good to a kid. He's always played the hero role. He's been the Boy Scout troop leader, the choir guy in church, the husband, the familyman. Visualize running George Raft. You couldn't elect George Raft, who may be a nice guy, you couldn't elect him to . . . anything. And here's the opposite. The guy is a hero. He's the guy with the white hat. He's the Shirley Temple of the male set. This son of a bitch is going to beat the shit out of you."

—**Democratic fund raiser Manning J. Post** explaining the facts of life to Pat Brown when Reagan was challenging him for the governorship in 1966.

"I think the doughnut is among the major evils."

—**Jerry Brown**

"Welcome aboard, folks. My name's Ron. I'm your skipper and guide down the River of Adventure. Before we pull away from the dock, please turn around and take a good look. You may never see it again. . . . On the left: the natives on the bank. The natives have only one aim in life and that is to get a-head. . . ."

—**Ron Ziegler**, former Nixon press secretary, piloting the jungle-cruise boat at Disneyland during the summer of 1958.

"I should have shoved it up your ass and broken it off."

—**Governor Ronald Reagan**, wielding a baseball bat at State Senator Richard Dolwig, who had voted against him on a key bill.

"He is too young to be a member of the high presidium of the Soviet Union; he is too young to be vice-premier of the People's Republic of China; he is too young to be the ruling Ayatollah in Iran."

—**Senator S. I. Hayakawa**, at 73, dismissing suggestions that Ronald Reagan, at 70, is too old to be President.

"I believe the bill's chances are better this year . . . we now have a few more legislators who smoke pot."

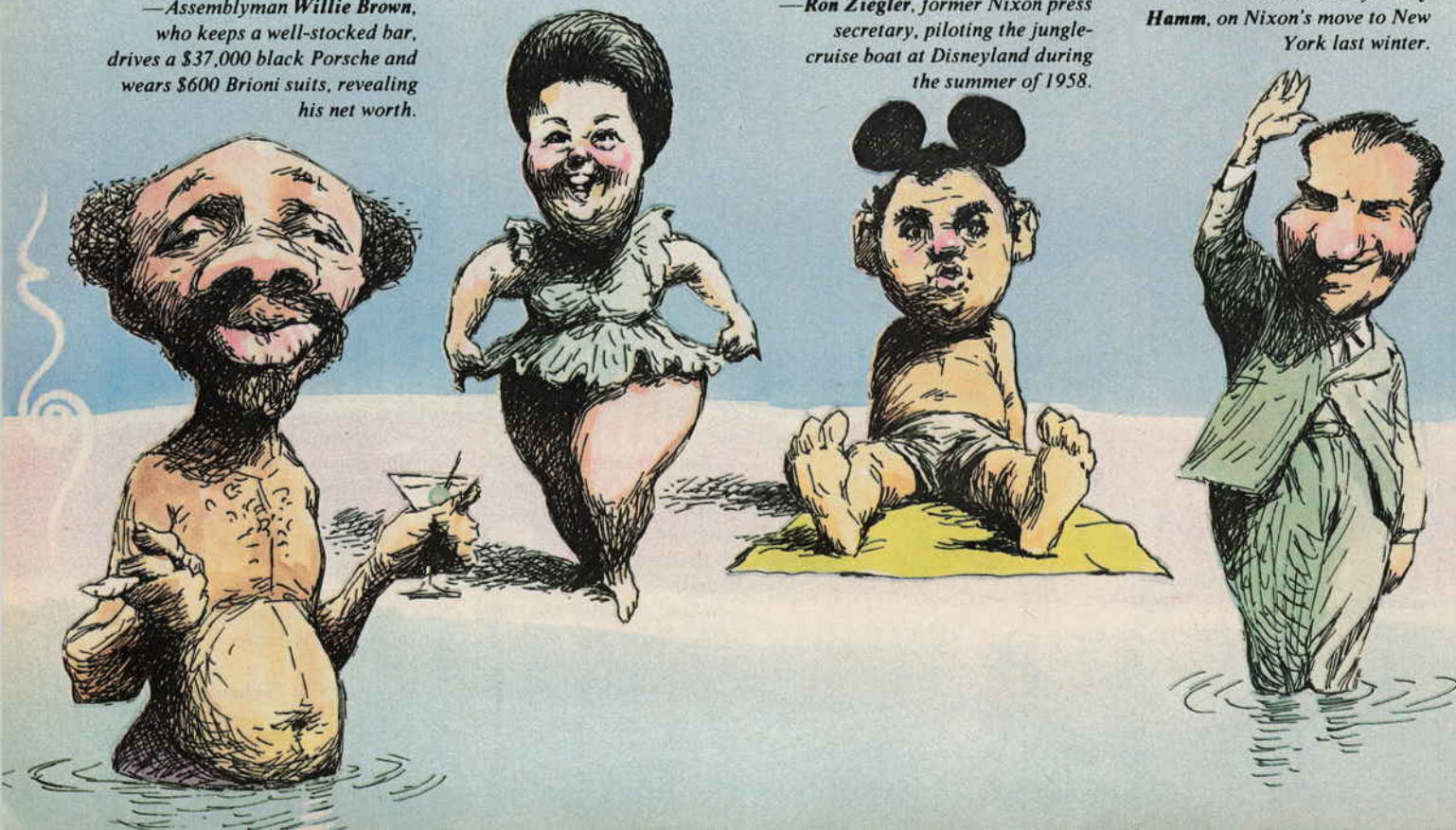
—**Assemblyman Willie Brown**, assessing pro-marijuana legislation.

"Sure there are dishonest men in local government. But there are dishonest men in national government, too."

—**Richard Nixon**

"We're definitely going to miss him. Back in the late Fifties, I'd say I was from San Clemente and my friends would say, 'Where's that?' We don't have that problem now."

—**San Clemente Mayor Roy Hamm**, on Nixon's move to New York last winter.



To: Bill Bagley
From: Don Bradley
Subject: New Smear

Fuck you! You can quote me.
—Governor Pat Brown's campaign manager, **Don Bradley**, wrote this memo bearing the Governor's official seal, after Assemblyman **Bill Bagley** objected to smear tactics used in 1966.

"The important thing is that a lot of the poor don't need gas because they're not working."

—Senator **S. I. Hayakawa**, explaining why a rise in the price of gas will cut consumption painlessly.

"At a seminar for newly elected senators, I dozed off during a dull lecture in an overheated room. Perhaps if I had doodled or read a book or walked out, the catnapper story would never have started."

—Senator **S.I. Hayakawa**, on his 1977 Harvard nap.

"I was taking notes. From the press gallery, it might have looked like I was asleep. I wasn't."

—Senator **S. I. Hayakawa**, on his 1978 State of the Union address nap.

"There were times when I was—well—when my attention wandered considerably from the discussion. . . . I was deeply bored."

"This is a problem that worried me at San Francisco State, too. I do get bored. I do close my eyes. Sometimes I go to sleep—I don't go to sleep nearly as much here as I did there."

—Senator **S. I. Hayakawa**, on his 1979 White House nap.

"God, don't show that! Don't show that I've got a guy who comes to clean my pool!"

—**Jerry Brown**, directing a TV crew at his L.A. home during a campaign interview.

"One marijuana cigarette probably is several times the cancer hazard for lung and throat cancer than a tobacco cigarette is."

—**Ronald Reagan**, denouncing the widespread use of marijuana during a news conference in Florida. A reporter then joked that pot smokers "don't have to smoke as many" joints to achieve the effect they want as those smoking tobacco do. At that point, Nancy Reagan nudged her husband and whispered, "You wouldn't know."

"I wouldn't know."

—**Ronald Reagan**

"Tell them you don't want to be cannon fodder to keep those gas guzzlers rolling down the freeways in Los Angeles."

—**Jerry Brown**, in the Maine primary campaign, giving tips to an anti-draft group.

"Crapola."

—State Senator **Howard "Proposition 13" Jarvis**, commenting on opinions differing from his own.

"If you think the United States has stood still, who built the largest shopping center in the world?"

—**Richard Nixon**

"Listen, if Mother Theresa sat here where I sit, she'd be equally disliked."

—**Gray Davis**, Jerry Brown's chief of staff, on his status as governor-in-residence while Brown campaigned in New England.

"No Moonies. No topless. No bottomless. No porno shops. No massage parlors. No organized vice."

—**Napa County Sheriff Earl Randol's** platform for re-election in 1978. He lost.

"Why in the world can't forty- or fifty-year-olds be drafted? . . . Let those who conceived this harebrained scheme live under its mandate. . . . I see thousands of forty- and fifty-year-olds running marathons. They look healthy to me, much healthier than some of the adolescents who have been sitting in our classrooms."

—**Jerry Brown** on the draft.

"He has more power than he admits, because the popcorn machine is in his office."

—**Gray Davis**, appraising the status of **Bob Williams**, Governor Brown's legislative adviser.

"If you can't eat their food, drink their booze, screw their women and then vote against them, you have no business being up there."

—**Jesse Unruh**, on the proper relationship between politicians and lobbyists.

"It is unfortunate that some people in San Francisco feel threatened by this very simple organization and philosophy of service."

—Assembly Majority Whip **Art Agnos**, in a 1977 letter to the Prime Minister of Guyana.

"Reverend [Jim] Jones has established a remarkable and highly successful model community, which I personally have visited. I found that visit to be one of the most rewarding experiences of my life."

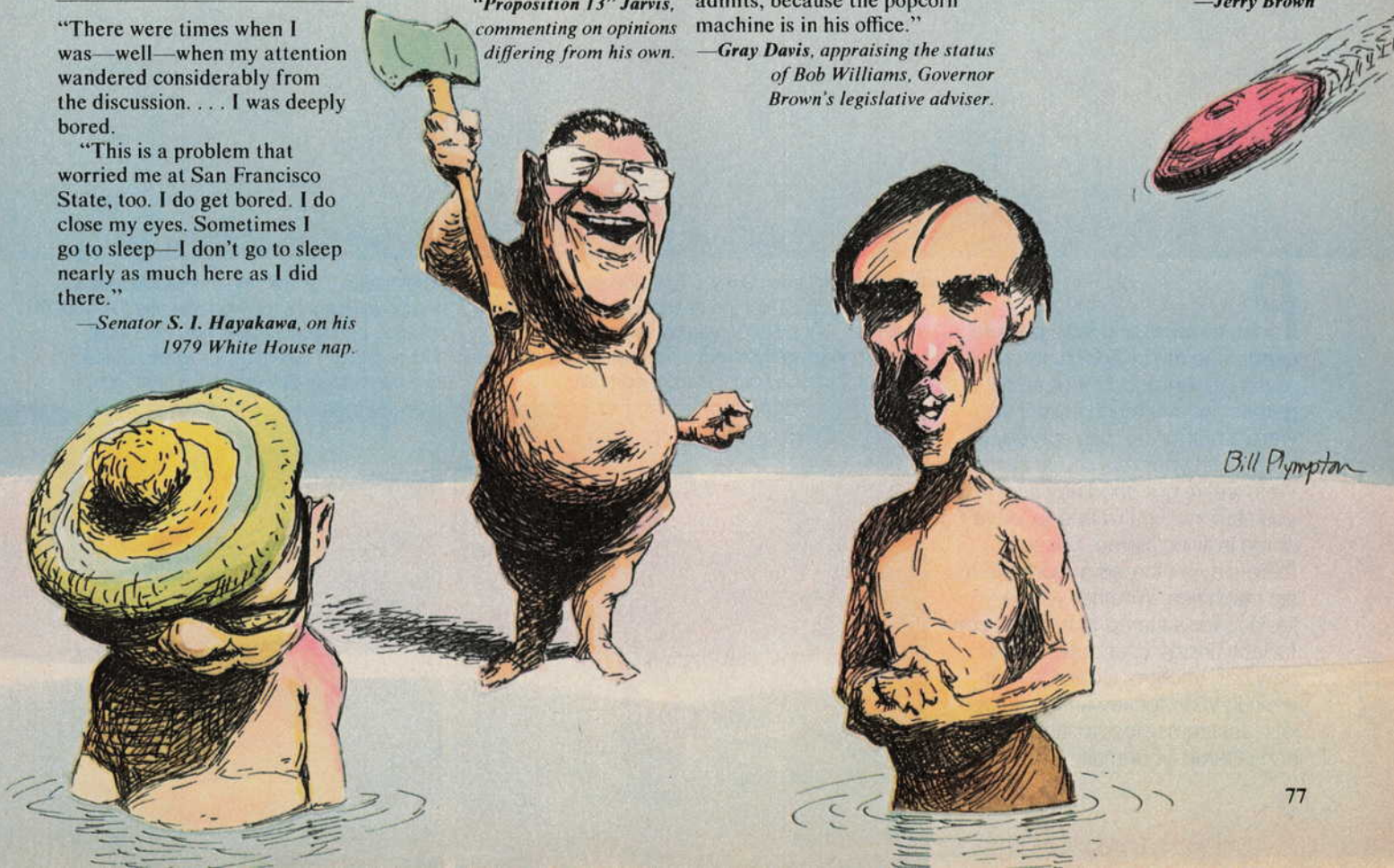
—Lieutenant Governor **Mervyn Dymally**, in a 1977 letter to the Prime Minister of Guyana.

"Jim Jones is truly an American asset."

—Assemblyman **Willie Brown**, in a 1978 letter to Jimmy Carter.

"I think Frisbees are where it's at."

—**Jerry Brown**





Portable radios and tape players used to be the bottom rung on the audio ladder, good for baseball games and not much else. If you were a hi-fi junkie, you stayed at home with your *real* sound system. Well, we've got good news for you shut-ins: You're free to leave home in living stereo, because there's a new breed of portable music machines. Whether you're looking for a stereo that can fit comfortably inside your down-sized new car, yacht or ski lodge—or even in your Jockey shorts—it exists. Just remember to stop home and pick up your mail.

If you haven't seen Sony's TCS-300 stereo recorder (left, \$220) or the headphone-playback-only Walkman (right, \$200), you haven't looked up lately. Ignore the lightweight package; you won't hear anything this good outside a concert hall.

The heavier the box, the more elaborate the features. Hitachi's top portable, the TRK-8020H (\$230), puts features like nine LED level indicators and automatic program selection in a surprisingly powerful package.



STEREO

ON THE MOVE

LIFE ON THE ROAD HAS
NEVER SOUNDED BETTER

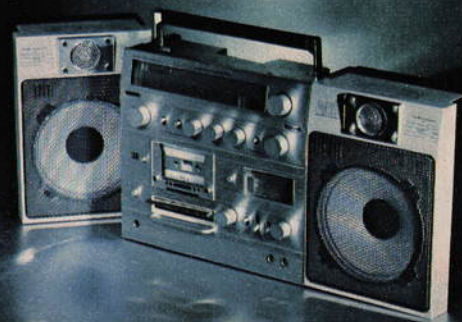
ARTICLE BY NEAL WEINSTOCK • PHOTOGRAPHY BY RAÚL VEGA

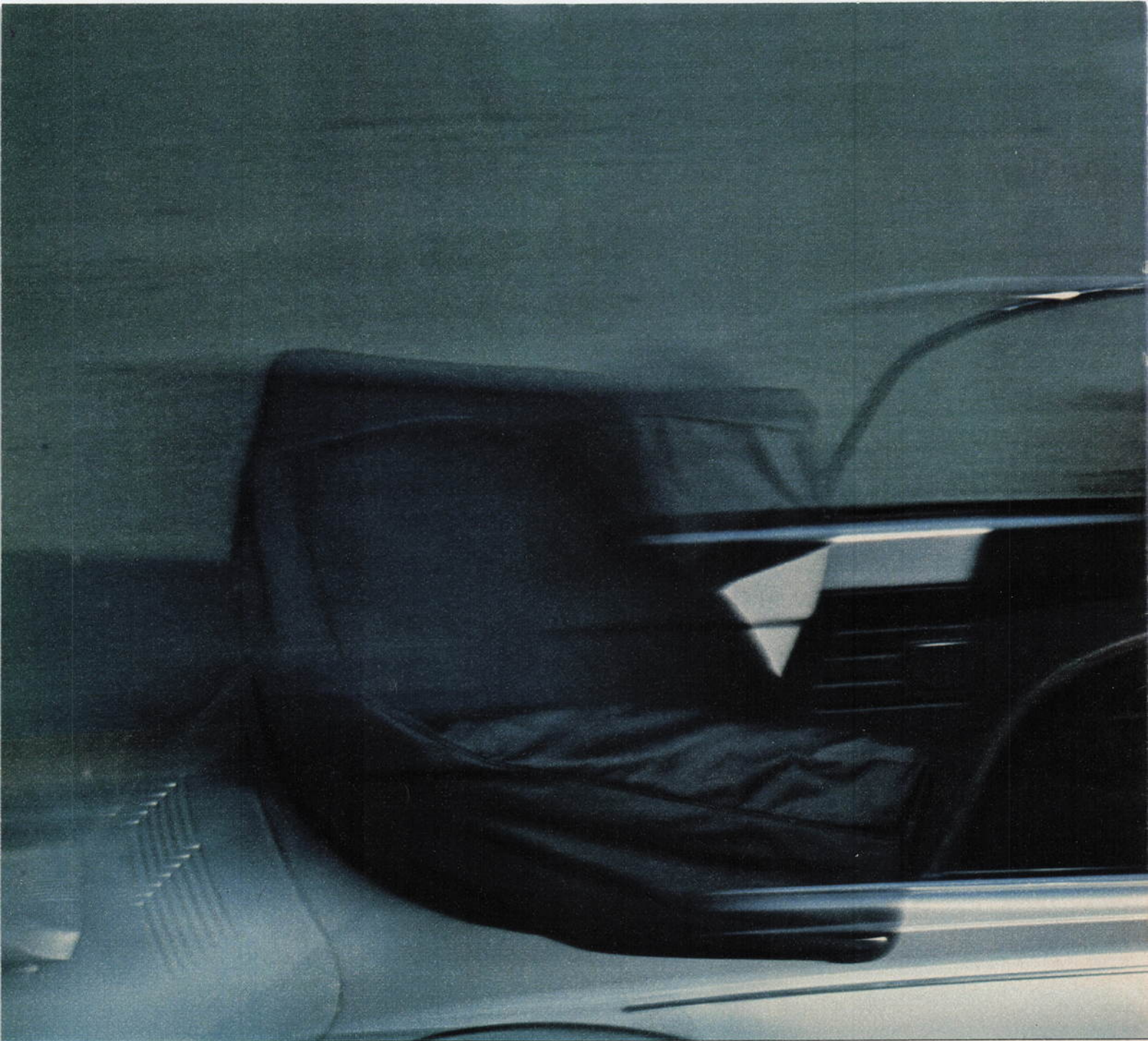


Like most of the systems in its weight division, Panasonic's RX-5600 (\$430) has a set of built-in stereo mikes and separate bass and treble speakers. The efficient horn tweeters help reproduce the highs that would normally be lost.

JVC's RC-M70 (\$420) has the biggest woofers we've ever seen in a portable—eight inches in diameter. It also handles metal tape and, in addition to the standard AM/FM, will tune in four shortwave bands. *London Calling*, anyone?

Marantz's PMS-7000 (\$795) also has metal-tape capacity and inputs for a separate turntable. This unit's speakers hook solidly onto the box, but can be removed for better separation.





Take some of the sting out of commuting with Craig's T687 cassette/receiver, R551 7-band equalizer and time delay and a pair of V304 speakers (\$690). The tuner scans only the best signals, rejecting the rest.

One problem with most car stereo systems is finding a place to put them. If you own a brand-new X-car, Sanyo's FT9 cassette/receiver and SP 69A speakers (\$430) with sophisticated microprocessor controls will fit the bill—and your dash—perfectly.

For the musician on the road, Alpine's 3005 amp (\$349) offers guitar and voice inputs and eight rhythm sections. The 7307 cassette/tuner (\$380) boasts digital performance and great specs. With Epicure's accurate LS-81 speakers (\$190).

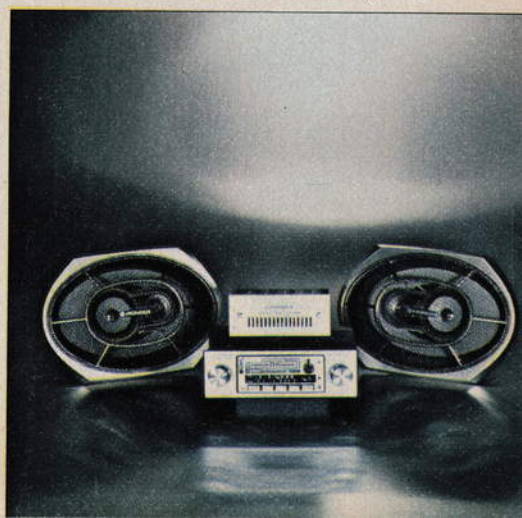
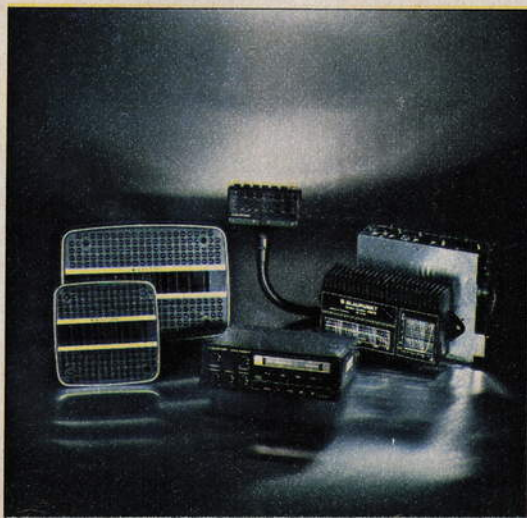




Clarion's PE-751C cassette player/receiver is a powerful but sensitive unit with a very sophisticated tuner (\$390). And if speaker placement is a problem, the SK-42C speakers are ultra-thin, to fit in even the most cramped interior (\$37).

If there's something the Blaupunkt Berlin 8000 system (\$1450) doesn't do, we haven't discovered it yet. It has full digital logic, a 20-watt-per-channel quad amp and remote control. It'll even compensate for road noise when you roll down the windows.

Pioneer's KPX-9500 is a no-nonsense tape/tuner combination with five station presets (\$250). Mated with a GM-120 amp (\$150), it cranks out a respectable 60 watts/channel into Pioneer's TS-585 speakers (\$100).





If you have a strongman to tote your baggage, you can peel the plaster off a motel wall. Take Hitachi's M-1 mini system. The FT-M1 tuner, HA-M1 15-watt amp, D-M1 cassette deck and HS-M1 speakers are made for the home, but play great on the road. You'll have to find someone to customize the case for you (\$700).

Sony's Freedom XF-5000 is a brilliant idea someone should have thought of years ago. Take Sony's top car components, add an AC/DC power supply and put the package into two virtually indestructible suitcases. And if you don't believe car stereo can sound good outside of a car, just crank up the volume and wait for the house dick to show up at your door (\$1095).





If your favorite rock star died and went to heaven, he'd insist that a roadie bring Panasonic's RX-6400 along. The military-issue cases contain a set of custom-fitted components and some excellent speakers. There are also inputs for microphones, guitars, auxiliary equipment and echo effects. The system runs on 10 D batteries, so the promoter can't pull the plug (\$650).

Aimor's System 708 shows that even small companies can turn out a mean traveling show. Like the Hitachi system, this package consists of home components and an AC/DC power supply in a flight-certified case. If you can pack your favorite easy chair, you just might be able to close your eyes and feel like you never left home (\$690).



(Continued from page 74)

country and gospel and blues, which is all music from the heart. Music from the corner honky-tonk or the church. If you can't loosen up by letting your spirit fly in either of those environments—hey, you might very well be, to put it gently, *fucked*. I have this saying tacked to a door at home: "Music and rhythm find their way to the secret places of the soul." Music is such an indelibly pure experience. Your entire being vibrates.

OUI: That attitude finds its way into your character on *WKRP*, too. You seem to pay a lot of attention to the music on that show.

HESSEMAN: Hey, the music keeps me *alive* on that show, man. I found myself, after an eight- or nine-year period, suddenly listening to rock 'n' roll again, listening to what's happening on pop charts. I still listen to a lot of jazz. But I'm listening to new releases. And I'm also raiding friends' archives and going through my own, trying to find old stuff, because I really feel compelled to play an equal amount of the music that was the source of today's sound, to really go back into classic rock 'n' roll. I wish that the *WKRP* format would allow me to be a little broader. I mean, I'd like to play some Hank Williams, Jr. I'd like to play some Earl Bostock. I'd like to play some Joe Turner. I'd like to play some *real* shit. I'd like to lay out some Charlie Parker, who loved to play with Western swing bands. That was the great fun on *KMPX*—I could play anything.

OUI: Is that where you did a gig as a genuine d.j.?

HESSEMAN: In 1967, yeah, at *KMPX* in San Francisco.

OUI: I remember listening to you on the radio then. What you were doing—what the station was doing—was a very new thing.

HESSEMAN: Truly. A brilliant man, Tom Donohue, really started the entire thing. He just gave us free rein to explore.

OUI: How would you describe yourself as a d.j. during that time?

HESSEMAN: I think the term *laid-back* might apply. Or was it *laid-out*? *KMPX* was one of the forerunners of underground FM. Progressive radio. Free form.

OUI: Weren't there times when there'd be a minute or two of total silence?

HESSEMAN: Yeah, like when I'd go to find a record. Or the mike! I can remember times when I had maybe one commercial spot in a half hour. The rest of the time it was just music, anything I wanted to play. From Balinese gamelan orchestra music to Tiny Tim party tapes from New York. Or demos my friends would bring in.

OUI: That's all changed now.

HESSEMAN: Yeah. Even free-form radio now has a format! Everything in our culture becomes standardized and merchandized. Larry Hankin said that everything in America turns to shit except shit. And that turns into plastic! Consider that we are living in a culture that sells plastic turds, and people find it funny. I do, too, but I suspect for

HOWARD HESSEMAN

After my bust, I decided to never again get stoned with cops, no matter how hard they pushed me.

different reasons. At least, I hope so.

OUI: Did you ever use the airwaves as a kind of soapbox for your own antics?

HESSEMAN: Well, after two or three hours, and God only knows what you might have ingested—accidentally, of course—you might feel compelled to play around a little bit, particularly if you are inclined toward playful calamities in life.

OUI: Speaking of accidental ingestion, you had a rather funny drug-bust trip, didn't you?

HESSEMAN: It certainly wasn't funny in 1963. I mean, it wasn't hip. About the funniest thing I can remember was when the undercover guy popped his shield on me. I thought it was a joke.

OUI: How did that happen?

HESSEMAN: Oh, there was this guy I'd known for three or four years on the street. He really wanted to score some grass—the cat would not leave me alone. I finally said, "Oh, all right. I'll give you an ounce. I'll meet you tomorrow." And when I met him and asked for the \$15, he said, "Well, you know, it's for my friend—he's just down the street in a car."

OUI: And you didn't suspect a thing?

HESSEMAN: No. Anyway, this new guy wanted pounds or kilos or *tons*, man. I told him it was just impossible, that I didn't deal on that level. So he said, "I guess there's no chance of scoring from you again." And I said, "Yeah, I just like to smoke a little grass and to make sure my friends have it, too." So he said, "Well, I'm a Federal agent, and what do you think of that?" Then he flashes this badge that looks like something he had constructed out of English-chocolate wrappers. It was such a bright gold and blue, it looked phony. I learned later he'd just had it replated and was very proud of it.

OUI: What was going on in your mind when you saw this "phony" badge?

HESSEMAN: I thought, "Hey! That's *not* funny, man." I wanted to straighten this guy out immediately if this was his crooked idea of a joke. Then his partner materialized out of a vending machine. That's when I realized the joke was on me.

OUI: Didn't it strike you as bizarre that the Federal Government picked *you* out to hassle?

HESSEMAN: Sure. It struck me that way on a daily basis for 90 days in the county jail.

OUI: That must have been frightening.

HESSEMAN: Grim. Very grim. I didn't have the money to pay for a lawyer to prove en-

trapment. I did find a lawyer who agreed to defend me in exchange for original works of art, which my friends donated. Except that, at the last moment, the lawyer urged me to cop a guilty plea. "It's only ninety days."

OUI: Easy for him to say. Did that whole experience change your attitude about drugs?

HESSEMAN: Yes, for sure. I decided to never again get stoned with cops, no matter how hard they pushed me. The truth is, it made me very paranoid. They achieved their purpose for a while, because I became very careful about whom I would get high with. I still am. And it made me angry. I violated nobody's rights. Not that one isn't capable of doing some weird shit under the influence. But the same thing can be said of booze, love or political fervor. However, *just* getting high or getting zealous about something, does not give anyone—shouldn't give anyone—the right to assume you *might* violate a law. That's bullshit. Finally, though, I've come back to understanding what I've known all along—authority must be questioned! Otherwise, we'd all still be serfs.

OUI: Yeah, the Sixties certainly were an acid trip, and the Seventies were like coming off an acid trip...

HESSEMAN: Yeah, and hopefully the Eighties will be the time when we put all that back together. When I realized in the Sixties that there were people taking acid without any knowledge of what it was or where it could take you, I was appalled. That phase for me was not an attempt to escape. But that whole era got perverted. Suddenly, drugs became like personal-hygiene products advertised on television: "If you use this drug, then your friends will really admire you!" It doesn't work like that. It's not a deodorant. It's not some kind of lipstick. To this day, the use of drugs is not really the problem. Indiscriminate, ill-prepared and uninformed use of drugs is the real problem.

OUI: Your attitude about drugs seems to be more related to social and personal consciousness than to getting high just for the hell of it. Is that right?

HESSEMAN: Whoa... Let's remember that the whole drug thing is just one aspect of me or you or anyone. I've got nothing against enjoying yourself—or enjoying someone else, if that's what's happening. But it is just *one* piece of the puzzle. If the guy across the alley drives a Porsche or talks to the ducks or drinks coffee, that doesn't mean anything about him. It only gives you one piece of him—one piece that, without the other pieces, says nothing. Maybe, even with the other pieces, it doesn't say anything. I'm certainly not saying anything at this very moment.

OUI: Speaking of not saying anything, can we talk about television yet?

HESSEMAN: Well, moving from drugs to television does make a certain amount of sense. But there must be something else

(Continued on page 92)

UP YOUR INFLATION!

How ten years of rising prices have driven the cost of high living even higher

After sex, drugs and the point spread on next Monday night's game, inflation has become America's number-one concern. Like a persistent pickpocket, no matter where you go, it's right behind you, filching your hard-earned bucks. Public reaction ranges from anger to outrage to helplessness to the urge to knock over a Brinks payroll truck and escape to an uncharted island.

So what does our government do? Well, their official statistics regularly keep us up-to-date on how that ol' devil inflation affects the "Average American Family" and their mundane money problems. But who the hell is worried about the rising price of power mowers and potatoes? Just how does that wicked Washington money game cramp the lifestyle of the average OUI reader?

To find out, we asked economic whiz kid and author Tom Hazlett (Ph.D. candidate in economics at UCLA and your basic nice guy) to compare today's cost of high living with those bygone days of a decade ago. Armed with fact sheets, pocket calculator, 1970 newspapers and an assignment letter from OUI, Hazlett charted the before and after

prices of a far-ranging cross section of 1980 luxuries and basic necessities.

Keep in mind, however, that prices didn't so much go *up*, as the value of the dollar went *down*. Given that the Bureau of Labor Statistics estimates a 91 percent increase on *everything* since 1970, when a certain item goes up only 75 percent in price, economists figure you're 16 percent ahead of the game. All well and good, unless your income went up only 80 percent since 1970, which puts you 11 percent in the hole. Got that?

Anyway, how these rather grim financial figures affect you personally depends on where and how you live, your buying habits and your gross income. Naturally, if you happen to be an oil-rich Arab, a few thousand dollars more for that nifty new Mercedes won't even make you flinch. But if you're like the rest of us working stiff with rapidly dwindling bank accounts, big plans and vanishing funny-money budgets, the chart on the following pages will reveal what your much-abused wallet has known for years. To wit: There are no more cheap thrills. Thrills, yes. Cheap—no way.

ARTICLE BY TOM HAZLETT

ITEM	1970	1980	CHANGE	ANALYSIS
MUMM'S CHAMPAGNE <i>Fifth extra dry</i>	\$8.20	\$17.50	+ 113%	Steep, but other bubbly (like Dom) rose twice as much. Price varies with vintage.
ONE DOZEN RED ROSES <i>Long-stemmed, delivered</i>	\$15- \$20	\$34- \$39	+ 109%	High retail markup, transportation and refrigeration costs are to blame. A rose is a rose is a fortune.
VITAMIN E <i>100 400-unit perles</i>	\$4.11	\$4.79	+ 17%	Competition and popularity kept vitamins a healthy bargain in general.
COLOMBIAN POT <i>1 oz. primo gold</i>	\$20	\$75	+ 275%	Cheap reefer is a thing of the past. At least Colombian doesn't taste like paraquat.
ROLLING PAPERS <i>E-Z Wider, Bambi, Zig-Zag</i>	\$20	\$50	+ 150%	As big brands become million-dollar businesses, overhead goes way up.
VASECTOMY <i>Clinic price</i>	\$135	\$165	+ 22%	High demand for the simple clip-and-snip let surgeons cut fees, as well as vas deferens.
ROUND-TRIP AIRFARE NEW YORK TO LONDON <i>Laker standby</i>	\$200	\$323	+ 61.5%	FAA deregulation and rivalry from indies and charters brought airfares down to earth. Thanks, Sir Freddie.
PENICILLIN SHOT <i>Average dose</i>	\$5	\$10	+ 100%	Mold is still cheap, but the doctor has to pay off his expensive yacht.
CORVETTE STINGRAY <i>Fully equipped</i>	\$4695 (1969)	\$11,499 (1979)	+ 145%	Based on one-year-old car prices. Dealers get antsy about revealing new-car costs.
AUTO TUNE-UP <i>8-cylinder, parts extra</i>	\$25.95	\$44.95	+ 73%	Economical and a helluva lot cheaper than a new car.
DRUNK-DRIVING FINE <i>Los Angeles County</i>	\$250	\$275	+ 10%	Low, but offset by vampiric legal and insurance rates. Call a cab, instead.
TUITION & FEES <i>University of Southern Cal.</i>	\$1850	\$4728	+ 156%	Fewer students, higher faculty salaries and dwindling endowments have driven up the high cost of higher ed.
TUITION & FEES <i>Queens College, NYC</i>	\$68	\$1045	+ 1436%	When NYC went belly-up, city schools had to fund for themselves.
ABORTION <i>Clinic price (suction method)</i>	\$900- \$1000	\$145- \$175	- 83%	Legalization brought this down, but reactionary politics may force it up again.
BUDWEISER SIX-PACK <i>12-oz. bottles or cans</i>	\$1.29	\$2.09	+ 62%	Some states repealed pricing laws, restoring competition to the brew market. A good, cheap drunk.
BROADWAY SHOW TICKETS <i>Biltmore Theater, NYC</i>	\$15	\$22.50	+ 50%	B'way shows never were inexpensive. But you can't beat them for an evening out.
MATTRESS & BOX SPRING <i>Twin-size Serta</i>	\$179	\$260	+ 45%	Low increases in bedroom-furniture prices let you get a good night's sleep. Or whatever.
COLOR TV <i>Sony 12-inch</i>	\$359	\$530	+ 48%	Japan keeps churning out reliable products at low cost, but U.S. manufacturers may ask for tariffs.
TROJAN PROPHYLACTICS <i>3 unlubricated, extra large</i>	\$0.75	\$1.05	+ 40%	Nominal increase, considering the alternatives. Like fatherhood.
JOSE CUERVO TEQUILA <i>Fifth 85 proof white</i>	\$5.89	\$5.99	+ 2%	The Mexican mind-bender also benefited from relaxed liquor laws. <i>Olé</i> .
HEINEKEN SIX-PACK <i>12-oz. bottles</i>	\$2.79	\$4.79	+ 72%	Twice the price of domestic brew, but a less-than-average increase. The taste is worth it.
GRATEFUL DEAD CONCERT TICKETS	\$3.50 \$5.50	\$10.50 \$11.50	+ 144%	Less of a price range now, but perhaps it's worth the extra five bucks to see the Dead. Again.

ITEM	1970	1980	CHANGE	ANALYSIS
DODGER STADIUM TICKETS <i>Box seat</i>	\$3.50	\$4.50	+ 29%	Other teams charge more, but this is one reason three million Dodger fans stay loyal.
COCAINE <i>1 gram, 60 percent pure</i>	\$30	\$120	+ 300%	Obvious import risks (like imprisonment and death), plus gigantic demand, put good toot at a premium.
ONE GALLON PREMIUM GASOLINE	\$.35	\$1.35	+ 286%	Out-and-out extortion, but at least you don't have to wait in line—for now.
MERCEDES-BENZ <i>Top-of-the-line model</i>	(280 SL) \$8000	(450 SL) \$36,000	+ 350%	Jeez! Import taxes and cachet drove the price of this status symbol through the roof.
BACKGAMMON SET <i>Milton Bradley variety</i>	\$10	\$20	+ 100%	Toy manufacturers rolled doubles when the game caught on, but it's a one-time investment.
REVIVAL-MOVIE TICKETS <i>E.g., "King of Hearts"</i>	\$1.00– \$1.50	\$3	+ 100%	Even cheap dates get expensive nowadays. Watch <i>Casablanca</i> on TV at her place, instead.
HAMBURGER <i>1 lb. ground round</i>	\$.57	\$2.09	+ 267%	Cheaper Argentine beef is kept off the U.S. shelves by the ranchers' lobby and Department of Agriculture meatheads.
HAIR STYLING <i>Shampoo, cut, blow dry</i>	\$10	\$20	+ 100%	Smaller salons may charge more. If you want a <i>really</i> cheap haircut, join the marines.
LIQUID BLENDER <i>Sears multi-speed model</i>	\$39.75	\$29.99	– 25%	High technology improved the product and sent prices down. Mix a batch of piña coladas and kick back.
QUAALUDE <i>Pharmaceutical</i>	\$1	\$6	+ 500%	At this rate, you'll be paying \$36 a pop in 1990. Staggering.
FROZEN ORANGE JUICE <i>TreeSweet brand, 6-oz. can</i>	\$.27	\$.52	+ 93%	Competitive produce markets kept OJ prices average. Canceling Anita's ad contract helped, too.
COKE SPOON <i>Silver-plated version</i>	\$2.50	\$10.75	+ 330%	Overpriced, but suckers will pay though the nose to appear hip.
CHEAP MOTEL ROOM <i>Motel 6—no phone</i>	\$6.95	\$10.95	+ 58%	Spartan accommodations like this are OK for quick one-nighters.
LEATHER JACKET <i>Imported, waist length</i>	\$100	\$140– \$160	+ 50%	Prices are from a nationwide retail leather-goods chain store. Whips and handcuffs are optional.
EIGHT-TRACK CAR STEREO <i>No installation</i>	\$29.95	\$29.95	0%	The cassette boom and sound technology have made the 8-track an inexpensive throwback.
RIGHT GUARD DEODORANT <i>Regular-size can</i>	\$1.09 (4 oz.)	\$1.69 (5 oz.)	+ 55%	Regular size held 4 ozs. in 1970, 5 ozs. in 1980. Are we sweating that much more?
COCA-COLA SIX-PACK <i>12-oz. bottles</i>	\$.77	\$1.95	+ 153%	"The Real Thing" still outsells all cheaper sodas. Have a Coke and a forced smile.
BROMO SELTZER <i>King-size bottle</i>	\$1.09	\$1.46	+ 34%	Still a bargain . . . and you'll need it after reading projections for next year's inflation!
RECORD ALBUM <i>Discount-record center</i>	\$3.50	\$5.99	+ 71%	Soaring studio and talent fees, plus expensive hype campaigns, drove disc prices up.
GLASS BONG <i>Glass Head brand</i>	\$7.50	\$25	+ 233%	Chalk this one up to head-shop greed and a gullible public.
PLAYBOY SUBSCRIPTION	\$10	\$16	+ 60%	A bargain, but we like OUT.

Small Talk: Susan Saint James

A Cozy Chat with the Liberated Saint

Our impression of Susan Saint James was that she's... well, eccentric or sorta crazy. A seductive jumble of who-knows-what. What else can you call someone who'll admit that she *did* follow a strict vegetarian regimen for seven years, bopped into Black Panther Party meetings during the height of the Vietnam War resistance and had a long-running affair with rocker Stephen Stills?

But to her fans, Susan is Sally McMillan of the old *McMillan and Wife* TV series. Or Peggy Maxwell in *Name of the Game*. Or the star of TV movies like *Sex and the Single Parent*.

Susan knows a lot about that topic, being a single parent herself, but her kids haven't prevented her from cornering further media acclaim with her roles in flicks like *Love at First Bite*, the recently released *How to Beat the High Cost of Living* and the upcoming *Carbon Copy*.

Yet Susan doesn't see herself as being anything like the characters she's played. Nope. This successful model-turned-actress insists she's not "kooky, zany or wacky. I'm none of those things. You should say: 'Susan Saint James is sultry, mysterious, sexy, flawless and has big tits.'"

OUI Contributing Editor Robert McGarvey maintained, after his interview with her, that "at thirty-three, Saint James is sexy. Very warm and friendly. She also has a great sense of humor. So much fun was she to talk to that I'd gladly tell anyone who asks that Susan Saint James has, well, *admirable tits*."



OUI: Are you really like Sally McMillan of *McMillan and Wife*?

SAINT JAMES: I'm so unlike Sally McMillan. Did Sally take acid in the Sixties? It's to my credit that you believe anyone could ever be like that girl.

OUI: This is the Eighties. Do you still do acid?

SAINT JAMES: I've quit experimenting with drugs. I stopped when I was about 22 or 23. But I like to pretend I'm high. I like the attitudes. I've no aversions to people who use drugs. Some of our greatest artists have been fragile messes, like Janis Joplin—God, thank you, Janis, for sacrificing your life so that we could hear your music.

OUI: Were you a Sixties hippie?

SAINT JAMES: Yes, and it caused a lot of friction. I was a vegetarian for seven years. My former husband [makeup man Tom Lucas] had a ponytail and an earring. I had long hair that I never cut—I had to move it to sit down. We were part of changing the world. I was happy where I was. I used to put up signs all over the front of my dressing room like HAVE YOU VOTED TODAY? LOVE ANIMALS—DON'T EAT THEM. DON'T PANIC, GO ORGANIC. I love the word hippies, and I hope they're always around.

OUI: Are you still a hippie?

SAINT JAMES: I lived a very strict life while I was married. We were hippies, vegetarians, and we had rights and wrongs, ups and downs. I found being a hippie very confining creatively. But then I just went nuts when I got divorced. Ate a steak, cut my hair, smoked a cigarette . . . because I couldn't stand that positive way of living while being so negative, so hateful, toward other people. That hippie period was one of the proudest of my life. I don't think it was wrong.

OUI: But are you still radical?

SAINT JAMES: Well, my taste in music is getting pretty radical. It's amazing. I like Cheap Trick, ZZ Top, Police, the Ramones—they're outrageous. I love 'em. [sings] "I wish I was a rock-'n'-roll singer. That's all I ever wanted to be." The only trouble is: I can't sing. Not one note.

OUI: Your singing sounds pretty good to us.

SAINT JAMES: Somebody else thought that, too, and signed me



Saint James with George Segal (left) in the upcoming comedy flick, *Carbon Copy*. Counting the bucks from *How to Beat the High Cost of Living* with Jane Curtin and Jessica Lange.

to a contract. That was in Paris, to sing for Barclay Records. But when I heard my voice, I thought, "I'm sorry to let you down. I'm leaving. I don't want to be a singer."

OUI: Haven't you sung on some TV specials?

SAINT JAMES: Yeah. I sang on *The Mac Davis Show*. I call myself the variety-show killer. After I sing on someone's show, the show gets canceled.

OUI: What do you like to sing?

SAINT JAMES: Current stuff—like the Doobie Brothers. I sang with the Doobies at a charity once. Nobody could tell I was singing 'cause I sang quietly. But the Doobies heard me and said, "Play the tambourine." "That's even worse," I said. "I play at all the wrong moments."

OUI: You've also been a disc jockey?

SAINT JAMES: Yes—rock 'n' roll. I'm going to ask KMET [a Los Angeles FM station] about being a guest d.j. I'd like to do whatever I can for three or four hours—my own programming.

OUI: The Ramones?

SAINT JAMES: Yep. I'd play any old thing. Commander Cody and Dr. Hook and all kinds of outrageously goofy stuff. I love to do radio because I don't have to wear makeup when I go there.

OUI: With your unusual voice, you'd seem to be perfect for alternative FM.

SAINT JAMES: A perfect voice for that. I tried to tell that to Irving Azoff when he made *FM*. "If you don't put me in the movie, it's going to be a flop." Guess I was right. I wanted to be in that movie so badly—that and *Slap Shot* . . . you know, the ultimate hockey movie.

OUI: You like hockey?

SAINT JAMES: Yep. But George Roy Hill [*Slap Shot*'s director]



wouldn't even see me. I said, "You oughtta see me." George has three names; I've got three names. Francis Ford Coppola should meet me, too. We've all got three names. But now Francis Coppola goes by just Francis, because he thinks you can never trust a person with three names. Guess I'm too late.

OUI: Your real name, Susie Jane Miller, also has three parts. But why Susan Saint James?

SAINT JAMES: It sounded perfect. I don't think I've ever met a real Saint James—lots of fake ones, never a real person. There are a couple of strippers in San Francisco and some gay liberationists who changed their names to Saint James. I met a musician once whose name was Saint James. I asked if it was real, and he said no. And I knew

we weren't related, because mine was a fake name and he was black. It was kind of a great name to pick—except people always call me Jill.

OUI: Jill?

SAINT JAMES: They get it confused with St. John: "Hey, Jill!" **OUI:** You were brought up Catholic. Does that have anything to do with wanting to be a saint?

SAINT JAMES: I don't think so. I was a converted Catholic. When I was ten, my whole family converted—four kids, two parents and the dog. I was really Catholic. I was going to be a nun. I went to a Catholic girls' boarding school, the Academy of the Sacred Heart. Some wonderful girls came from the Academy—Jane Curtin, Suzanne Somers. If we ever had a get-together, imagine the

Academy saying, "These are the girls we spent all those years training." But the *Saint*, I don't know; I think I thought it was classy.

OUI: When did you stop wanting to be a nun?

SAINT JAMES: When I got old enough to set my hair. See, in the Catholic Church, you're taught that being a nun is the perfect way to spend your life. Anything else is second best. They give you all this guilt. All your life you say, "I'm having a wonderful time . . . but I could have been a nun." You know, like giving up sex is a height you should rise to. That's where the Catholics lose a lot of people. Sex *should* be fun. It shouldn't be a "I have to do this to have children" thing. That's wrong!

OUI: Do you have a sense of sexual guilt?

SAINT JAMES: Not anymore. I couldn't. I'd be so guilty, I wouldn't ever want to get up. There are a zillion things I could feel guilty about. But that's something you feel when you're young. Life starts to make sense

when you're 30. Then it gets to be more fun.

OUI: More fun?

SAINT JAMES: You can pretty much see the pattern of your life by the time you're 30. So many things are relieved. Like if a guy calls you up and comes on to you and you give in to him for that one night and never hear from him, you don't feel guilty. It's not the end of the world. You know so much more about yourself. I know what I won't give up.

OUI: We were wondering specifically about sex.

SAINT JAMES: Sex is so much more fun at 30. You know what you're doing, and there are no games like "Am I your first?" And all the lying that goes on when you're younger. You've passed all that. Instead, it's "Look, I'm here because I want to be. You're here because you want to be. You don't think that I haven't been or will not be with anybody else, ever." It all makes a lot more sense. I'm much more able to take stock of situations—except falling in love. That, no one can control. It's the

only thing you have no choice about if it happens. Hopefully it doesn't.

OUI: You hope *not* to fall in love?

SAINT JAMES: It's too confusing. If you really fall in love, in the stupidest and best way, you're no longer responsible for your actions. The single most powerful and confusing control over us is love. It's what everything is all about. People go through their whole lives being gay or not gay, asexual or perverted because of their capability and capacity for love. Love is the key to everything. And it can overtake you.

OUI: How many times have you been overtaken?

SAINT JAMES: Twice. I'm talking about the real kind of love. The kind that when it's over, you're just sick—physically sick. And you're so high when it's going on. I've been in love twice, maybe three times. I've been married twice and engaged once. Those are the three times.

OUI: How many times have you sort of been in love?

SAINT JAMES: Oh, lots. Thinking that it's going to be love. Every time you go into a relationship, you think that.

OUI: You've kept most of your private life private. Why?

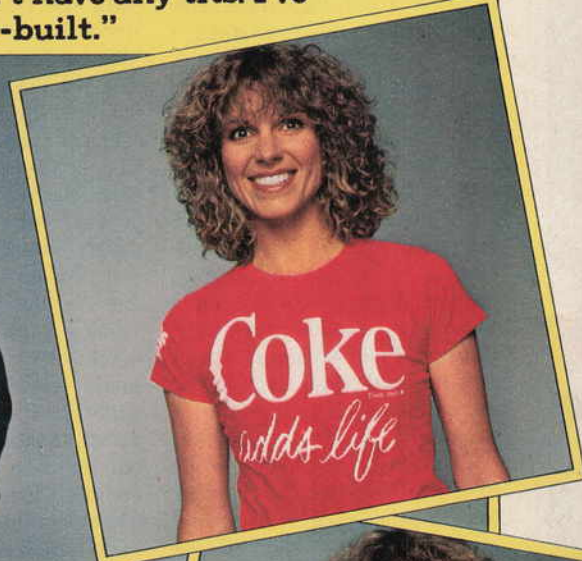
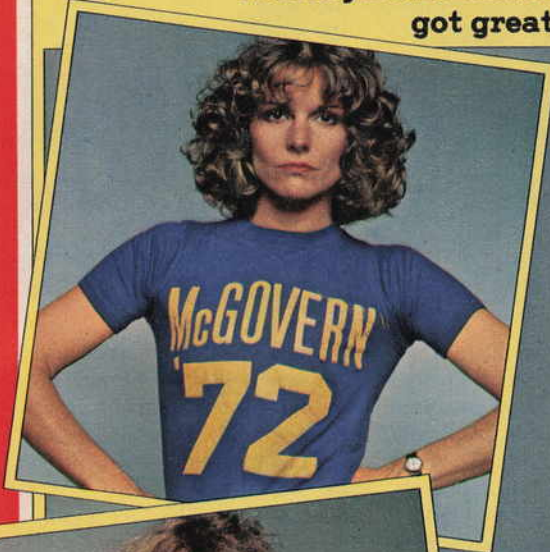
SAINT JAMES: Most people aren't real interested in it. I don't usually go to public places with a date. I get photographed with other people, but not usually the people I go out with. I learned about that one romance ago. It's damaging to a relationship to be in the press a lot.

OUI: You're talking about your former fiancé, Steve Stills?

SAINT JAMES: Stephen, yeah. But we got a little carried away. 'Cause we were engaged, and you can't keep something like that a secret. Unfortunately, it puts your whole relationship right in the public eye. Everybody wants to know the status of a love story. If we'd quietly gotten together and quietly broken up, it would have been nobody's pain but our own. But I got constantly reminded of it, and that was a heavy-duty deal.

OUI: What was heavy? The

"Nobody's ever asked me to do a poster. I don't have any tits. I've got great legs, but I'm not poster-built."





"I've quit experimenting with drugs. But I like to pretend I'm high. I like the attitudes."

reminders?

SAINT JAMES: Getting over it. I really thought, "This is it! I don't have to look for a boyfriend now for the rest of my life. Those single days are gone. Those horrible, awful, awkward single days..." I thought it was going to be perfect. I thought, "Boy, he's certainly not going to bother me and my freedom." And I certainly wasn't going to bother his. I know what it's like to be infringed upon. You know, "I don't have time for you now. It doesn't mean I don't love you. But you can't be here." I thought it would be perfect. But what happens when you need someone and that person says, "I can't"?

OUI: Like when you were on location making a film or Stills was on tour?

SAINT JAMES: Well, I went on tour and I loved it. When I went on the road with Stephen, I was just like a roadie, a groupie, a hanger-on. I loved it. I'm 33 and I can still act like a teenager. I love Stephen. I have a tremendous amount of admiration for him. But we were never together. He was on tour; I started filming... and that was it. We couldn't talk to each other. His band manager would talk to my secretary and, pretty soon, when Stephen and I did start talking, we didn't know each other. It was so removed. I don't know—I really thought we had a chance.

OUI: Can two people with high-energy careers—

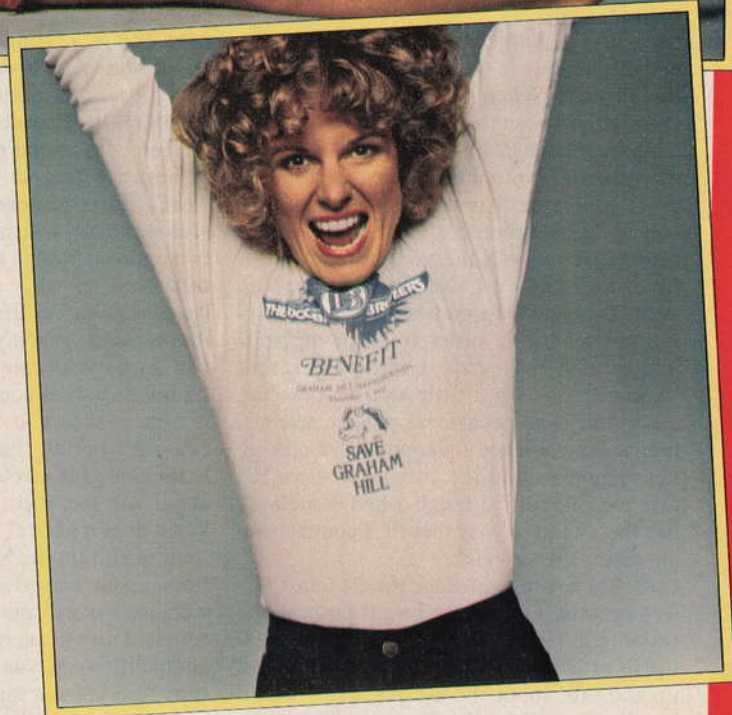
SAINT JAMES: It *does* work sometimes. But somebody's got to give. It really takes a lot of maturity to make a relationship work. A real desire. But I don't have that desire right now. One-on-one with someone sure makes life a little simpler. Sit home and burp, drink beer, watch TV and not feel like, "God. Alone again." Because the person you love is right there.

OUI: Are you a big beer drinker?

SAINT JAMES: I've always liked beer, 'cause it's very relaxing. It's the only thing I'll drink. Sometimes, for a big celebration, I'll have a rum and coke. Or tequila straight-up. I can count the times I've gotten drunk in my life. Two or three. But I don't like to get drunk, because I hate the way I feel the next day. With beer, I get nice and high—silly. Before you get too drunk, you're full. It's a perfect liquor. Plus, it's a little bit of food. If you skip dinner, you won't get sick if you drink beer. I lose weight real easily, and beer helps me not to get drawn, scrawny.

OUI: So why haven't you joined the craze and put out a poster for the men who adore you?

SAINT JAMES: If I'd known about posters when I was on *McMillan and Wife*, I definitely would have gone for it. But if I had, it might have hurt my chances to do the type of pictures I want to do. The *Saint James* hasn't helped, either. It sounds a little movie starish. Directors



sometimes think it would hurt their picture. TV stars aren't that hip. Look at Sally Field—it took her five years to escape that *Flying Nun* deal. Now look at her—she's won every award you can win. Because of my hippie background, people aren't *too* negative toward me, but they still have doubts. I'm talking about a hip film maker—he doesn't want you after five years on TV. That's why I haven't done commercials. I don't want to hurt my chances to be in the kind of film I'd like to do—a film in which everyone is doing their best and they're all talented. Just one! One is fine. Then I'll go ski the rest of my life and leave

everyone alone.

OUI: That's why you won't do a poster?

SAINT JAMES: Well, nobody's ever asked, either. And I don't have any tits. [laughs] I've got great legs, but I am just not poster-built. That's why I was so wrong for *Love at First Bite*. I really had to act that part like the most beautiful model in the world. That was difficult. So we changed it a little. My character said, "I'm losing my looks," because I couldn't perform it any other way. I'm just not that style.

OUI: Have you ever done a nude scene?

SAINT JAMES: I did a scene in
(Continued on page 117)

(Continued from page 84)

more interesting to talk about.

OUI: How about the consciousness trip? I know that you've experimented with various aspects of enlightenment.

HESSEMAN: Beyond Charlie Parker's music? Yes, there were a few moments. I don't think, though, that the light of meditation is the one for me. I find that taking some action is more rewarding. Although I do know that quiet is extremely valuable, absolutely necessary in fact, it's not enough. I did go to the Yogi Bhanan one Easter Sunday years ago. It was in L.A., and the cherry blossoms were falling and friends of mine were there, so I got into three or four months of doing *asanas* every morning and going to the ashram once a week for a yoga workout. I liked the fact that the yogi could walk on somebody's back and say, "Ummm . . . you eat a lot of potatoes." Plus, there were a lot of incredible-looking women doing *asanas* in their leotards.

OUI: Was that your only stab at enlightenment?

HESSEMAN: When you've seen one Nirvana, you've seen them all.

OUI: Ever been Rolfed?

HESSEMAN: Not since I heard what they do to your face. I understand the pain involved is considerable, and I think I'd rather just live with the pain I already have. I just don't know if I want someone one step away from dishrag consciousness massaging my tongue in order to align me spiritually with the earth. I think I'd rather walk with one leg a little shorter than the other and have occasional muscle spasms, than have somebody slapping and jerking my tongue around for an hour or two. It's just too difficult to laugh when somebody has their hand in your mouth. I could strangle on my own giggle!

OUI: But haven't you done the est trip, too?

HESSEMAN: Oh, yeah—I went through the training in 1975, I think it was. It was \$200 worth of laughs. I mean, people would get up and talk about themselves, and I would just be screaming with laughter. They'd be pouring their hearts out with these horrid, shameful, stench-ridden secrets from the depths of their souls, and I couldn't help it. I'd say, "You think *that's* a problem?"

OUI: Did you meet Werner Erhard?

HESSEMAN: Later, I co-wrote and performed and directed a show for Werner and 500 media graduates.

OUI: Did he think it was funny?

HESSEMAN: I don't know, really. There were some spots I thought were genuinely funny, because they were vicious.

OUI: Oh? Is your idea of humor one that is essentially vicious?

HESSEMAN: No, not vicious, but—this is hard to put in words—*incisive*, maybe? In 1958, I discovered Lenny Bruce, his unexpurgated album, the first one. Though I didn't understand what was behind his attitude—and I still frequently wonder if I do—it sure had more going for it than the

HOWARD HESSEMAN

I don't think the light of meditation is for me. Besides, when you've seen one Nirvana, you've seen them all.

shit I was seeing on television.

OUI: Well, then, what is your idea of what's funny?

HESSEMAN: John Caravella, Fever of WKRP, is maybe a microcosm of what I think is funny. He *thinks* he just watches. But through his eyes, we see that comedy, the truth of comedy, falls in that area between what you *think* you're doing and what you're *really* doing. That's what's funny and real for me.

OUI: You're getting intense here, talking about humor. Are we back to oxymoronic? You get serious talking about funny?

HESSEMAN: Take it easy! I think as a performer I developed early on an acute sense of negative fear in the world around me. "Let's just pretend that it's normal!" Humor, to me, is healing. Simple. You have two options: You go for life or you don't.

OUI: And to you, then, making people laugh is going for life?

HESSEMAN: When you laugh, truly laugh, you go beyond considerations of yourself. Laughter makes you feel good. Sometimes it even makes you think. It sustains. Because it's not all that fucking serious. The brain can go in circles from getting serious about all the shit. Then we're nowhere. What does it get us? Missile silos and monosodium glutamate. Madness. Yeah, I get serious about comedy, laughter. The *serious* stuff isn't worth getting serious about. Of course, I also get serious about health foods and politics—so you can't trust what I say.

OUI: You know, a lot of people still remember your work with the Committee—

HESSEMAN: They do?

OUI: —and that the Committee was among the first improvisational, satirical comedy groups in the country. Along with Second City and less than a handful of others, the Committee began "taking on the system" long before it became popular to do so. That experience must have shaped your attitudes about performing and comedy.

HESSEMAN: True. The Committee was a very special blessing to me—to all of the people who passed through it. Look, my closest friends have remained those people from the Committee or Second City. Perhaps it's because I'm a relatively private, paranoid, shy, frightened charlatan. You know, I'm faking my way through life. I'm one of those real pseudo-phonies that you hear about in Hollywood. I even have trouble using a credit card because I think I must be lying to pretend I have credit.

OUI: I recall that when I saw the Committee in San Francisco, a lot of your material really disturbed people. Do you remember any particular instance?

HESSEMAN: Well, I do recall one night when a woman shouted from the audience, "If I thought my children were going to grow up like you, I'd kill them in their sleep!"

OUI: How did that make you feel?

HESSEMAN: Kind of sad to think that someone really felt like that. On the other hand, this woman let us know we were reaching people to the point that she was willing to stand up and expose herself in front of 300 other human beings.

OUI: What was the most important thing you learned about performing while with the Committee?

HESSEMAN: Damn, it was several lifetimes of absorption. I still call on what I learned there. One of the more important things was discovering how, when you laugh at yourself in the guise of another person, you're freed. Actors are like advance P.R. men for the real stuff of life. It's the artist who, in his best moments, is open to all the energy present in the room. The spirit is free when it laughs. It seems at that moment when you're laughing real laughter, there is no embarrassment. There is no consideration of time or surrounding or situation or how you look. It's pure spirit response, total identification. I mean, what's it like when you laugh in the midst of sex?

OUI: It's different than when *she* laughs in the midst of sex.

HESSEMAN: Yeah, yeah. But isn't it great when she laughs, and you know what she's laughing at, so you laugh? It's wonderful! Like, when you're out on the street and you see someone commit a blunder and you look up and lock eyes with someone who just saw the same thing. They can be a total stranger, but that's a bright moment. It's the escape from who you "think" you are to who you really are.

OUI: So, you spent something like six years with that intense kind of performing experience the Committee was famous for, and—

HESSEMAN: I was also doing numerous bread-and-butter actor trips, television shots, movie roles. That was happening, too.

OUI: By then, you must have known that you were an actor.

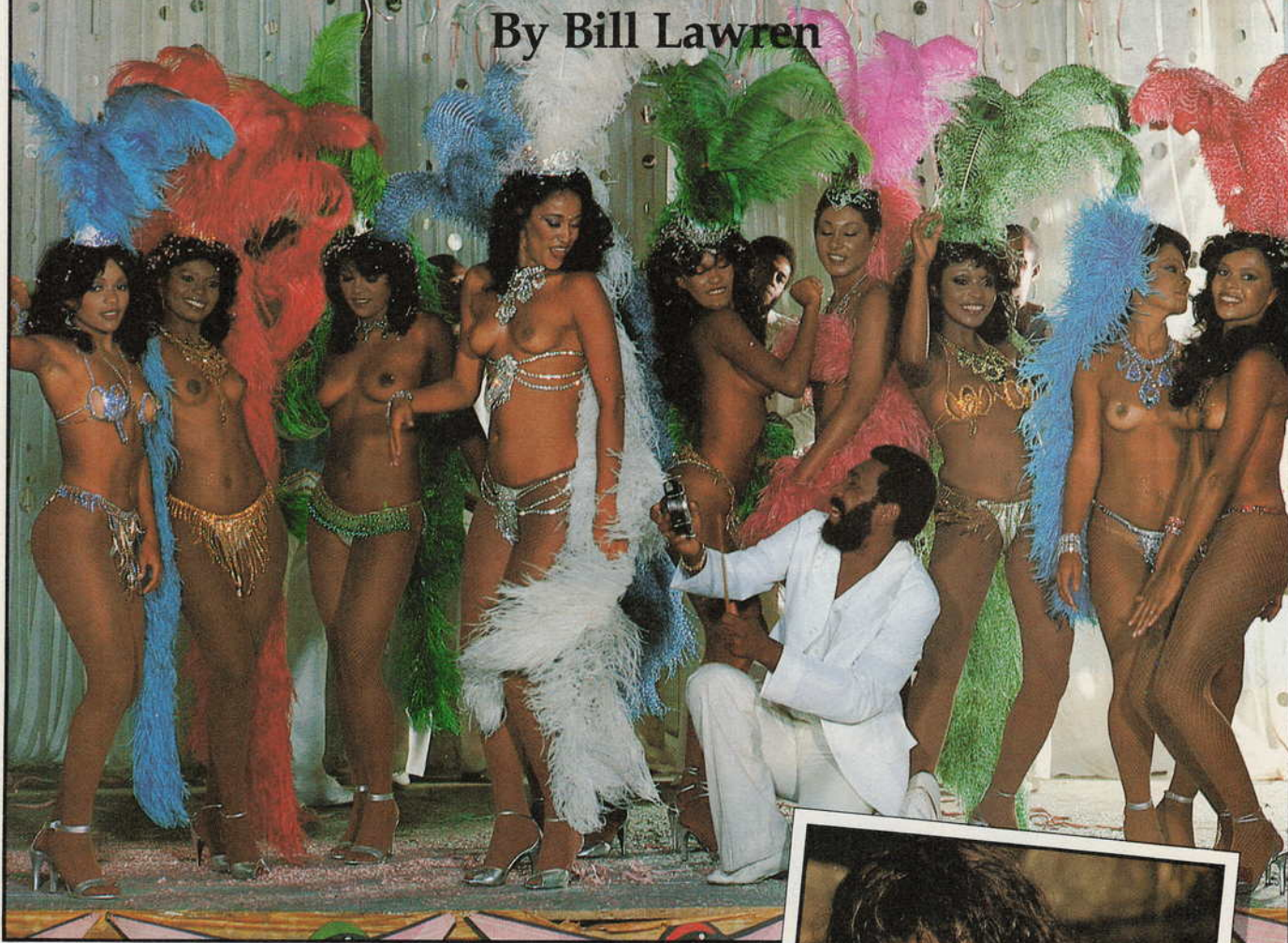
HESSEMAN: Yeah. It really happened before that. I remember an experience—it may have been acid cut with belladonna . . . I had been doing this show just after I got out of jail in '64, and I realized, "Hey, I'm making my living as an actor." I was spending the rest of my life acting normal. The show closed one night, and I went home feeling sort of vacant and full at the same time. Suddenly, I found myself on my knees, crying, saying to whomever or whatever might be listening: "OK, I understand. This is what I'm supposed to do!" I've been doing it ever since. The Committee solid-

(Continued on page 127)

Latinas!

A spicy tribute to the seductive señorita

By Bill Lawren



AH, THE SWEET SEÑORITA. Ruby lips, flashing eyes, a rose between her teeth. One part Virgin Mary, one part Gypsy whore. Bianca. Dolores. Evita. *Mi amor, mi corazón*.

And now suddenly, magnificently, so many of them. Saucer-eyed illegals and fur-wrapped Argentines. The lightning brains of the students and the nimble bodies of the *turistas*. Chicanas from the barrio. Cubanas from Camagüey. Nicas from Managua and Ticas from San José. The spicy *taca-taca* of the mother tongue heard cross the land.

Sure, you say, but so what? They may be beautiful and all that, but between the sin trips and the guilt trips and the sainted-mother trips, you couldn't touch a Latin woman with a ten-foot sepulcher. Besides, they all marry wetback gardeners, have seven kids apiece and get fatter than Kate Smeeth.

Well, friends, I'm here to tell you that things have changed. The Latin woman has joined the 20th Century with a *venganza*—meaning that now, if you're willing to invest a little time and a little



understanding, you'll find them just as accessible as any Nordic.

How do I know? Well, read on while I establish my credentials. Hard-earned, they were, and dearly held. But remember, too, that the great Sigmund Freud couldn't understand Austrian women, let alone the far trickier, infinitely capricious and often exasperating *latina*. So take my advice in the spirit in which it's offered—humbly, tentatively and with several grains of *sal*.

It must have started with Carmen Miranda. I couldn't have been more than six or seven years old at the time, but when I saw Carmen samba across the stage on *The Milton Berle Show* with that basket of fruit on her head, I was entranced. How could she do that? How could she move those oily hips in such smooth, savage circles without losing so much as a grape? And *sing* at the same time! I think I saw there and then that these berry-skinned, south-of-the-border types knew something that the women then in my life (mainly my mother) could only guess at.

Eva Perón came to my attention at about the same time, and I admired her style, her flare. But it wasn't until I was about 12 that my admiration for Evita jumped to a whole new energy level. That was when I found out she was a whore off the streets of Buenos Aires who had somehow managed to captivate old dictator Juan on her way to captivating the Argentine nation. I knew then that any country smart enough to let a whore run things was the place for me.



It's an honest generalization that there are basically two types of Latin ladies: the latina verdadera (true Latin) and the latina gringa (Americanized Latin).



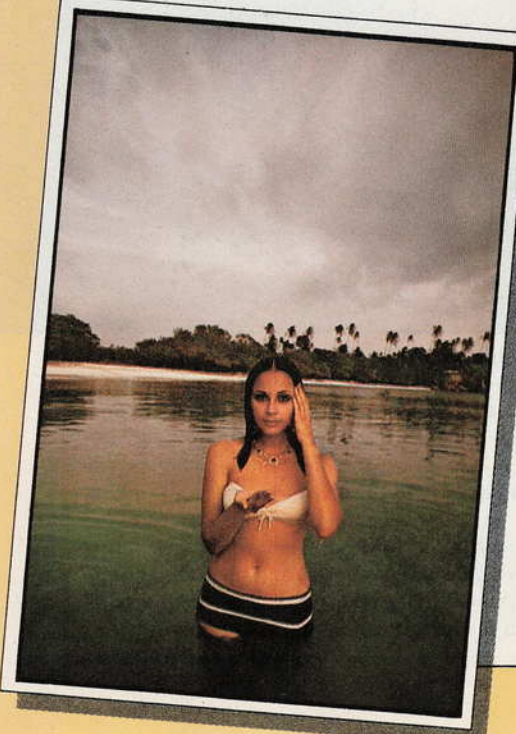
So, my appetite for *latinas* was whetted. I made a study of Dolores Del Rio—the magnificent Mexican actress who abandoned a successful Hollywood film career to return to Mexico and open up a nursery for the children of Mexican actresses—and in her, I found a perfect combination of smoldering beauty and sainted mama. “Take care of your inner beauty,” she said. “Every bad deed will show on your face.”

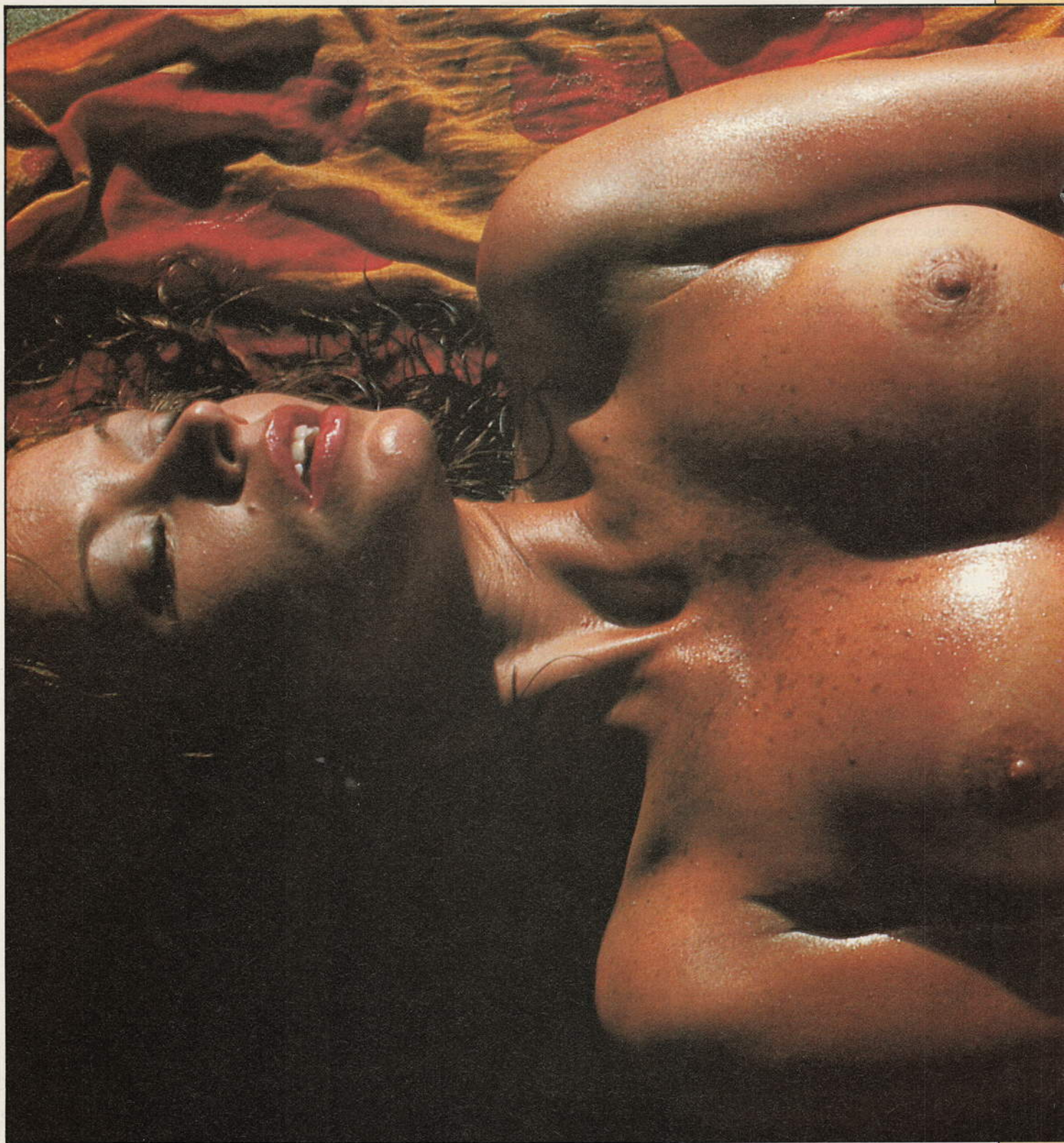
There were others: Katy Jurado, the sultry seductress in *High Noon*, the peasant girl who was Brando’s only love in *One-Eyed Jacks* (“Mention her name once more,” said Marlon in the film’s gutsiest scene, “and I’ll tear your arms off”); Astrid Gilberto, the whispery Brazilian singer who brought us the *bossa nova*; and, these days, the gorgeous Roxanna Bonilla-Giannini of *Boulevard Nights*. They all made an impression.

Let it be understood that I am not strictly a *latina*-phile. Until I met Carmen Maria, there were in my life any number of Caroles and Joanies and Katherines and Pams. I even managed to marry a Marcia. But that didn’t last long, partially because of a grad school affair with a Chicana radical named Delmy, whose passionate devotion to *la causa* was matched only by her taste for what she called “*puerco gringo*.” By the mid-Seventies, I found myself a merry bachelor once more.

Then I saw Carmen Maria. Tall and slender, with the face of a Spanish aristocrat, a body that must have inspired countless ventricular fibrillations and a quiet classiness that one doesn’t often find surrounded by California beach women.

I was charmed out of my socks but, at the same time, I wasn’t quite sure what to make of this Costa Rican. Despite my not-so-recent experience with Delmy, the cliché of the Catholic-to-the-neck Latin girl with “hands off” burned into her brain was burned into mine. Yet, to my great confu-





sion, this Carmen Maria gave off the unmistakable scent of the liberated woman.

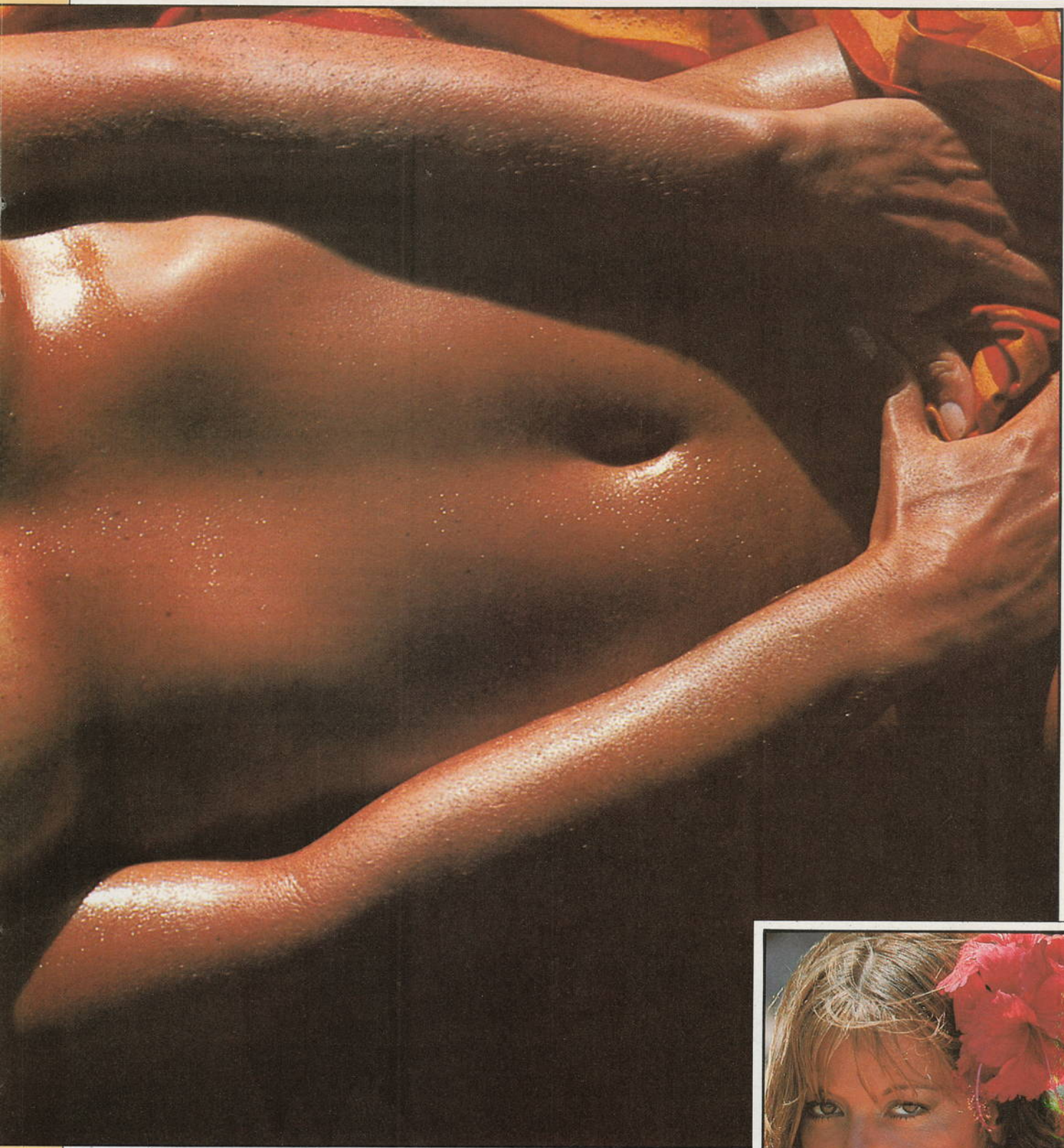
Well, she settled that conflict for me quite nicely. Within a week, she was panting, "You thought I was just a silly little Latin girl," as she ground her groin into my face with the strength of a leopard in heat. By the time she was through with my indoctrination, it was me dancing for her with a rose between my teeth.

A year later, we got married. Five years

later, we still are. She weighs the same sexy 117 as she did the day we met, and she's just as classy, just as admirable, just as passionate as ever.

Of course, the big question is: Is she unique? And the answer is: I don't think so.

Allow me a generalization. There are basically two types of Latin girls: the *latina verdadera* (true Latin) and the *latina gringa* (Americanized version). The *verdadera* is to the *gringa* as the bud is to the flower still



held tightly in the wintry grip of church, mama and big brother (papa is usually out somewhere screwing his secretary). The *verdadera* is mind-fucked into believing that premarital sex is sinful in the extreme.

But there's a catch, one that holds hope for the would-be conquistador. Almost all Latin girls grow up with the unspoken understanding that anything as forbidden as sex must be a hell of a lot of fun. It's also understood that damn near everybody's

going to fall by the wayside sooner or later, thus, the almost instant release offered by the rite of confession. Ball away, kids, but be sure to tell the padre. He's probably boffing his housekeeper, anyway.

What this means in operation is that if you have the patience and perseverance to pierce what amounts to a rather flimsy suit of Catholic armor, you'll find that underneath, the *latina verdadera* is ready for a quick and passionate trip to the land of the





liberated.

Interestingly, there are some highly liberated *latinas gringas*—girls that are ready to go to bed at the drop of an *olé* with any man who strikes their fancy—who will play *verdadera* just to make the chase a little spicier. “Americans have a stereotyped image of the Latin woman,” said Brenda, a perky *gringa* from Ecuador. “We’re supposed to be very hard to get close to. Even though I fight that image, if it makes me more interesting to them, why not use it?”

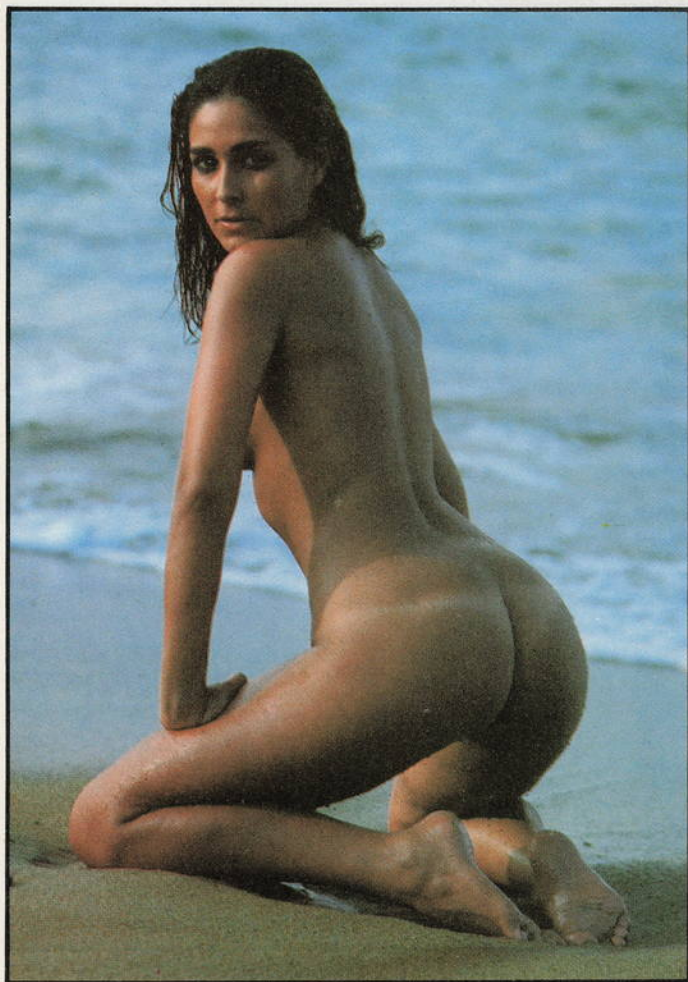
Why not, indeed?

Which brings us to the warm bosom of this little essay—to the woman about whom I’ve really been talking all along. I refer, of course, to the infinitely exciting, elaborately feminine, eternally stimulating, red-lipped, cherry-tipped, honey-hipped and, hopefully, unzipped . . .

. . . *Latinas gringas*. To my mind, these women (I start with my Carmen Maria and include every member of this ever-growing species) represent nothing less than the flower of 20th-Century culture. Somehow they have managed to take the best of both their worlds—the essential and unshakable femininity of the Latin and the independence and self-respect of the American—and to meld them into something so lovely as to inspire (pardon the expression) poetry.

If there is a trick to understanding these magnificent ladies—if, indeed, they are fully understandable—it is to know which parts of their characters have remained Latin and which parts have been honed or





Suddenly, so many of them. Saucer-eyed illegals and fur-wrapped Argentines. Chicanas from the barrio. Cubanas from Camagüey. Nicas from Managua and Ticas from San José.





even replaced by their experience as Americans.

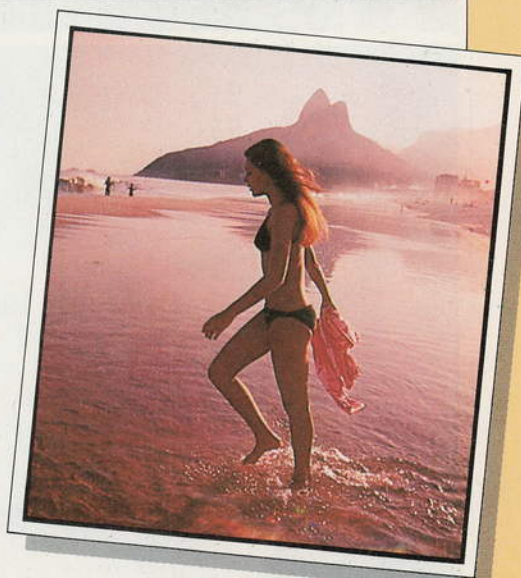
I've met sarcastic *latinas*, but never cynical ones. Every one I know still loves babies, small animals and gushy presents. I knew I had found something special in Carmen Maria, for example, when I saw her *Social Register* face turn absolutely incandescent at the sight of a freckle-faced baby pissing on a pile rug.

Latin women are not casual lovers. They love with everything they've got, and almost always on an exclusive, one-at-a-time basis. And believe me, brother, they'll expect the same from you. The amazing thing is, no matter how loosey-goosey you've become in your amorous life, my bet is that you'll love this old-fashioned kind of caring and find it difficult to live without if you ever have to let it go.

As for passion, what can I say? I won't maintain that Latin women have an exclusive claim on this quality, but I will maintain that it's next to impossible to find one who is truly frigid.

When it comes to beauty, it is entirely a matter of personal taste. But to me, the Latin form of beauty is . . . well, real beautiful. There's been enough said about almond eyes and ruby lips and all that, but how about the fact that every *latina* I've ever met had absolutely perfect fingers: long, slender, tapered, just made to be wrapped around . . .

Pardon me, I do get carried away.



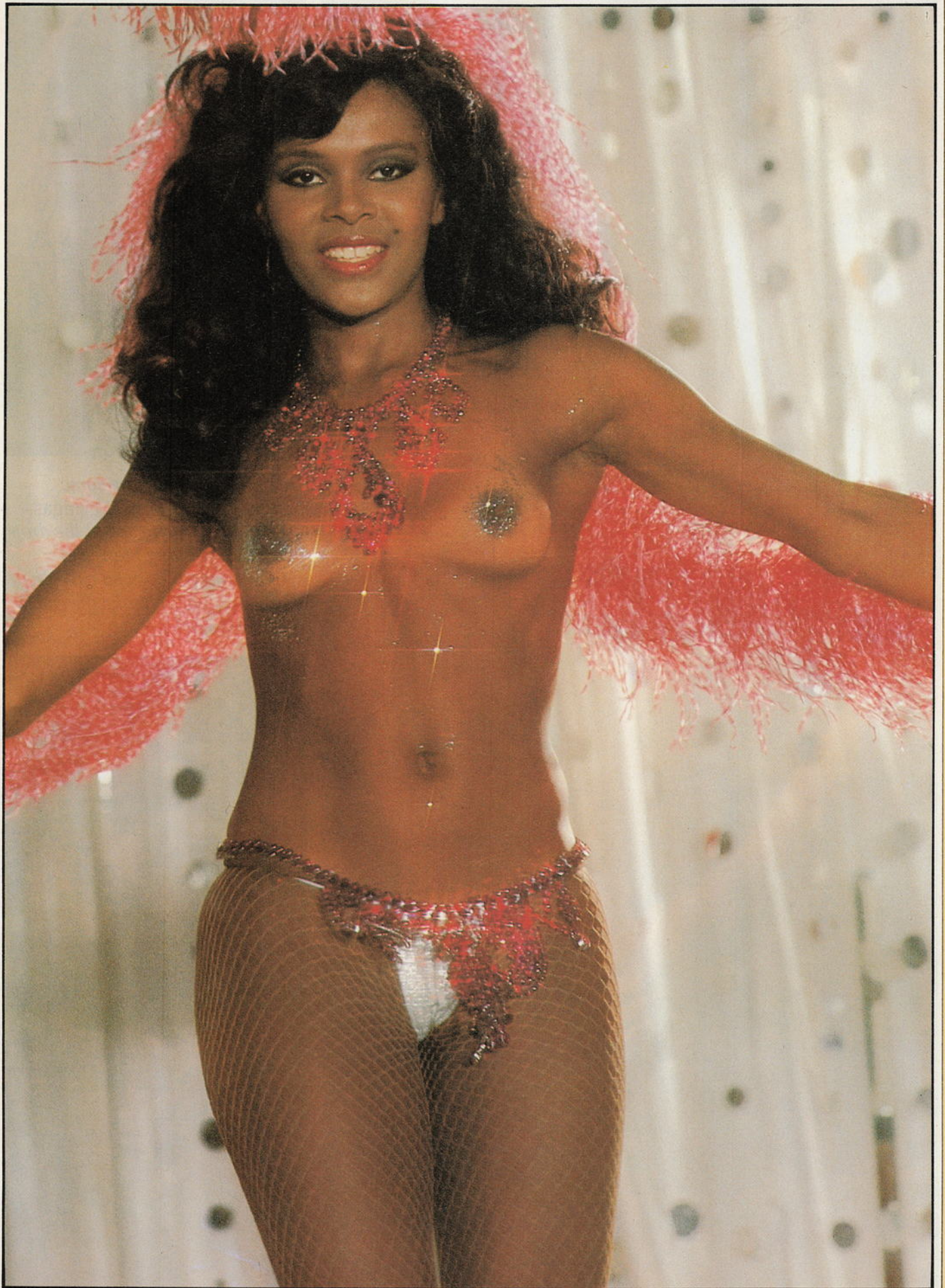
From American culture, the *latinas* get lots of independence and self-respect. The feminist movement has had some of its most ardent listeners among the Latin population, which, after all, probably had the most need to listen. And the lessons have certainly taken hold.

But the big one is sexual liberation. Almost by definition, a *latina gringa* has already gone through whatever tortuous passage was necessary to convert her from *verdadera* to what she is now. Those who are liberated are liberated with a vengeance.



Interestingly, there are some highly liberated latinas gringas—girls that will go to bed at the drop of an olé with any man who strikes their fancy—who will play verdadera just to make the chase a little bit spicier.







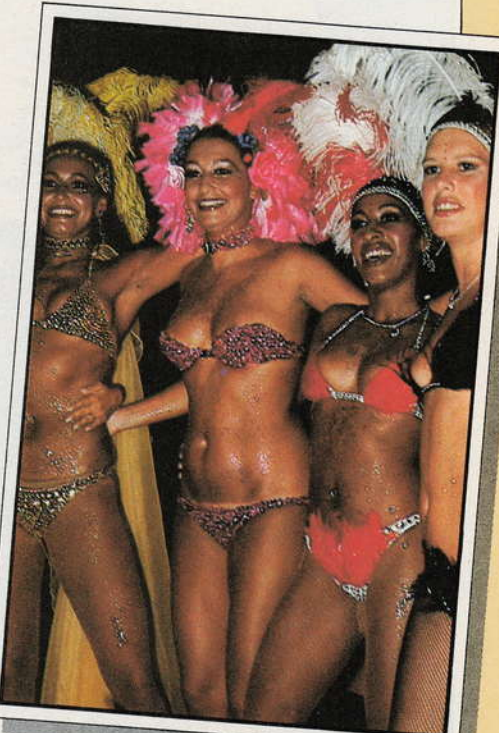
These ingredients will be mixed in different proportions in any individual *latina*, but all of them will be there, nonetheless. There are a hell of a lot of differences, however, that won't be accounted for by any treatise, let alone, this one. National and regional differences, for instance . . .

A *latina* is not necessarily a *latina* is not necessarily a *latina*. Cubans and Puerto Ricans tend to have Rubenesque hips. Costa Ricans are the least mixed with the Indian. Guatemalans speak the clearest Spanish. As you'd imagine, women from more industrialized countries such as Venezuela and Mexico, are bound to be more *gringa*-esque than those from rural—and let's face it, poorer—countries such as Bolivia or the Honduras.

Argentine women may deserve a category all to themselves. Argentina claims closer ties to Italy than to the rest of Latin America and, maybe as a result, Argentine men are widely known as the smoothest, most capable liars in the Latin world. As Regina from Buenos Aires told me, "They're very special. They know how to b.s. a woman so good." So if you're involved with an Argentine lady, one of the first things you'll want to find out is if she likes Argentine men. If so, then it's probably time to grease up the one-liners.

All this is pretty sketchy, I know, but it would take volumes to pin down the Latin woman in any detail and, even then, you'd probably miss the *salsa*—that essential, indefinable quality that makes the Latin

They have taken the essential and unshakable femininity of the Latin and the independence of the American and have melded them into something so lovely as to inspire poetry.





woman unique and uniquely desirable. So let's sum up with a stab at the Lawren Latin Attitude Inventory.

Latin women only like Latin men. Emphatically false. Listen to Marisela from Colombia: "I like American men much better. I can talk to them, feel comfortable with them. And they don't have to feel like God on earth." Or Ana Berta, Cuba: "There's a big difference between Americans and Latins. Americans don't show what they feel. Latins don't feel what they show. I like the American style better."

Never insult a Latin woman's mother. Absolutely true. Or anyone else in her family,

either. Remember what we said about loyalty? It goes first to the family and only later to you. As Carmen Maria once explained to me, "I can always get a new man. Mothers are hard to come by."

All that Latin women want out of life is a house and babies. Mostly false. Although they do want those things, the *latina gringa*, in particular, is liable to put her career before domesticity. Carmen Maria, for example, makes a hell of a lot more money than I do, and *gracias a Dios*.

Latin women can't stand to be alone. True, but can you?

Latin women will take shit forever from

the man they love. Ha!

Most Latin women have skinny calves. True. What can I say? Nobody's perfect.

So, there you have it, keed. Damn near everything you need to know about the Latin woman. Armed with this new knowledge and understanding, you should be able to dash right out into the street and meet up with a Dolores Del Rio or a Roxanna Bonilla-Giannini. And as Snooky Lanson used to say, *Chinga tu madre* and *chupame la verga*.

Whoops. Sorry. That's *vaya con Dios*, fellas.



Dolores Del Rio: a perfect combination of smoldering beauty and sainted mama. Eva Perón: a whore off the streets of Buenos Aires who captivated the Argentine nation. Carmen Miranda: How could she move those oily hips without losing so much as a grape? They all made an impression.



FUTURE STOCK

Financial Planners Make Money the Old-Fashioned Way—And You Don't Have to Be a Millionaire to Afford One.

Article by Chris Barnett

How much money do you save each month? How much cash do you stash, invest, put away, never touch? Regularly. I'm not talking about banking your income-tax refund or your vacation check or money from home. I'm talking about how many dollars you systematically save to make them systematically grow.

Not many, I'll bet.

No need to squirm and flip the pages. You're not alone. Investment experts say young people rarely put money aside. And they give good excuses, too, say the pros. Today, it seems that it takes your entire paycheck just to survive—*everything* is going up 15 percent annually. Everything, of course, but your salary, which is inching up only 5–7 percent a year. And students that may not pull in a salary probably think they need every dime they can scrape up just to live.

There are other reasons you're probably not saving money today. No one taught you the importance of saving. Hell, your high school and college teachers shoved trigonometry and 14th-Century East Ethiopian literature down your throat, but nobody explained the difference between a front-end load and a no-load mutual fund or between a whole-life and a term insurance policy. Your old man was supposed to tell you about that. Just like he was supposed to explain the mysteries of the vagina.

So what happens? In both cases, you have to learn the hard way.

Too bad that somewhere along the road we aren't forced to learn personal-finance planning. How to make your money work for you instead of you working for your

money. It takes discipline to save. True, not all of us are born with the ambition, drive and brains to become millionaires. But if we had the discipline to manage our money and a solid investment strategy that we followed religiously, that nest egg—call it your net worth—would grow inexorably. So how can you teach yourself a little self-restraint?

A professional financial planner might just be the disciplinarian you need when you're young. If you can put away \$25 a week, you can do some fundamental financial planning right now.

WHAT'S FINANCIAL PLANNING?

Let's call it a sort of a day-to-day game plan for achieving financial independence. Bill E. Carter, president of Financial Planning Services of Dallas has his own definition—and a good one, too. "Financial independence is accumulating enough assets that, when converted to an income stream, can give you enough dollars so that you can work or not work and still maintain the standard of living you desire."

Perhaps a more important question is: What's a financial planner? Few people really know. Some stockbrokers, life-insurance salesmen and mutual-fund salesmen call themselves financial planners. It's got a nice, comforting, counselorish ring to it. But essentially, they're selling a product and their recommendations are tied to the commissions they collect. Your stockbroker isn't going to tell you to bail out of Kodak, Sears or AT&T and use the money to buy a mutual fund from the salesman across the street. And your life-insurance salesman is not about to advise you to cash in your \$100,000 whole-life policy that's earning 4–

4.5 percent and put the money into a Treasury bill and some term insurance for protection.

A real financial planner, theoretically, is not beholden to anyone but his client. He investigates all the avenues open to you, designs a personalized plan to build up your net worth and then monitors it for you. It's the difference between your own personal tailor and an off-the-rack-suit salesman. Financial planners have your best interests in mind. Why shouldn't they? You can measure their performance every time you do your income taxes. If your net worth is shrinking, they screwed up. They didn't earn their fee.

Most of the 6700 members of the International Association of Financial Planners, Inc., collect commissions for the financial products they sell you, *plus* they charge you a fee. Some charge you an hourly rate for consulting; some assess you a percentage of your net worth. None, however, will credit the commissions they collect against the fees you owe. But remember, your goals and financial game plan (and the amount of money you have to work with) differ from the next guy's. So the planner can't, and shouldn't, cookie-cut a financial plan for you. It has to be tailored, and that's worth the fee.

THE QUESTIONNAIRE

A good financial planner tries to get into your head before he gets into your wallet. The first meeting begins with the planner asking you a few hundred questions. The answers are used to fill out a confidential questionnaire. This will be the foundation for your financial plan. Anyone who skips

over this crucial first step and starts touting money-making investments is a peddler not a planner, and you should tell him to get lost fast.

Younger guys and first-time investors often hate to answer detailed questionnaires. They're embarrassed that they don't have \$20,000 in the bank. No need to feel uncomfortable. "We're not making judgments or snooping," says Carter, who, at 33, has built a successful planning practice, working with men in their 20s, as well as with millionaires in their 50s. "We're trying to understand how each person thinks financially. What are his attitudes or opinions toward certain investments? His father may have invested in mutual funds in 1959 and lost a lot of money; that may have soured the son."

More importantly, says Carter, the questions help to "develop an awareness in the younger man that he has to do something now if he wants any financial independence in the future."

Larry Krause, who heads his own San Francisco-based financial-planning firm, insists that probing questions make the person take a hard look at himself and his lack of discipline. No one else is going to do it for him. "If you don't start developing the discipline [to save and invest] in your twenties and thirties, that failure will compound. You've got to develop the habit now of putting money aside."

Krause, who charges \$115 an hour for his advice, says: "Without proper planning at this point in your life, you won't have a chance to catch up unless you're unusually lucky and smart."

THE GOALS

What do you want out of life? Sounds like a bullshit question, but ask yourself that now. "Most young people have no conception of how much money it takes to acquire financial independence," says Carter. "They say, 'I want to retire at forty-five or fifty,' but they don't know how much money it will take." Krause agrees and offers a smart solution. "Rather than trying to achieve a number [of dollars] by age fifty, which a guy can't relate to today, give yourself an immediate goal."

How? Well, first, figure your net worth (your assets—the value of what you own—minus your liabilities—the amount of what you owe) for last year, your net worth for this year and then what you'd like it to be next year, suggests Krause. "Don't just jot down a number and forget it. Work toward that number all year long."

One thing is certain: You can't count on Social Security or your company's retirement plan to take care of you in your golden years. Weird, eh, talking about your retirement now, when you're so young. Well, think hard about it today. Says Carter: "Forget about the gold watch and pension. Chances are great that you're going to change jobs

during your lifetime, so you have to build your own nest egg rather than rely on the company."

Before we get into the nitty-gritty of financial planning, remember this: There's nothing wrong with a debt as long as you don't dive into it up to your eyeballs. "A guy who's twenty-five and eleven thousand dollars in debt on credit cards, loans, charge accounts and time payments is in trouble," says Carter. "You should be in debt only against assets like a home or a car. You're going to go into debt, but keep it realistic."

THE FIRST STEP

Once a financial planner completes your questionnaire and knows every one of your financial hangups, he'll recommend a plan. Most plans start with your biggest asset: your income—your ability to earn a paycheck regardless of what your salary is. They suggest protecting it with disability-income insurance. This covers you should you get sick or injured and are unable to work for several months.

Disability-income insurance has its critics. They say the odds that a man in his 20s will be laid up for a long time are remote. And workers' compensation covers you if you're injured on the job. In addition, disability insurance is outrageously expensive, especially if you buy "first-day coverage." Most policies have a 30-, 60- or 90-day "elimination" or waiting period before the checks come in. Still, Carter recommends that a man of 24, making \$18,000 a year, buy a 90-day disability-income insurance policy that pays \$550 tax-free dollars a month. The cost is \$15.25 a month or \$179 a year for coverage from Union Mutual Stock Life Insurance Company of America. But a planner should give you quotes from two or three companies.

Next, Carter suggests buying life insurance, but not whole life or cash-value life. "We're not buying it for investment purposes, to build an estate or to leave it to anybody. We're buying guaranteed insurability now so, if the insured gets married and for some reason is uninsurable, his wife will be protected." You can buy \$100,000 of annual-renewable-term life insurance for approximately \$160 a year. Whole life, which builds cash value at maybe 4–5 percent a year (the return on your investment; i.e., your premium), costs just under \$2000 a year for \$100,000 worth.

What about your car insurance? Carter advises hiking your collision deductible from \$100 up to \$250 to save some money. (Shopping the market for a new policy, instead of continuing to passively renew, might help, too.) And if you live in an apartment, get some renters' insurance. As Carter warns, "Losing one thousand to four thousand dollars in stereo equipment, skis and a TV to a burglar can put a crimp in your financial planning."

(Continued on page 128)

Assess

your financial situation and set some realistic goals. Ask yourself what you want out of life.

Protect

your biggest asset—your ability to earn a paycheck. Term life insurance and disability insurance are basic to a good financial plan.

Build

a diversified portfolio. No one financial program works for everyone, so make sure your portfolio is tailored to your needs.





THE GUNSHOT

It's one thing to predict your own death — quite another to direct it.

She padded barefoot into his study, approaching him soundlessly from behind. He knew she was there, though he didn't look up from the video editor. Huysman's florid face deepened in color, and he hunched over his workbench as if to say, *Leave me alone.*

She placed her hand on his right shoulder, her fingers resting softly there—and he reacted as if someone had dropped a lump of concrete on his back.

He whirled in his swivel chair, shaking. "Don't *do* that when I'm working!" She shrank back. He sputtered, "I'm— Jeez, I'm trying . . . to . . ." His voice trailed off. He stared, his face blank except for a shadow of horror around the edges. He stared into the middle distance. He was looking at her . . . No, he was looking *through* her.

She was a tall woman, but oncoming middle age showed in her round-shouldered stoop. Her right hand was raised and trembling. In her left hand, there was a prescription bottle. She'd hoped he'd ask her why she was talking calmly again, since her doctor had ordered her to rehab from tranquilizers. She was hoping he'd get angry over the pills. Shout at her. Berate her. Notice her now. He only watched the circles under her large brown eyes coursing with tears that ran down to trace the faint face-lifting seam along the underside of her jaw. She burst out, "You're faking all this shit to

Fiction by John Shirley

get away from me . . . just another excuse . . . you haven't spoken to me in three days except for 'Gotta run, babe . . . fall season hanging over my head, doll.' You insular son of a bitch . . ."

Huysman had slipped from his chair and was kneeling, eyes wide, murmuring wordlessly, his gaze fixed at something unseen, his hands crossed over his belly, clutching himself like a wounded man trying to hold his entrails in place.

She looked over his head at the editing machine. One of his TV movies was playing. "Looks like the end of the picture, Reggie," she said. "Judging by the spouting blood, the bodies . . . Ah, right, there's the triumphant master criminal standing over the bodies of the cops he's wasted. Christ, no wonder the FCC's banned this stuff from the airwaves—they ought to ban it from cable, too." She didn't really think so. She was trying to get a rise from him. He seemed not to hear her. She continued, "There, now the triumphant master criminal walks off with the girls . . . The End. A Reggie Huysman Production."

He blinked and looked up at her, seeming to see now. "Sandy . . . the . . ."

"Yes?"

"The gunshot . . ."

The raised black lettering on the door said: IMAGINATION PRODUCTIONS—R.G. HUYSMAN, PRESIDENT.

Straker studied the sign on the door—the door itself was real wood, expensive stuff—and wondered if Huysman had it made to his specifications. It was a little pretentious, almost defensive—as if Huysman were saying, "What they say about me isn't true. Imagination is a respectable business."

Maybe Huysman was not as unaffected by the criticism as he pretended.

Straker opened the door and entered the office. A petite, brunette secretary sat behind a translucent desk, typing on a white typewriter. Her fingers paused like a small animal, awaiting an order as she smiled and asked, "Mr. Straker?"

"Uh-huh." He smiled only as much as was needed.

"Mr. Huysman is expecting you. Please go right in."

"Thank you." He moved toward the door behind her, then hesitated. He was close enough to her to smell her strawberry perfume when she turned. "Mr. Straker?"

"Yes?"

"Your organization . . . it's called Intimate Investigative Therapies—Inc.?"

"Yes."

"Um, what is that? Intimate Investigative, um, Therapy, I mean."

"Psychological detective work. We go into people's lives to see what's bothering them. Our theory is you have to get involved with someone's life to really have empathy, to really help them. You seem more than just curious. Do you need help with—?"

"No, no!" She glanced toward Huys-

THE GUNSHOT

"It's like a waking dream. But more solid than a hallucination."

Huysman smiled.

"It's . . . cinematic."

man's private office. "I'm worried about Reg—Mr. Huysman." She smiled sheepishly. "I guess I take a kind of maternal interest in his feelings. He hasn't been happy. I just hope you can help him. He's tried everything."

"What have you noticed that makes—?"

Just then the frosted glass door to the inner office opened. Straker recognized Huysman instantly. He was a big man, a head taller than Straker. His weight lifter's build had begun to go soft around the collar. His skin was ruddy—until recently, most of his spare time had been spent outdoors, rock climbing, surfing, lifting weights in his vast, parklike backyard. He wore army fatigues, a khaki shirt and army boots. His blue eyes flashed as he looked down at Straker.

Straker—short and narrow and dark, his face softly elfin—was Huysman's physical opposite. And there was another contrast: Huysman was afraid of something; his insecurity showed through his bluff expression and his bullish stance as he silently, somehow defiantly, took stock of the visitor. For his part, Straker seemed poised, confident and loose.

Huysman made a brusque gesture, and Straker followed him into the inner office.

Beneath a polarized picture window, there was a mahogany desk with a polished leather inset; large easy chairs faced it on either side. There were a few books, some photos of Huysman with various video stars and a fireplace that, apparently, had never been used. This was an office for receiving people; it was too pristine for real work. A small video-replay machine was set next to a low leather couch.

Straker sat on the couch, silently. Huysman sat stiffly on the edge of his desk, facing Straker but not looking at him.

Straker took a palm-sized videocassette from the inside jacket pocket of his three-piece suit. The suit was Thirties revival, pinstriped in black and charcoal—something Fred Astaire might have worn on a date with Ginger Rogers.

Straker slid the cassette into the video player and watched the small rectangular screen. He scanned the first page of a file report on Reginald Granger Huysman; his posture was relaxed, friendly without being presumptuously languid. "Now, as I understand it," Straker said gently, "you're suffering from hallucinations, yes?"

Huysman frowned, flicked his hand as if

dispensing with nonsense. "Hardly. Not hallucinations. Hallucinations are qualitatively different. As different as a snapshot's different from a TV image. This . . . I've toyed with drugs, and I've had my share of hallucinations. This is something unique in my experience . . . Uh, you are Straker?"

"I am." Straker smiled almost meekly.

"Well, these . . . I think of them as visions. Or . . . they're just not like anything else. Unique."

"Everyone likes to feel unique."

"So, OK, maybe it isn't unique—because it's like a dream. It's hypnagogic, I think. Or eidetic. Pictures. I see it clearest when I close my eyes. It's like a waking dream. But more solid than a hallucination. It's—" He almost smiled. "It's cinematic."

"And this is something you want to be totally rid of?"

Huysman hesitated. Probably, Straker reflected, he disliked admitting his fear of it—or of anything. "Obviously," he said finally, defensively.

"Can you call it up whenever you like?"

"Not exactly. But it's predictable. It comes when I think about certain things. Sometimes it comes on its own. I wish it would come at night. But it doesn't. Only when I'm awake, so far."

"So you think about certain things and that brings it on?"

"It's not quite as cut-and-dried as that. But it's usually a sequence of . . . well . . ."

"Tell me, please. Go through the series of associations that bring on this, uh, vision. And if the vision occurs, describe it to me."

Huysman began to speak. As he did, Straker typed notes into the video-player keyboard so the transcript would be added to Huysman's file.

"Almost involuntarily, I'll start remembering the women in my life. Like Jenny Quinlan—that was twenty years ago in Vegas. I was directing a series of variety shows for NBC then. She was a dancer in the show. I was twenty-three. The golden boy of television. The prodigious wonder. Everybody wanted to hire me." Huysman's tone was now bitter. He seemed to have forgotten his mistrust of Straker. He closed his eyes and continued. "At first, Jenny and I were mutually infatuated. She'd fallen for me badly, but I tired of her in a month. I led her on with talk of marriage, then I dumped her—left for Europe and said I'd be in touch, but never was. She wrote me twelve letters. I didn't answer a single one. Hurt her terribly. The next year, there was a scriptwriter, Lola Cassavetes. I led her on. We played. I dumped her. There were two more. When I finally recognized it, the pattern disgusted me, so—I married Sandy. We're still married. Eleven years. And I did it to prove a point to myself, not because I loved her. Not because . . . shit . . ."

Not because . . . shit . . . appeared on the video screen and was transferred on the cassette.

Huysman continued. "Sandy soaks up



love like a sponge. She needs affection, she needs someone to play the husband role backward and forward. I played it for eight years. And then I couldn't stand it anymore. I feel strangled, oppressed, but I can't divorce her. The company is in her name, and she'd never agree to sell out to me. She'd drain me for alimony. She'd ruin me somehow. Hell, I got into cable-drama productions by marrying her—her father owns the largest cable operation in the U.S.

"So I'm thinking about Jenny and Lola and Elaine and Gemini and Sandra and then the thing hits me. Listen, have you ever been walking over a bridge and, for no reason, you get an urge to jump off it? Or look over the balcony rail of a high building and get an impulse to vault it and drop? I don't mean a suicidal urge out of depression. What I'm talking about happens to the happiest people. It's a fleeting urge. Maybe it's why people go to see horror movies. You sort of . . . *revel* in an attack on yourself for no other reason but pure goddamn perversity. Well, this waking dream of mine feels like that . . .

"I'll be directing something when, suddenly, the world around me vanishes. In its place, I'm in a little room—the room's fuzzy, but I sense concrete walls—and metal rafters overhead. There's a kind of tension in the air, like somebody's blowing a dog whistle in my ear. I'm walking along one of the walls, in profile against it, and a sort of shadow falls over me. I turn around with my back to the wall, and everything goes slow motion . . . like one of my cable-drama scenes where we slow things up, unnaturally

THE GUNSHOT

"I can feel the chips of concrete from the wall flying off as the bullets go right through me and smash into it"

slow, to emphasize the action in the violence. When I turn to face the source of this shadow, I see a gun in someone's hand. I can't see who it is because there's a flash from the gun. It's a big pistol, a .357 Magnum. There's a roar . . . but by the time I hear the boom of the gun going off, I'm already bouncing off the wall, my guts opening up under the impact of the slug. The force of the shot slams me up against the wall and I bounce off. Looking down, I see my body exploding outward at the middle—a spray of red and a glimpse of entrails. Those Magnums, they practically cut you in half with one shot. I'm not feeling any pain yet, and I'm starting to fall forward, clutching at my middle when—*flash*—the gun goes off again. The gunman is only six feet from me—*flash*—three times, wham, wham, *wham*. I'm banged against the wall three more times. I can feel the chips of concrete from the wall behind me flying off as the bullets go right through me and smash into it. And here's the part that scares me, Straker . . .

Huysman paused to glance at Straker; he

seemed disappointed that this narrative had had little observable effect. He continued. "What gets to me, thinking about it afterward, is that—I *get off on it* when the bullets shove through me.

"And you know something else, Straker—the whole damn dream, if that's what it is, is directed. Cinematically, teleplay style. I see the thing from different angles: close-up, zooms, edited nicely to give a total picture of the action—except that the gunman is blanked. That gave Tolliver a big jolt. He said—"

"Tolliver?" Straker interjected firmly. "Who is Tolliver?"

"A psychoanalyst. He tried to help. Got nowhere. He tried the repressed-fag angle first. You know, sublimation of a desire to be penetrated. Then he started playing up the fact I direct the bloodiest teleplays in the business. He said that the fact that I write the action scenes myself is the source of the whole thing. Claims I feel guilty because 'TV violence' contributes to juvey crime, blah, blah, blah. But, hey, I've been insisting for years that I only give the public what it wants, and I've made the violent scenario a great art form. I insist that's true because I *believe* it."

Straker politely said nothing.

"Tolliver," Huysman went on, "is full of shit. What do *you* think?"

Straker shrugged. "I'm not sure yet. I have to spend more time with you. Maybe when I watch you at home . . ."

"At home? What do you mean?"

"Didn't you read our brochure? That's how I do it. I move in with you. It's the only way to get to the heart of things. You won't notice me after a while. You've paid for the treatment already, Mr. Huysman. It's expensive and we don't give refunds." Straker smiled apologetically.

"I don't like it. It's bad enough with Sandra . . . but, well . . . OK. This thing is interfering with my work. It's got to stop. It's even creeping into the shows . . ."

Huysman appeared shaken. He went to a wall cabinet, opened it, turned a dial and pressed a toggle. A wall slot dispensed a neat whiskey in a plastic shot glass. Sipping, his back to Straker, Huysman said, "Take your file cassette out of the vidplayer and press the red button. It's cued." Straker recognized the footage; he'd forbidden his daughter to watch it the night before. It was called *The Cop Hunters* . . . Three black sedans following a police car. The sedans pursue it in a ten-minute chase through a warehouse district and into the suburbs. They corner him in a deserted housing project. The patrol car overturns. Cop gets out, bruised but whole, and runs. The six men in the sedans leave their cars and take up the chase on foot. They trap the cop in a half-finished, roofless garage. They close in on him, he tries to run, they push him back, he falls, they laugh, he gets to his feet, reaches for his gun . . . someone shoots him in the stomach with a .357 Magnum from about



"Someday, sweetheart, you'll be proud to say your parents were into dealing dope."

eight feet away. The details are grisly, in vivid color . . . gut exploding under the impact of the high-caliber slug, an out-splash of red, the cop bounces from the wall, begins to fall forward; three more shots throw him back, each bullet's impact shown in immaculately complete detail. Straker had to look away. But not before he'd seen the parallels.

Huysman stood beside Straker, impassively watching the choreographed butchery on the screen. "People who don't know any better say my shows are all more or less alike. But no two gunshot scenes are the same. And when we show someone getting their head hammered in with a two-by-four, we do *that* distinctively. No two are quite alike, though there are a lot of similarities. And I can tell you that *this* one is almost exactly like my dream—if dream it is—but it was made after I started having the visions."

"How long have you been seeing this scene in your head?"

"Oh . . . three months. It's gotten more intense lately. Worse and worse. It's already happened four times today. Once at home, once in the studio cafeteria, twice in the office . . ."

"If it happens again while I'm with you, try to tell me. Try to describe it as it happens."

"You'll know when it happens. I'll be staring into space like I'm being goosed by a ghost. Shocked look, frozen. But I can't talk during it— Hey, I gotta go to the studio."

"I'll come along."

Huysman scowled, then sighed and said, "Yeah, OK . . . but stay out of the way."

"That's my policy," Straker said quietly.

"C'monnnnn," Huysman roared. "Get it set up! I want the tail end of that Harley pointed at the goddamn moon!"

Standing well out of the way, Straker watched as Huysman's burly assistants jammed a huge motorcycle into the windshield of a semi-truck that, moments before, they'd crashed into the base of a cliff. The dust was still settling, and a few grenade-sized rocks were tumbling from the cliff above, bouncing off the hood of the semi, narrowly missing the crews of cameramen, sound men, lighting men. The late-afternoon sun, distended like a hunger-bloated belly in the silt-thick Los Angeles smog, threw a bloodied light on the derricks, hoists and camera machinery crowded over the truck.

"Gedduh close-zup of the hand on the hood of the semi! Get the angle seddup— here lemme see that—" Huysman shoved the befuddled cameraman aside, climbing onto the metal platform to look through the eyepiece at the dummy hand, severed at the wrist, lying in a pool of blood on the hood. "Get some more broken glass around that hand—hey, get the fuck outta the way, Henry, you're throwin' a fuckin' shadow on the *hand*! And you—huh? All right, what



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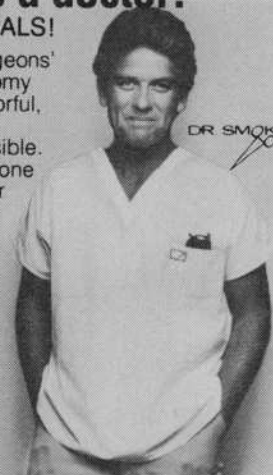
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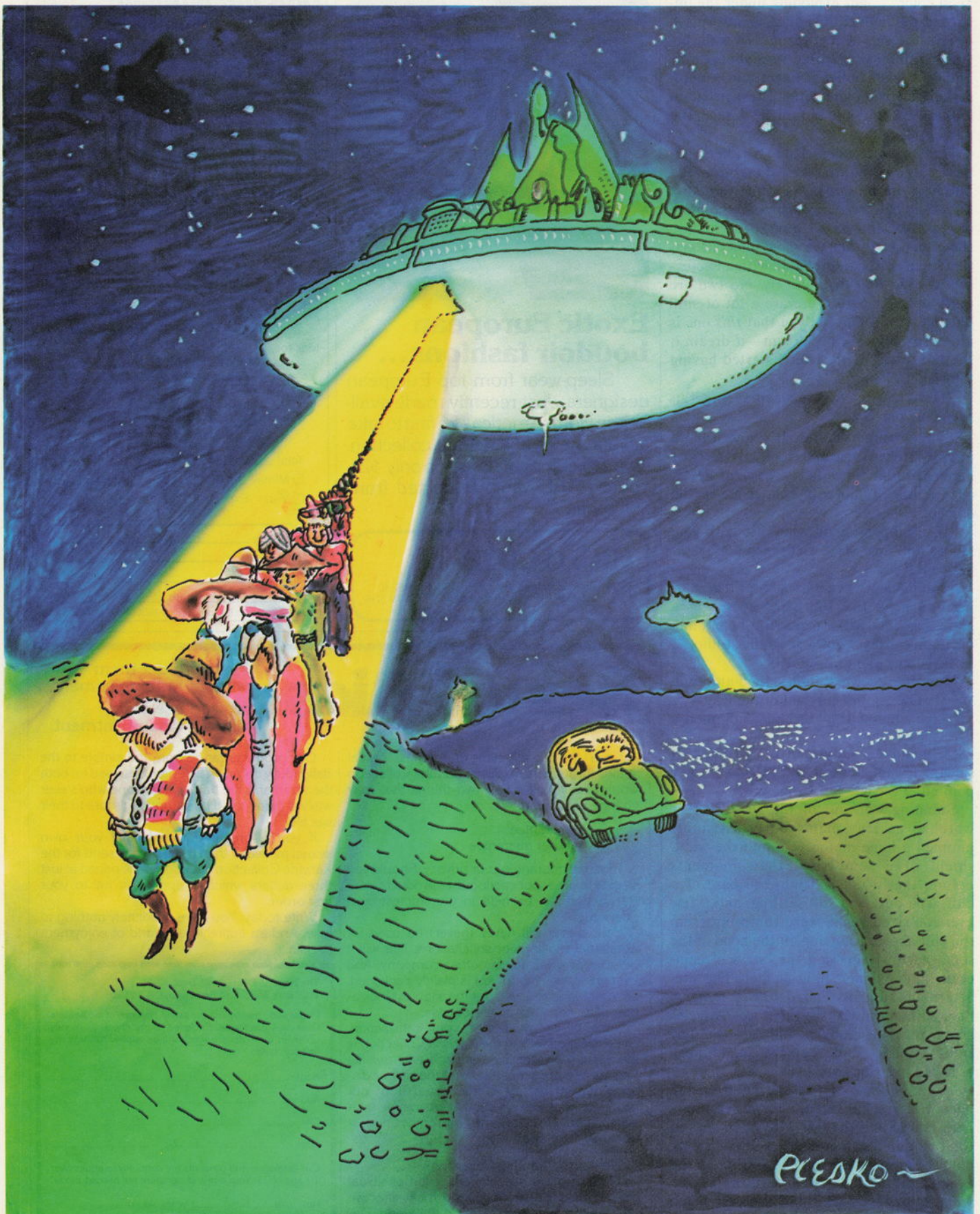
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"Oh my God, Frank, aliens are landing."

THE GUNSHOT

you want, kid?"

A message boy from the studio stood nervously to one side, squinting up at Huysman. "It's Mr. Drummond, Mr. Huysman! He can't make it to the afternoon shooting." The cast and crew fell silent, watching Huysman expectantly, waiting for him to boil over in fury. Drummond was the star, but he'd missed three shootings that week. Because of Drummond, they were behind schedule.

"So Drummond isn't coming today..." Huysman said softly, dangerously.

Straker watched Huysman—expecting something other than an outburst of anger. He waited for Huysman to lapse into his "goosed by a ghost" look; this was a moment of great stress for Huysman. If the vision was a breakdown under stress, as Straker supposed, it should come now.

It didn't. Instead, Huysman shouted, "Aw-right, we put up with it once more and then we find a replacement and start shooting from the beginning and he can eat his contract! Get the double in here!" The noise and bustle resumed.

Straker watched Huysman, revising his theory.

Two hours later, during a break in the shooting, Huysman and Straker sat together at a table in the studio cafeteria. Huysman drank coffee, Straker mineral water. Straker watched Huysman without seeming to. Relaxed, faintly smiling but never supercilious, Straker put Huysman at his ease.

Huysman stared moodily into the tarry depths of his cup and said, "I dunno. Straker, if she'd leave me alone a few days a week, I think I could stand to spend some time with her." He swallowed, shrugged.

"How much time," Straker asked breezily, "would you spend with your secretary?"

Huysman looked up at him. "Darla? How'd you get onto that?"

"I read it in her face when I came in to see you this morning."

Huysman nodded distantly, "Sure, OK, but keep it under your hat, all right?"

Straker smiled as if to say, *How could you doubt it?*

"Darla treats me right, Straker. She doesn't beg me for more time. She doesn't go out with other people just to try to put me in my place. If she does it, she doesn't let me know about it, anyway, and that's close enough to fidelity for me. She's a good woman. She doesn't try to use her influence with me to get parts. She doesn't want parts. I'd love her for that alone."

"Do you love her?"

Huysman frowned, "Well..."

A shadow fell over the table. Straker looked up to see Sandra Huysman—he recognized her from photos in Huysman's file—standing just back of her husband.

"Going to tell him about Darla, Reggie?" She attempted to make her tone icy, but it overflowed with hot currents of hurt.

Huysman sat frozen, staring at his cup, his face empty.

"Mind if I sit, witch doctor?" she asked, glancing at Straker.

"Please do," Straker replied tonelessly.

"Sure, I know about her," Sandra murmured, puffing smoke at Huysman's downturned face. "No big deal. Just like you, Reggie." She adjusted the lapels of her dark suit. Her face was clownish with too much makeup; her blonde Afro wig set at an unconvincing angle.

"Stop trying to get me angry with you, Sandy," Huysman said wearily.

Sandra's blasé veneer suddenly cracked. Her eyes brimmed with tears.

Huysman looked at her. Then beyond her. His mouth opened, his eyes widened. He fell backward out of his chair and began writhing on the floor, his hands clutched at his belly, and he whimpered.

Faces turned to watch, but no one got up to help. Word of Huysman's "fits" had gone round the studio.

Sandra stood over him, shouting, "It's not gonna work, you bastard! Stop acting like an infant! You—" She lost her voice to sobs, and threw his Styrofoam coffee cup at him. The dark liquid splashed over his middle like a bloodstain.

Huysman stood in a place that was dark except for one harshly bright light in the center of a metal-raftered ceiling. He leaned against a concrete wall. He closed his eyes. *Make it gone*, he prayed. Eyes closed, eyes opened—it made no difference.

He turned to face the figure silhouetted by the glare of the bulb. He looked down to see the gun in the soft white hand... A big nickel-plated .357 Magnum.

Sandra hunched over Huysman, whispering in his ear, as the crowd gathered around them, arguing about what to do. "Should we call an ambulance?" Someone said, "Maybe this time it's his heart—"

"No, I'm a doctor," Straker lied. "I'll take care of him." He knelt down to hear what Sandra Huysman was saying. "I know who it is shooting you in your dream, Reggie," she murmured. "It's me. I'm gonna kill you."

The hand holding the gun came into sharper focus this time.

He could see a wedding ring on one of the fingers below the trigger guard, a ring he'd bought and paid for eleven years before.

"Sandy..." he whispered, "The gunsh—"

He was slammed against the concrete wall, pitched forward, smashed back by another bullet, and another, another...

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his whole being exploding outward from the middle, broken open, splashed . . . And this time he felt the pain coming, bearing down on him like an express train . . .

"I see it differently now, Straker," Huysman said thickly, trying to sit up in the bed. "It's a premonition—that's what it is."

"I'm not sure of that, Huysman. I confess to being a little worried, though. I think your wife would like you to think it's a premonition. She knows you're vulnerable now."

Huysman rubbed his forehead. "Gotta bastarduva headache. Get me . . . get me, uh, Beta-endorphin. It's in the medicine cabinet. Down the hall to the right."

Straker stood and nodded. "OK. But listen—maybe we should get you into a hospital, after all. I'm not so sure your doctor did you a favor, having you brought here. He's right—it's nervous collapse, not a stroke or something. But I think you should be in the hospital—and I don't mean an asylum—for observation."

"What the fuck for?"

"Because, my friend, I'm afraid you're going to hurt yourself. The timing and sequence of your visions make that clear to me. You see, you've got a festering guilt complex over the women you've hurt. All of them. And to make it worse, you're making your wife miserable by ignoring her, even now. She's still emotionally fixated on you, no matter what she says. You sense that. You sense you've hurt her. You're punishing yourself with this vivid vision of your own assassination. What's more, your guilt over

THE GUNSHOT

Sandra raised the .357 Magnum. "Now you'll feel the bullets, Reggie," she said, almost lovingly.

your lovers is linked to another festering complex about TV violence. No one can be accused as often as you have been and remain totally inviolable. The two complexes simply reinforce one another. You've directed your own waking nightmare. We can wean you from it by bringing you to a gradual confrontation with your guilt feelings—Huysman, are you listening?" For the first time, Straker's manner was forceful, commanding.

Huysman flinched. He sat in his underclothes, the bedspread thrown back, his head in his hands, shoulders shaking. "I dunno," he said weakly. "I can't think now. My head hurts too much. I dunno what you're talking about, Straker. She's going to kill me. It's a premonition . . ."

"Huysman, listen to me. Investigative Therapy has found evidence that a great many physical diseases are caused by a kind of psychic urge to self-destruct. A cellular despair. Cancer, particularly, shows up more in emotionally disturbed people than anyone else . . . There's a malady called cynophobia, which produces the symptoms

of rabies up to a certain point and is caused by the *fear* that you're going to have rabies. The patient becomes very sick, even dies, because of his pathological fear of rabies, though he doesn't really have it at all. Your body responds to your mind *that* thoroughly. Hypnotists can make their subjects stop and start the bleeding from a small cut when in a trance—"

"For God's sake, get my pain pills!"

"All right. But you've got to stop believing this assassination scene of yours is real or, somehow—maybe a tumor, maybe a stroke—you'll live out a self-fulfilling prophecy and make yourself sick from it."

Straker left the bedroom, hurried down the hall to the bathroom, fumbled through the medicine cabinet. "Why am I hurrying?" he thought. "Why am I so afraid to leave Huysman alone?" He found the bottle marked BETA-ENDORPHIN, and hurried back to the bedroom. It was empty.

The covers were thrown back, the sheets still warm. Still clutching the bottle, Straker moved to the hallway and called uncertainly, "Huysman?"

He heard a sound from the direction of the garage.

It was empty except for a set of rusty barbells, a gasoline can, a workbench holding a few power drills that were collecting dust—and Mr. and Mrs. Huysman.

"That's right," Sandra was saying, "up against that wall. Now turn around to face me . . ."

Shaking, white, mouth hanging slack, Huysman obeyed her.

She wore the same dark suit. In her right hand was a large, nickel-plated .357 Magnum revolver.

The only illumination came from a single bright, white light bulb in the center of the garage, just behind her head.

She raised the gun. "Now you'll feel the bullets, Reggie," she said, almost lovingly.

Straker started toward her, opening his mouth to shout at Huysman.

She pulled the trigger. Huysman screamed. She squeezed the trigger three times more, and he collapsed in a welter of blood.

The blood from his burst stomach splashed Mrs. Huysman's pants. She stood with the gun hanging in her limp right hand beside her thigh and stared numbly down on him, an enigmatic smile flickering across her lips.

Straker took the gun from her hand. He was shaking himself. *So shaken up, I didn't hear the shots?* He looked at Huysman.

Huysman was quite dead, sprawled on the dusty floor with his head propped against the concrete wall. His eyes were open, locked on the spot where the gun had been when she'd pulled the trigger. His abdomen had been ripped open. From the inside.

Straker opened the gun. Nothing . . . no cartridges, no shells.

Empty.



SUSAN SAINT JAMES

(Continued from page 91)

Outlaw Blues, where I took off my shirt from a distance. It just showed my back, but it was exciting to do. If I'd done *Diary of a Mad Housewife*, which I was screen-tested for, I would have done nude scenes. Now I'd have to have the right feeling. I'm not against it. I'm not for it. I love seeing nude scenes. They're kind of exciting to watch. Dunno. It'd have to be a pretty hip director to want to see me topless, 'cause I'm not real exciting topless. I have a sultriness to my manner and voice, but not to my figure.

OUI: Have you ever fallen in love with your leading men?

SAINT JAMES: You are very vulnerable while you're filming. Say you get a crush on your leading man and you fall into a situation of tremendous affection. Then the film's over. Say you even decide to stay together a little longer after the film. Then one of you gets a job, and it's over. Really, the romance lasts until one or the other of you gets the next job. I used to live with that guilt—I'd fall in love with all the people I worked with, and then I'd say goodbye when the film was over and never see them again. You have to know that's going on. It's like the carnival, Peter Fonda used to say. You set up the tent, everybody's in love. Oompah-oompah! The tent goes down, and everybody goes home. It didn't mean you weren't in love. But it's over.

OUI: So with *Love at First Bite*...

SAINT JAMES: I flew off with George Hamilton at the end of the picture. We went to France together.

OUI: Literally?

SAINT JAMES: Yep. We took a plane and went to France. We stayed over there until it kind of wore off. I didn't have a boyfriend at the time, and he invited me. It was just an extension of what affection we had while doing the film—a very nice one.

OUI: *Love at First Bite* is a romantic and funny movie.

SAINT JAMES: It is. But it looked to me like a big flop. Then it hit. It's going to clear \$60 million when it's all done.

OUI: And you were paid, we hear, \$85,000?

SAINT JAMES: Probably—or less. Something like that. And no points.

OUI: Your last movie, *How to Beat the High Cost of Living*, is about three women teaming up to rob a shopping center. Is there an explanation for why that movie plus your two earlier ones—*Outlaw Blues* and *Love at First Bite*—are all about social misfits?

SAINT JAMES: I must look like a moll or something.

OUI: You seem to be a mass of activity. Very animated.

SAINT JAMES: Yeah, people see me as animated. Positive. I'm not negative. I don't come in and go, "Aw, fuck you." I don't think that way. I mean, I'm ready. ■

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(Continued from page 53)

you not. This is a superheavy, extremely sweet product of Norway that comes in a very stubby little green bottle. Think of brewed pastry. Bok tastes like it was made in a molasses factory. A single small glass at a time should be enough, thank you. Great with ice cream.

FISCHER BEERS OF ALSACE DDD

France got Alsace back from the Germans as a prize after World War One. In fact, French politicians to this day celebrate when they gather at their favorite Left Bank hangout, Brasserie Lipp, for kraut, wurst and a glass of Strasbourg beer. Fischer, "La Belle Strasbourgeoise," shows why the French are still celebrating six decades after the Guns of August smoked their last. These suds are as far from sweet English beer as Watneys is from grape Nehi. However, a palate trained on dry American lager like Budweiser will appreciate the slightly acidic hop sharpness and totally dry finish. The label shows a picture of a somewhat frumpy 18th-Century Strasbourg housewife holding a ridiculous spaniel, but don't be fooled: The taste inside possesses the class of Catherine Deneuve. *Vraiment du gas!*

UNION EXPORT BIER DD

Yugoslav Union Export would win our unqualified endorsement except for three

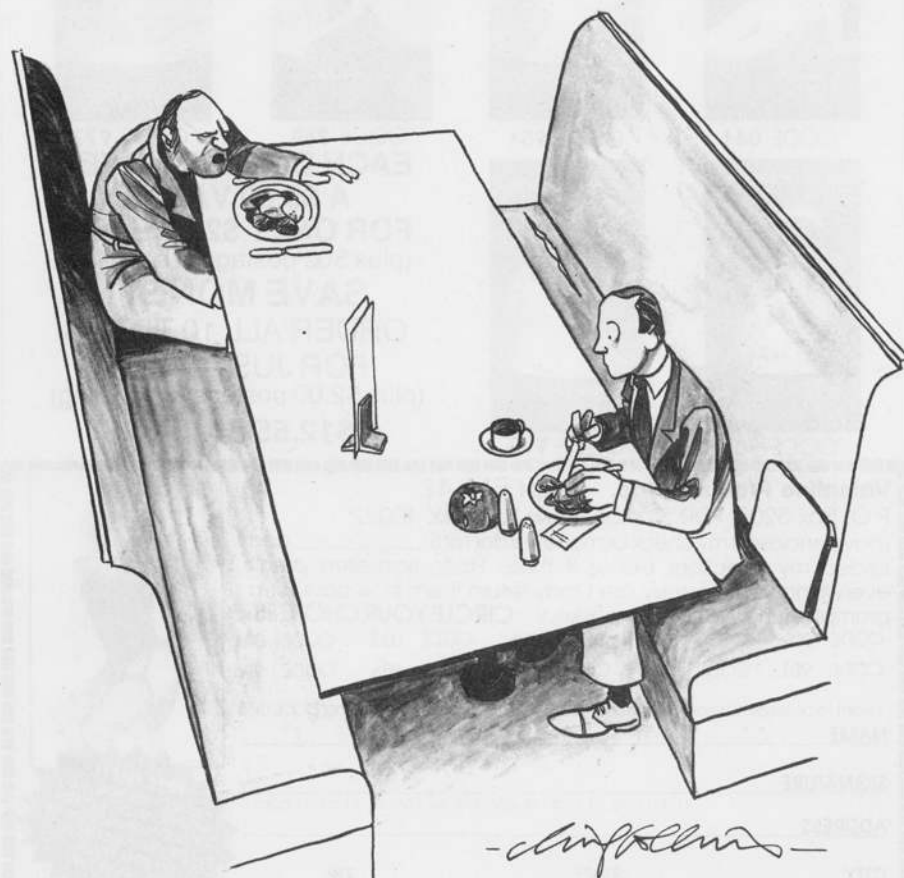
BEST OF THE BREWED

**Molson Golden's
gingery bouquet, solid
head, tang and
flavor make it a bear
among beers.**

things: One, it comes in this homely little green bottle. Two, it's a Commie brew. And three, it doesn't wear as well as it could. Nevertheless, this stuff is pure perfume for the palate. Union Export is delicate, light without being lightweight; a real pleasure to imbibe. Great for John Reed Memorial Night at your local Kiwanis club.

PILSNER URQUELL DD

Damn. Another Red stunner, this one from the Czechs. One reason they're meeting production quotas at the Skoda Works arms factory these days may, in fact, be Urquell, the only Pilsner that's really from Pilsen. It's totally unlike all those blonde, vanilla Dutch and Danish imitations, not to mention their American counterparts. On the contrary, this Czechoslovakian original packs a sweet and bitter double-whammy. And too much of it in one night can give you the free world's largest hangover.



"There is a gun pointed under this table directly at you. Now... very s-l-o-w-l-y pass the salt..."

HEINEKEN DD

Now, now—we know Heineken is not all that adventurous. But it is a lovely beverage, to be sure. Besides, the Dutch import paved the way for all the others, largely because it so closely resembles archetypal American lagers in texture and taste. Heineken really helped form our budding thirst for overseas beers and should get high marks for that alone. Only a slightly metallic finish makes it less than the "perfect lager," as it has been described elsewhere.

ORANJEBOOM DD

The Rotterdam Dutch are responsible for this suave, silky pale beer that most Americans usually overlook in favor of Heineken. In fact, we too were guilty of this oversight until our connection sent us an entire case of the stuff last Christmas. "This stuff is a real sleeper," his note said. He was right on the mark. One caveat: Oranjeboom's almost ghostly acidic aftertaste takes a *leedle* gettin' used to.

DOWN UNDER

In just the last few years, a bevy of superb lagers, ales and stouts from Australia and New Zealand have made a tremendous smash in Oregon, Washington and California. These state-of-the-art beers are so adaptable to American tastes that some may actually rival the giants like Miller's and Coors within the decade. By the way, folks Down Under love their own beers so much that they consume almost a quart a day per capita. Here's a sampling of several of their best:

LEOPARD DELUXE LAGER DD

A New Zealand thirst killer without equal. This is what a light beer should taste like but almost never does. It has a subtly sweet and smoky flavor. Inarguably tops. *Smooth, smooth, smooth.* Leopard could do to Miller's what Toyota did to Chrysler.

FOSTER'S LAGER DDD

This is nectar, elixir, truly magical and wonderful stuff. A fantastic all-weather, all-occasion beer. Rich, smooth and light, Foster's comes in both bottles and great, big oil-sized cans. Foster's first scored big in Hawaii in a market dominated by the legendary Primo. Soon after, it was featured at New York's own legendary Bells of Hell Bar. The rest is history—and "ripper" drinking.

TOOTH'S SHEAF STOUT DDD

A triumph for the Aussies—and among the world's best—Tooth's is a big-bore male-chauvinist stout without the familiar British candy aftertaste. We detected no hint of added caramel in the malt-sugar aroma rising from Tooth's dense head. At first taste, Tooth's seems almost yeasty, which is a minor miracle in view of American pasteurization laws. Tooth's packs a strong aftertaste with equal parts of sweetness and tart

hops. Thus, all senses are sated. Powerful and solid, this stuff is *food*, mate.

THE FAR EAST

Pretty slim pickings, actually. We've selected just four from this vast watery hunk of the globe. The reason? Our Oriental friends still have a lot to learn from their Australian neighbors about beer making. They're taking some fast strides, however. Witness:

ASAHI DD

Ever hanker for a really macho, really manly glass of Japanese beer? Then hook on to some Asahi lager and get a load of that bottle—the great big rising sun on both cap and label is hard to beat for looks alone. Tokyo's Asahi brewers have been in business since the last great heydays of the Emperor, and they know what they're doing. Asahi is smooth, just ever-so-slightly sweet, but backed with a terrific little kick. Curiously, though, Asahi tastes somewhat over-ripe, like an American beer that's been left in the bottle too long.

KIRIN DD

There's a familiar news clip from Japan that shows Kirin being poured down the throat of an uncomplaining steer—the famous beer-fattened Kobe beef. That led us to wry thoughts when a number of our San Francisco buddies began assuring us that this was Nippon's best brew—far superior to familiar old Asahi, they claimed. But the stampede to Kirin is more likely a symptom of the growing preference for sharper, hop-pier light lagers. Kirin has much more initial bite and less "Germanic" mellowness than Asahi, though both share the dry finish typical of rice-augmented beers, a quality common to Mexican and Japanese beers.

SHANGHAI DD

Shanghai beer is a running dog's delight, brewed and bottled in the People's Republic of China. And talk about wallop! The Communist Chinese are miles ahead of us when it comes to brewing punch-out lager. Forget whatever Harry Bridges and Henry Kissinger and all those other weak-kneed do-gooders tell you: These people are dangerous. Shanghai lures the unsuspecting Westerner through a nose of familiar heavy lager aroma, only to slip him a seaweed Mickey with the first real sip. Witness the faint medicinal tang of iodine and salt, the sharp overtones of fermented rice and a kick from the East like Philbrick never dreamed of. Subversive, indeed.

SAN MIGUEL DARK DDD

The toast of the Filipino multitudes. This rugged, high-zap, fully carbonated refreshment has proved a big hit in the States of late, especially in Hawaii and the Northwest, where San Miguel is now the well-respected repast of thousands of trendy rich guys and Dewar's types.

NORTH AND SOUTH OF THE BORDER

Canadian and Mexican beers have always been popular along the border states. What's more, breweries in both countries are currently blitzing the States with new beers and high-powered advertising—especially the giant Mexican firms Cerveceria Moctezuma and Cerveceria Cuauhtémoc. But we were picky, picky, picky in our selections, choosing only two Canadian beers and one primo Mexican. As for the swill brewed farther south (e.g., Argentina and Brazil), if anyone can tell us about a brand that's any better as a beer than Nixon was as President, we'd sure appreciate it.

MOOSEHEAD CANADIAN LAGER DD

Moosehead is a nice beer, a convivial beer, a snappy beer that's just a little tangy by American standards. It is the kind of beer that wears very well. The fact is, our esteemed panel of judges agreed to a man that we wouldn't mind just sitting around drinking this Canadian creation all afternoon and deep, deep, deep into the evening.

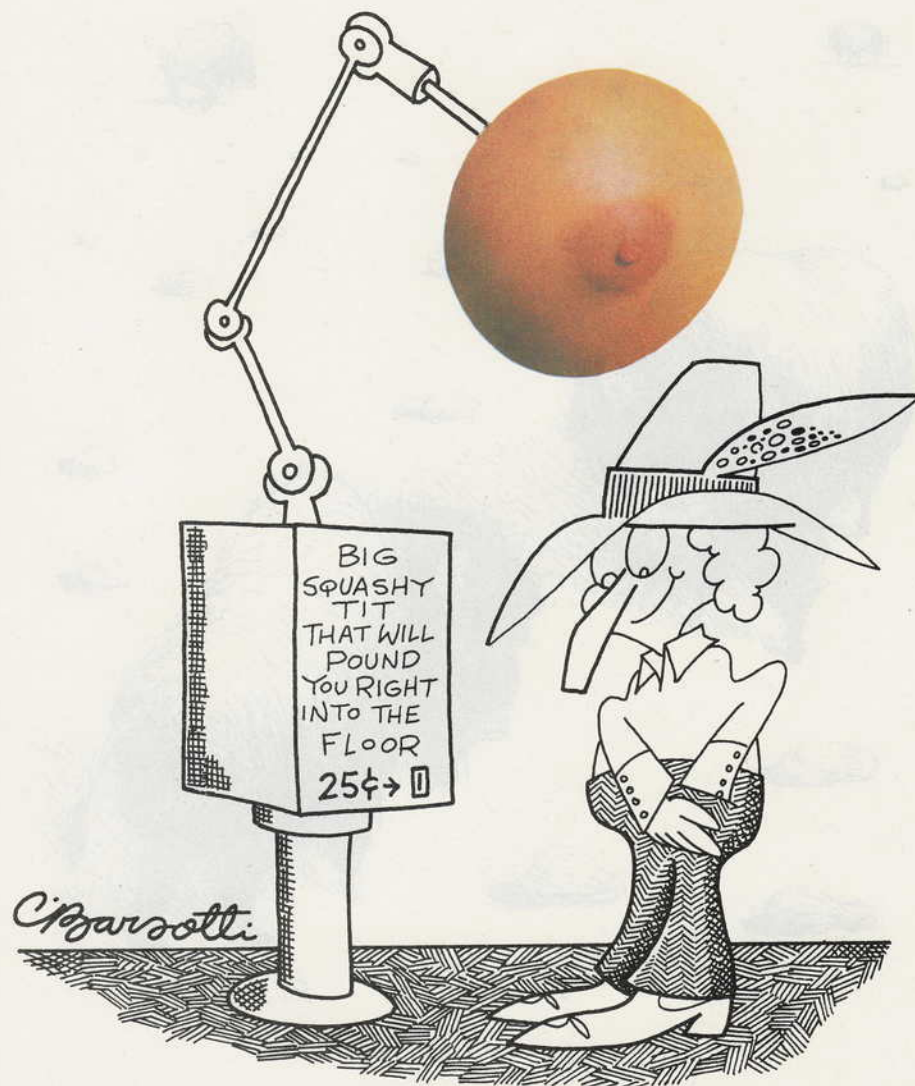
Moosehead is generously carbonated, and if you put your nose a foot above the glass after you've poured some, by God, you can smell the stuff as easily as you can taste it.

MOLSON GOLDEN DDD

An organic beer, if you will. Molson Golden (not to be confused with Molson Ale, the largest-selling ale in North America) is brewed with hops raised sans chemical fungicides and pesticides. Alive with natural carbonation, Golden is aged to perfection in storage vaults that are now close to 200 years old. Molson is especially popular in the North Central United States, where its gingery bouquet, solid head, tang and flavor make it a bear among beers.

TRES EQUIS DD

In our opinion, this highly underrated beer is far superior to the much more popular Dos Equis and Carta Blanca. Tres Equis (which comes in the most beautiful can in the world, by the way) has a smoothness and a richness lacking in many of its more ragged, metallic Mexican counterparts. It's similar to a very good American beer with a little extra edge. ■



(Continued from page 49)

hair, black hair, soft hair. These same men most frequently disdain bushy and coarse hair. "Pubic escutcheons vary widely," claimed a representative of the 80 percent who detect great distinctions in smell, clitoral size, vagina size, taste, shape, amount of hair, moistness, texture, tightness and sensitivity. Another said, "Sometimes my tongue feels longer," while one poetic soul maintained that "pussies are as different as snowflakes"—though, presumably, not as cold. Shaven genitalia earn nearly unanimous approval of the 40 percent who have tasted it: "Delicious when just shaven—like a baby's ass."

While many dream about eating out current ladies, co-workers, relatives and friends, others drool over notables such as Linda Ronstadt, Loni Anderson, Bo Derek, Dolly Parton, Jaclyn Smith, Lee Remick, Katharine Ross, Lauren Hutton, Miss Piggy, models for Underalls, Phyllis

CUNNILINGUS

"Oral sex has gone from bad magic to an obligatory sign of sexual turned-on-ness in ten years flat."

Diller and Carol Bayer Sager. These occasionally tongue-in-cheek reports sound almost modest compared to one fantasy reported in the "Oral Sex" chapter of Nancy Friday's *Men in Love*. The subject dreams of sucking off the Immaculata College women's basketball team, a bridge club, a bridal shower and a Tupperware party.

Regarding male fantasies, Friday was gratified to discover that men do dream about cunnilingus: "I love these fantasies.

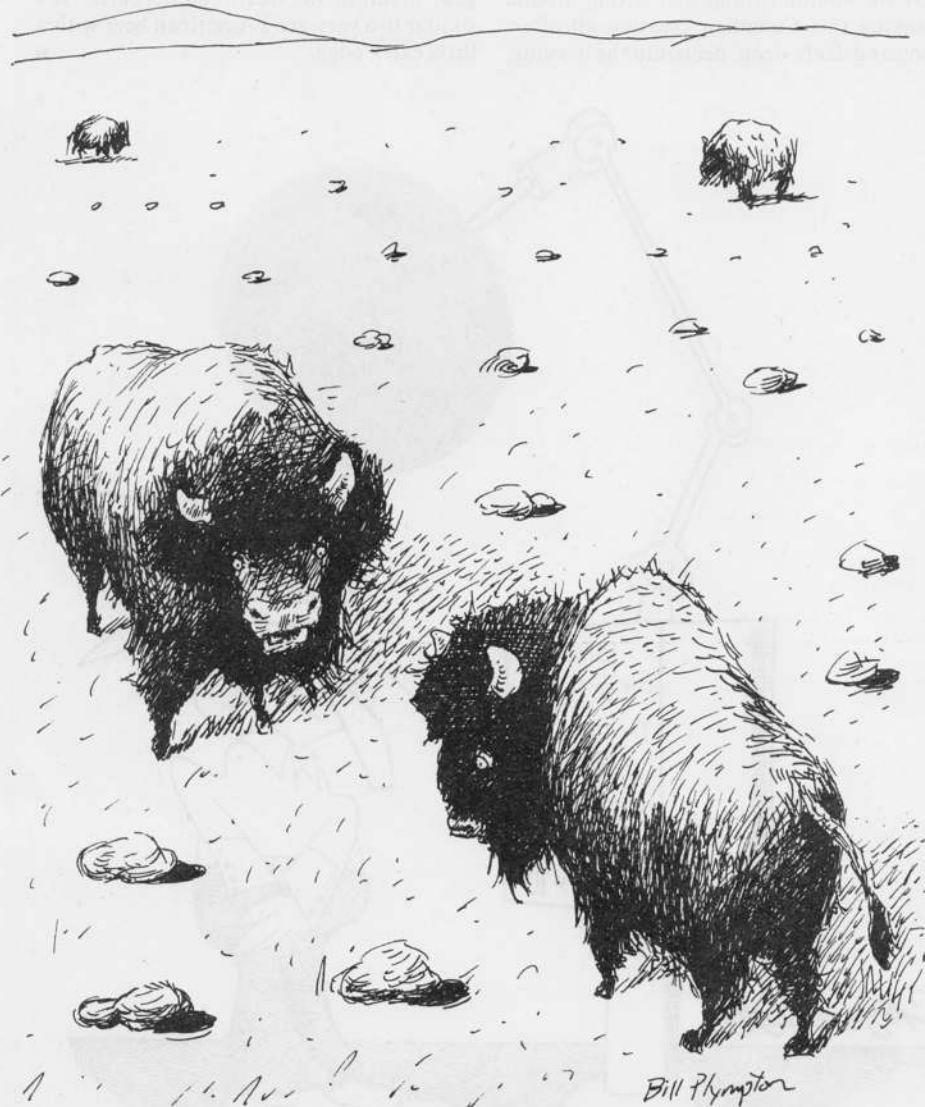
They fill me with hope." She also posits a few theories to account for its appeal: "Perhaps there is an undying, unconscious memory of the pleasure baby boys and girls once found in a woman's body that accounts for this universal and almost guilt-free desire. There is something about the female shape, muscle tone, skin sensation, odor and feel that speaks to the primitive memories of both sexes. It is relevant, I think, to remember that some of the first pleasures we found in mother's body were taken through the mouth . . .

"Right along with these regained joys of infancy, equal and opposite grown-up pleasures of power and control arise. For a man who has never seen his wife 'out of control,' how thrilling it must be to see her lose her inhibitions and become abandoned, an animal, just like him. Cunnilingus gives him this power . . . A man may have chosen his wife because she was a nice girl, like mom; but the almost never-fail magic of oral sex cracks through this unerotic facade and reveals his wife to be the sexy bad girl he has dreamed of all along . . . The thrill of oral sex is that it resolves the masculine conflict, fusing both the good and the bad girl into one figure. And she is in bed with him!"

While Friday makes a rather sententiously extravagant case for the miracle of cunnilingus, the men of our sample like it for two simple reasons. Half say the best thing about pussy eating is what it does for their partners; the other half say the best thing is what it does for them. The benevolent element cites "my lover's enjoyment," "getting her off," "satisfying my partner" and "the enjoyment it brings a woman when I'm so intimate with her genitals." The self-satisfying remainder appreciate "the enhanced quality of intimacy," "the excitement I get from tasting her sweet juices and having my tongue in and all over her pussy" and "the teasing, the foreplay, the sounds, the spasms—also the control."

In 1973, Alex Comfort wrote, "Oral sex has come from bad magic to an obligatory sign of sexual turned-on-ness in ten years flat. . . . All women who have ever experienced good genital kisses will come to expect them; many who haven't would like them; and reading and franker discussion about sex will equalize the situation in which males have done the demanding until recently."

Although many of us mask our discomfort about cunnilingus with facetiousness, bravado or subtle doses of misogyny, our evidence indicates that those "Comforting" predictions have already come to pass. Women have demanded that men incorporate cunnilingus into their erotic repertoires . . . and most of us have whole-heartedly agreed. Perhaps our survey concludes that centuries of religious prohibition and bad raps about the female body have at last been supplanted by a new era of sexual rationality. Or we could say that now we have finally started to use our heads. ■



"Well, I say, let the chips fall where they may."

SPEAK EASY LETTERS

(Continued from page 36)

ing each other's bodies out, and the more we drank, the more we touched and kissed. Meanwhile, families were moving into our area and setting up camp. We didn't care, though. As I ran my hand through her sun-warmed hair and softly kissed her shoulders and neck, I could feel myself getting more and more aroused. I finally suggested that we cool off in the lake. We slipped into the cold water, which was being whipped up by the wind. Many people think that Tahoe never has any waves, but that day there were some sizable swells.

When we were about neck-deep, we started kissing again. Diane's hair was flowing around her shoulders. She wrapped her legs around my waist and started gently rubbing against me. I guess the wine had taken its toll, because before we knew it, our suits were off and we were making love right there in the water, even though by now there must have been over 300 people on the beach.

The wind picked up steadily and so did the swells. Soon they were breaking over Diane's head. There I was, making it with this succulent blonde in front of God knows how many families and kids, all the while jumping up and down, trying to keep our heads above the water of each incoming swell.

I can tell you we got some pretty odd stares and some assorted snickers as we came out of the water but, by that time, we were both too satisfied with ourselves to care what anybody thought.

MICHAEL T.
Reno, Nevada

I'm 42 and a Scorpio, which is the sexiest sign in the zodiac and a water sign to boot. I love anything having to do with sex and water. There's nothing more romantic than making love in front of a roaring fireplace while it's pouring rain outside—that really makes the juices flow. Another wonderful place to make love is in a secluded lake. I've yet to meet a woman who doesn't like to have that "little man in the boat" rocked like crazy.

A.C.D.
Cincinnati, Ohio

Most of my sexual encounters have been pretty tame. One, however, stands out very clearly in my mind. It happened when I was living in Hawaii. My ex-boyfriend and I were sitting in our apartment with two friends who were visiting from the Mainland. We'd finished a nice dinner and were relaxing over a few drinks. The balmy air and a beautiful full moon lured us outside, so we decided to take a walk on the beach.

The stretch of sand bordering the Halekulani Hotel was unusually deserted for such a romantic night. Without a word, the

four of us undressed and slipped into the warm, gentle surf. My boyfriend and I started playing around with each other under the water, and we soon lost track of the other couple. Unfortunately, sea water has a tendency to wash away a woman's natural lubrication, but I was so excited by this new experience that it didn't bother me in the slightest.

I loved the feeling of making love while being totally weightless in the water. I remember looking at the moon and thinking about becoming an astronaut just so I could experience making love in the weightlessness of space.

KATE M.
San Francisco, California

The only experience I've ever had with sex and water happened right in my own home. I had asked one of my lady friends over for dinner and, afterward, we sat in the front room talking about sex and crime—I'm a security officer, so it was a natural topic.

About half an hour had passed when my friend said she would like to take a bath. A few minutes later, I followed her into the bathroom. She was splashing and soaping herself and talking about things like the weather the whole time. Finally, I couldn't stand it any longer. There's just something about seeing slithering wet skin that is incredibly sexy. Anyway, I soon shed my clothes and hopped into the tub. We had great fun sliding around. We then got out and dried each other off. Well, one thing led to another, and soon we were going down on one another. It's so much nicer when you know you're both clean. I think that taking a bath together is a great way to begin any sexual experience.

JIM D.
Hoffman Estates, Illinois

A lot of people don't realize that women can be as crazy about sailing as men are. That's certainly true for me; I've been a sailor most of my life. Last summer, I went to work in a sail loft. One of the guys there was a classic beach-boy type—blond with blue eyes that you could look into forever. During the first few days, we exchanged several meaningful glances and then he finally invited me out for a sail on his high-performance dinghy. I felt confident in my sailing ability because of my vast experience and my strength.

We went out on a perfect day. It was sunny and the wind was blowing at 15 knots. We just lazed around on easy reaches for a while, and I was getting turned on by the hot sun and the sound of waves lapping against the boat. My friend picked up on it. Those reaches slowly turned into beats as he tacked the boat through the water time and again. Each time I had to unhook my tra-

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SPEAK EASY LETTERS

peze harness, straddle the centerboard trunk, pull the jib to the other side of the boat, swing out on the other side and then rehook my harness. Every time the soft Dacron lines touched my legs, it felt like an electric shock.

Finally, my beach boy realized I couldn't take it anymore. The fact that my nipples were hard as stone may have had something to do with it. Anyway, he stopped the boat in mid-tack, threw the sheets to the wind and stripped off my harness and bikini bottoms in one motion. His head snaked between my legs as I stood in the center of the boat with the sails flapping in the wind. When I was ready to come, he pulled me down on top of him for a ship-shaking orgasm. When we looked up, our boat was sailing backward up the Severn River to the applause of the U.S. Naval Academy.

J.T.

Baltimore, Maryland

FRESH-AIR FIEND

Making love outdoors is best when it's night and there's a full moon. For some reason, moonlight turns me into a real animal—perhaps I'm half werewolf. The best moonlit sex I ever had occurred not long ago. It was a hot summer night, and I was in a bar with some of my friends drinking cold beer.

My girlfriend, Betty, came in around nine o'clock, and she and I retreated to a back booth. We started drinking brandy and soda instead of beer. We were getting pretty high, or at least I was, and I wanted to just sit there until last call. But all Betty had on her mind was sex. She kept nagging me, asking when we were going home—to bed. Finally, I gave in to her, telling her I'd go as long as she drove. Actually, I was in no shape to drive. She said she didn't mind driving, so I wobbled, with her assistance, out to her MG. It didn't seem to take her long to drive us to my house. But when we got there, cars were parked all over the place, and we could hear people inside playing the stereo loudly. Then I remembered that my roommate was having a party.

Betty wasn't about to give up. She parked in the driveway behind somebody's car, then she went and got some pillows from the lawn furniture and made a sort of bed between her MG and the car in front of it. I sat on the driveway watching her do all of this, and then, as she took off her clothes, I felt myself getting really turned on—despite the beer, despite the brandy. In the moonlight, her body looked luminous, like shining white marble. I could see her wetting her lips with her tongue, running her hands over her breasts and pinching her nipples. I managed to undress myself, then I joined her on the pillows. The combination of the light, the warm, soft air and her silky, hot body turned me on more than anything else

before or since. Making love outside forces you to be aware of your oneness with nature and, consequently, more aware of your own body. And the moonlight, well, that turns all the rest into magic.

CHARLES T.

Baltimore, Maryland

SUREFIRE PICKUP

I'm a 19-year-old gas-station attendant, and I have my own surefire formula for picking up ladies. First, I look for pickups at parties, never bars. Second, I always offer a lady some dope. If she takes me up on it, I turn her on to some weed or coke. Third, I ask her age. If she's over 18, I'm satisfied that all is cool. Fourth, I find out if she's a virgin. Virgins are definitely out. Fifth, if everything is looking good up to this point, I ask the lady if she wants to go for a ride. If she says yes, we take a ride in the car, anywhere she wants to go, then we end up at my place and in my bed. This method is guaranteed to pay off.

JOHN J.

Springfield, Illinois

If you want to pick up a woman, entertain her. I'm a television director and, believe me, I'm around a lot of witty, good-looking women. Through experience I've learned that if you can make this kind of woman laugh, you can get her to do anything.

I usually pick up women that I meet at work. When I spot an interesting lady, I wander over to where she's sitting or standing and I start joking around. Funny, light remarks aren't threatening; they relax the woman. Then when she's at ease, I say something seductive: "Would you like to go out for a long, cool drink?" or "Would you like to come over and relax at my place?" If she says yes, then I entertain her some more, mixing the jokes with sincere conversation.

This approach (which, incidentally, I developed as a result of listening to women's discussions on men) has quite a few advantages. For one thing, you never insult her and, for another, she can back out gracefully. If she isn't into you, she can let you know it as subtly as you're letting her know you want her. But, usually, the woman who receives this kind of consideration doesn't say no, and a laugh at the office frequently evolves later into a kiss good-night.

DON T.

Los Angeles, California

Whenever I want to see a new man, whether I'm interested in a long relationship or just horny, I'll walk across the campus to the library.

Once there, I always choose a table near the door. When a potentially interesting man—particularly one with nice hips and broad shoulders—walks in, I send out my

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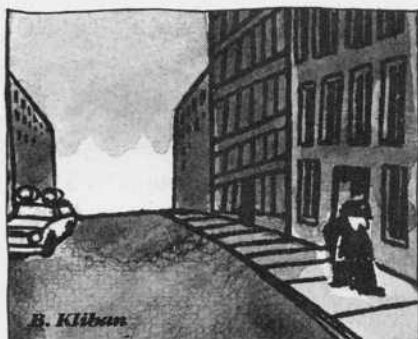
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SPEAK EASY LETTERS

vibes in his direction. More often than not, he ends up sitting near me. The rest is easy. I smile at him and ask if he knows the meaning of some long word I have picked out of the book I'm holding.

If the guy doesn't sit near me, I just figure that we're not on the same wavelength and that he wasn't right for me, anyway. I go back to watching the door for another pair of hips and shoulders.

I think my system works best at the library because it is so quiet there. The energy at bars and discos seems to jam my magnetic thoughts. Maybe librarians aren't there just for the books, after all!

ANN G.

Storrs, Vermont

My favorite technique for picking up girls is blunt. "If you can handle it, you can have it," I tell them. They either say yes or no. It's a sweet and simple approach but, since it usually works only with girls who are pretty high, I reserve another, gentler method for straighter occasions. It's simple, too. I give the girl a sincere compliment. If she has an ugly nose, I won't tell her it's beautiful, but I will, for example, say something flattering about her nice teeth. I'd never lie to a woman to get her into bed with me. The more honest the pickup technique, the better. Actually, I prefer to have women pick me up.

ED T.

Half Moon Bay, California

Even though having a pickup technique may sound kind of phony, you've got to have one if you ever want to get to know a woman. A technique doesn't necessarily mean you're trying to con somebody into bed.

There's nothing weird or fascinating about my method. I merely compliment the woman as truthfully as I can and, at the same time, I try to get to know her—what she loves, hates, does for a living, does with her spare time. After I've found out all I can, I decide whether I actually like her. If I don't, I walk away politely. I wouldn't sleep with a woman I don't like. I haven't the time to waste, and I never get drunk enough to fool myself about how I feel.

Really, all I try to do is treat women the way I want them to treat me. I see that as a humane and practical approach.

TONY B.

Staten Island, New York

The hardest part about meeting a girl anyplace—at a party, a disco or on the street—is the first words I have to say. I'm not really shy. Once I get going, the conversation flows free and easy. It is just that damned opening line that stumps me.

A good friend taught me a secret. Now, after picking out a girl, I take a moment to visualize the two of us talking—I say some-

thing to her in my imagination, and she responds. Then I take a deep breath and walk up to her. I have the feeling I already know her: The first words that come out of my mouth become a continuation of the conversation I began in my head a few moments before. What seems to happen is that the imaginary wall that always exists between strangers is removed before I even get to the girl. It works; try it and see!

C.M.

Joplin, Missouri

Here in San Francisco, there is a lot of competition among women for the few straight men in town. The best technique I've found is to team up with another girl and go to one of the hotel bars. Most men seem to like to drink with another man, and two guys are much less suspicious about being approached than a solitary drinker. Bumping into a man's chair or barstool on the way to the ladies' room is always effective. Then, on my way back to my table, I stop and apologize to the man again.

For this type of hunting, I favor a tight-fitting suit and sandals with high heels. I have good legs and like to draw attention to them. My girlfriend goes in for cocktail dresses and loads of jewelry.

One Friday night, we deliberately switched roles. My friend borrowed my tailored suit, and I wore her black-lace cocktail dress. It was too tight on me; I'm a little bustier than she is. To get into the dress, I wore a merry-widow corset—it raised my bust so high, I was more out of the dress than in it. We dropped into a busy bar near the financial district and circulated until we got a small table near the bar. The seats were low, and the guys standing around could conveniently peek into my cleavage. Our little table soon became the center of a circle of about six guys.

In the midst of it all, one of the guys was bumped from behind, and he spilled his cold martini down my dress. I jumped up, but the guy whipped out his handkerchief and began to dry my cleavage. His unexpected action surprised me and melted my anger. After he finished drying me off, he suddenly bent down and kissed my chest, then my lips. Talk about savoir-faire!

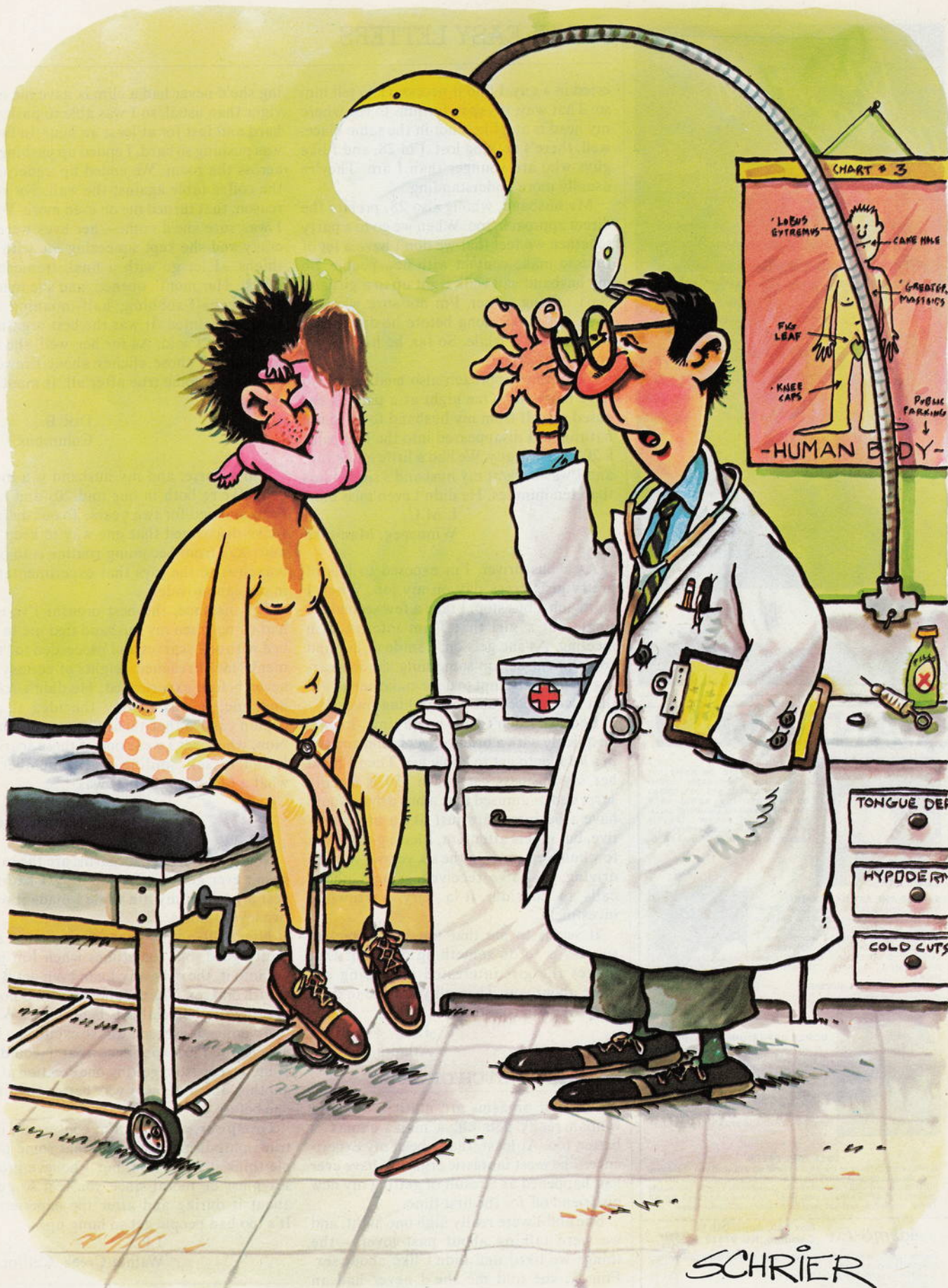
We went home together, and he was every bit as competent in bed as he was in handling an unexpected situation.

J.M.

San Francisco, California

Before I got married, I never had much of a chance to pick up men because I was always picked up first. My husband, however, insists that I picked him up the night we met.

My husband and I have an open marriage, but many guys will avoid a woman with a ring on her finger. So, if I'm inter-



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ested in a guy, I find it necessary to tell him so. That way, it's easy for him to see where my head is at. If he's not in the same place, well, there's nothing lost. I'm 28, and I like guys who are younger than I am. They're usually more understanding.

My husband, who is also 28, prefers the direct approach, too. When we go to a party together, we feel that we don't have a lot of time to make contact with new people. So my husband will walk right up to a girl and start talking to her. I'm not sure what he says, but it isn't long before he disappears with her for a while. So far, he has always come back to me.

The direct approach also enables me to have more fun. One night at a party, I excused myself from my husband to go to the bathroom. I disappeared into the john with a 20-year-old guy. We had a little quick fun, and I was back at my husband's side in less than ten minutes. He didn't even miss me.

L.M.C.

Winnepeg, Manitoba

As a bus driver, I'm exposed to lots of pretty girls every day on my job. When I approach a bus stop, I take a few seconds to single out a girl that I am interested in meeting. As she gets on, I smile at her and compliment her on something she is wearing. What I attempt to do is make her aware that I've noticed she's something special.

Because I don't have much time, I come on quickly with a brief conversation and tell her I'd like to get to know her. Then I hand her my business card. The girl is usually surprised or amused that a bus driver would have a business card just like a big executive, but it gets attention. I have given out a few hundred cards in the six years I've been driving, and I've received enough phone calls to consider it a very worthwhile investment.

It seems to me that the key to pickup success is to do something different that makes the girl interested in finding out more about you. Then all you have to do is to speak with confidence.

J.W.

Atlanta, Georgia

TOP-NOTCH ORGASMS

The best orgasms are mutual. When a woman really gets off, a man's climax is better, too. At least, that's been my experience. The most fantastic orgasm I have ever had happened as a result of getting my new girlfriend off for the first time.

She and I were really high one night, and we were talking about past lovers—the things we liked and didn't like about sex. Finally, she told me she'd never had an orgasm like the ones her friends had described to her.

"Oh yeah!" I said.

We got it on right then and there. Know-

ing she'd never had a climax gave me more vigor than usual, so I was able to push very hard and fast for at least an hour. In fact, I was pushing so hard, I ended up pushing her across the room. We ended up underneath the coffee table against the wall. For some reason, that turned me on even more. When I was sure she'd come—her eyes were all crazy and she kept squeezing me with her thighs—I let go with a final, tremendous thrust. Her mouth opened, and she made a strange half-sobbing, half-moaning cry; then she fainted. It was the best orgasm of my life, as I said. As for her, well, she told me that all those clichés about fireworks had finally come true after all. It made me feel great.

Doc B.

Columbus, Ohio

I'm a nurse, and my husband is a musician. We're both in our mid-20s and have been married for two years. To our delight, we've discovered that one way to keep our marriage from becoming routine is to open ourselves to the joys that experimentation in sex can provide.

For instance, the best orgasm I've ever had came when my husband tied me to the bed with silk scarves and proceeded to "torture" me. I reached heights of ecstasy I'd never before experienced. He didn't really hurt me; it was simply the idea that I couldn't move that turned me on so much. Now, whenever I wear one of those scarves, I find myself smiling and remembering what a terrific night that was.

SANDY G.

Boston, Massachusetts

Whoever thinks all orgasms are the same hasn't ever gotten off at an orgy. I had the best orgasm of my life while I made it with two lovely ladies.

Now, I'll admit that all orgasms are pretty good, but sometimes when I'm just not into it, the only way I can even get it up is with oral sex. The ensuing orgasm is nothing to write home about, believe me. With two women, however, I was so excited by the novelty of the experience that I couldn't seem to keep from getting one erection after another. Each orgasm was better than the one before.

Group sex, as far as I'm concerned, is a true aphrodisiac. I suppose that some people think it's perverse, but I believe group sex must be moral since you feel so good about it during and after the experience. It's too bad people get so hung up.

J.P.

Walnut Creek, California

Readers with similar experiences, or who simply want to sound off on related subjects, are encouraged to write: OUI Speak Easy, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069.

(Continued from page 92)

ified my love for performing, though. I'd have done anything to be a part of that theater—sweep the stage, anything.

OUI: The Committee was known, in the early days, for pulling some pretty outrageous pranks.

HESSEMAN: Mmmm, we enjoyed ourselves, yeah. I remember pulling up in front of a restaurant—Enrico's in San Francisco—one Sunday during the brunch hour, with a truckload of cream pies. We just opened the doors and started an immense pie fight, and everyone at the outdoor tables got involved.

OUI: And you were involved in politics?

HESSEMAN: Oh, right. In '72 we entered a candidate in the mayoral race. Out of 14 candidates, he came in thirteenth.

OUI: After the experience of working on one of the free-form, experimental theater groups in the country, how'd you make the transition to television?

HESSEMAN: Just won't let go of that one, will you?

OUI: Nope.

HESSEMAN: OK, here it is. Actors—as Dustin Hoffman said in his Academy Awards acceptance speech—actors want to act. Very few of us are fortunate enough to be able to do so with any frequency. I love to act; so if it's television, I'm not going to spend a lot of time resenting the fact that it's television. I know I can do more than Johnny Fever on *WKRP*. But in the meantime . . . listen, man, I want to work. I need to work. It's what I do. It's how I learn. Hell, there is some intelligence on the show—despite any network's seeming aversion to such things. But *WKRP* is just a television show. I'm not sure I'd feel any different doing a film or stage show. You know: Wait a minute! It's just television! It's just a movie we're making here. It's just a play. It's neither the beginning nor the end of life. It's nothing! It's everything. That ought to confuse the people in Standards and Practices. Anyhow, the exposure I've suffered as a result of *WKRP* has given me two films and more offers. It's certainly been valuable to me in that respect. TV is an eminently disposable form . . . it's gone, just like that. The real pain, though, comes from, well, here's an example. Some guy in Standards and Practices, the department that decides that the American public must be stupid, is quoted in the press as saying his job is to make sure that *nothing* that might offend *anyone* will appear in prime time. God help us.

OUI: So, you're doing something in a medium that offends you.

HESSEMAN: That's because Hugh Wilson, *WKRP*'s creator-producer, and the writing staff are the most collaborative group of writers I've encountered in TV. There's an incredible amount of give-and-take between the writers, the cast, the production staff. Hell, even the crew contributes some remarkable stuff. That's what makes it pos-

HOWARD HESSEMAN

Hopefully, I won't end up whirling around on TV in a split lamé gown, dancing to sell a band saw.

sible for me to work in television at all. Yes, the networks are afraid to take chances, thus ensuring the blandest, most common approach to everything. But we take it, and we do our best to make it work . . . not so successfully sometimes, but I'm still trying in spite of the limitations. Besides, I'm living out my life in a *nation* that offends me, not to mention the offense it delivers to the rest of the planet.

OUI: And you try to find within that context a way to make it work for you?

HESSEMAN: True. I'm just trying to make my life *here* work for me, like the guy at a Ford Motor Company plant who tightens bolts. And it doesn't all offend me. I don't

know how I rationalize it. Sometimes I can't. Sometimes I am profoundly unhappy with it all. On the other hand, I can't imagine having been cast in the role I did for John Schlesinger's *Honky Tonk Freeway* without the notoriety that *WKRP* has provided me.

OUI: You have star billing in that film?

HESSEMAN: I'm not fond of that word.

OUI: *Star*?

HESSEMAN: No, *billing*.

OUI: What is the film like?

HESSEMAN: Best you go see it, because I don't want to get into a P.R. rap.

OUI: I take it this is a big-budget film?

HESSEMAN: Yeah. I suspect that the budget is well in excess of one hundred thousand dollars.

OUI: And are there more films coming up for you?

HESSEMAN: Hopefully, I won't end up whirling around on TV in a split lamé gown, dancing to sell a band saw. Hopefully, I'll go on satirizing myself into being myself. Maybe I'll learn how to do the most honest thing I can do in an interview.

OUI: What's that?

HESSEMAN: Shut up. ■



(Continued from page 107)

Now you have some basic protection. Next you should salt some cash away. Krause suggests an amount equal to six months of your income. Carter says two months is enough for a young single man. Both agree that it should be put somewhere that offers maximum interest and instant access. A passbook account (not a time certificate) at a savings and loan is smart. Savings and loans pay .25 percent more interest than commercial-bank passbook accounts. Your credit union may offer higher interest on savings, so use it if you've got one. Forget money-market mutual funds. They might pay higher interest, but most require \$500 to get in, and it takes a week or more to get your money back when you cash out. Your savings is emergency, not investment, money, and you want to be able to get to it fast.

START SMALL AND DIVERSIFY

Now you're ready to invest. Each planner has his own thoughts on how you should take the plunge, but most recommend starting with stocks. Carter likes to put his young clients in a mutual fund in which a professional money manager shepherds a portfolio of stocks; as the fund gets fatter, so does the value of your shares.

He recommends Templeton Growth Fund, Inc., Templeton World Fund, Inc., and Pioneer II Fund, Inc., all of which invest only in growth stocks and have had a good track record. Carter likes to put most first-time investors into Fidelity Destiny Fund, which has a high front-end load. That means most of the portfolio-management fees are paid out of your first-year investment returns, and you are forced to stick it out to get maximum return on your dollars. "This really forces a person to save systematically, whether it's twenty-five or two hundred dollars a month," says Carter. "This is a good way to build that discipline."

Krause, on the other hand, recommends investing in stocks of smaller-growth companies like electronics, computers, telecommunications and defense industries. (The U.S. has stepped up its rearmament effort, and these companies will profit.) He cannot recommend specific stocks, but he advises that you not invest anything less than \$1000 or your money could be eaten up in brokerage commissions. And if the stock spurts, don't trade tomorrow. You're holding for long term, not a quick buck.

Don't sink all your investment dollars into stocks, Krause warns. "Diversify, diversify, diversify." You might put some of your initial investment dollars into foreign currency such as Swiss francs or German deutschmarks, but avoid the volatile Japanese yen. Or buy one gold coin a year. And hold on to it. "You can't try to second-guess these investments or the markets, so that's why it's wise to diversify," Krause contends. "The Soviet invasion of Afghanistan shot up the price of gold and hurt the dollar, and

MONEY

"To my way of thinking, financial planning is the only way for the little guy to make anything today."

who knew that was going to happen? You've got to be prepared."

Another alternative investment planners are recommending to young people is oil and gas-income funds. Carter says the professional planner will know which funds are solid investments and good performers and which are risky hustles. The term for this detective work is "due diligence," and you don't pay extra for it. Again, planners with established practices are reluctant to take a flyer with your money. They have too much to lose: their clients and their reputation. Carter recommends putting \$2500 into Petro-Lewis Oil and Gas Income Fund. The dividends can be automatically reinvested, and the return on the money has averaged 10-18 percent in recent years—part of which is tax-free due to the oil-depletion allowance.

Watch out, though, for investment buzz words like *depletion allowance*, and make sure you fully understand what you're buying. Find out whether it's a fund or a stock. If you're not in the 50 percent tax bracket and a planner starts to rhapsodize about the miracles of tax-sheltered investments, it's a tipoff to a ripoff. You want to build your nest egg with some safety, not shelter it with risky schemes.

A soundly structured real-estate limited partnership can be a good way to cash in on the growth in real estate without having to come up with a bundle of money. Again, warns Carter, stick with syndications that have proven track records, like Consolidated Capital, Inc., in San Mateo, California, or National Property Investors, Inc., in Inglewood, California. These syndications pool your money with cash from their other investors and buy big garden apartments in fast-growing parts of the country. You often get a monthly return. Meanwhile, the investment grows as the property appreciates and your equity builds up. When the apartment is sold, your share of the profits is treated as a capital gain and is taxed at a lower rate than ordinary income. This isn't a shaky tax-shelter strategy, either; it's a legitimate tax break.

No one financial plan works for everyone. Each planner has his favorite techniques for building your net worth. Carter is high on gold, silver, rubies and diamonds and has spent 130 hours researching the latter. "It took me fifty hours just to be convinced that they're a good investment." But you have to be willing to hold on to them for five to

seven years.

Krause, who likes oil and income funds such as Damson Oil and Gas Income Fund, which has been providing a 14-16 percent return, steers clients away from rare coins, artwork, diamonds and antiques. "It is too hard to resell them, and you never know if you're dealing with a reputable person when you buy."

After building a small stock portfolio, Krause says the young man should get into a house as quickly as possible. But don't be a speculator and try to turn over a fast profit in 12 months. The demand for housing is still strong throughout the U.S., so buy a home or condominium and plan on living in it for five years.

THE ANNUAL CHECKUP

A financial planner is your money doctor; he's not your stockbroker. Generally, you don't call him every time one of your investments twitches; he doesn't hold hands. But he does monitor the health of your net worth and, each year, you should get a computerized print-out of where you were two years ago and where you stand today. If, however, you feel your planner is churning your account, moving you in and out of stocks, funds and various other investments with mind-boggling frequency, that's a danger sign. He's collecting commissions every time he sells you something. Planners, unlike portfolio managers, must consult you in advance, says Carter.

Meet with your planner at least once a year, and more frequently if your plan needs some serious alterations. Meantime, expect to pay his fees during the year. Bill E. Carter, for instance, charges a young client \$350 for setting up the initial program and then another 1 percent of the total income, which is billed quarterly. If you earn \$20,000 a year, you'll pay him \$200 annually.

A SUCCESS STORY

Nick Georgas is a single 32-year-old pharmacist for Skaggs-Alpha Beta in Dallas. Seven years ago, he didn't have a dime saved, and he was blowing his paycheck on "bars, women and good times." Most of his money was invested in scuba diving in the Cayman Islands and skiing in Colorado.

Today, Georgas skis and scubas more than he ever did. He still parties and rips and runs. But now he has a net worth of \$110,000, a new house, a brand-new Cadillac Eldorado, a lot of stocks, some mutual-fund shares and various other investments. If this sounds like a line from one of those "lazy man's way to riches" advertisements, it's not. Georgas just did some wise financial planning.

"First couple years out of school [University of Texas], I was blowing it. I was a free-wheeler, a high spender with no inner discipline to save or budget," he recalls. Worst of all, he can't even remember where the

money went. "I didn't have a thing to show for it."

Georgas says he met Bill Carter in a bar, and they struck up a conversation. He claims Carter didn't pounce on him as a potential client. "We just started talking about money," Georgas decided to sign up.

At the time, he was making \$16,000 a year and was practically penniless. Carter persuaded him to put \$210 a month into the Fidelity Destiny Fund. "For the first twelve months, they keep half of what you invest, and that pretty much tells you to stick it out for a while," he says. "Imagine, they keep half just for the privilege of letting you invest." But Georgas bit his lip and made his monthly payments.

Meantime, at Carter's suggestion, he dropped his \$50,000 whole-life-insurance policy and bought \$75,000 worth of term-life insurance. "I got one and a half times more coverage, and my premiums were cut in half."

Georgas later put \$150 a month into two different mutual funds. He cashed in all but 10 percent of his shares in Fidelity Destiny and netted a 15 percent profit over five years. By 1979, he had accumulated \$14,000 for a down payment on a three-bedroom, two-bath house in north Dallas, the city's most desirable neighborhood. The house cost \$75,000 then; now it's worth \$95,000. What's more, he didn't have to liquidate his investments to come up with the down payment.

"I haven't really overextended myself, but I did pamper myself a bit," he confesses. Last year, he bought a brand-new 1979 Cadillac Eldorado when the 1980 models were being introduced. He bargained like a "horse trader," he says. "The car was worth \$18,500, and I got it for \$14,200. I just gave the guy my best offer, and he took it." Georgas unloaded his 1976 Olds Cutlass to a private party instead of trading it in and picked up a few hundred extra dollars. He chose to finance the Cadillac: \$4,000 down and \$10,000 over 36 months.

As his net worth has grown and his salary has increased (he now makes \$30,000 a year with Skaggs), Georgas has diversified his investments. For openers, he bought 250 shares of his company's stock ("If I believe strongly enough to work for them, I should invest in them"). He doesn't consult Carter on his stock-market choices anymore, and he seems to be doing pretty well on his own. Figuring his profits every three months, Georgas recently saw his stock-market portfolio grow from \$19,000 in the first quarter of this year to \$25,000 by the end of the second quarter.

Georgas has no regrets for buckling down to a financial plan, and he insists he never missed the money that Carter had him invest. He only wishes he had done it earlier.

"To my way of thinking, financial planning is the only way for the little guy to make anything today."



If you'd like to know how these boys can get charcoal by burning hard maple wood, drop us a line.

BATEMAN, BURNS AND BRANCH sound like Philadelphia lawyers. Actually, they're rickers from Tennessee.

There aren't many men who can take a rick of hard maple wood and burn it into tiny pieces of charcoal. But these three gentlemen can. And, after the charcoal is packed into big vats, we gentle our whiskey down through it. If you're wondering what accounts for Jack Daniel's smoothness, give the credit to this charcoal. But don't overlook a trio of rickers—named Bateman, Burns and Branch.



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Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.



Jane Birkin

English-born Jane Birkin has long been associated with all things French, including her husband, film maker/musician/writer Serge Gainsbourg. In the early Seventies, the pair singed ears worldwide with their panting platter of aural eroticism, *Je t'aime*, in which Jane could be heard moaning, groaning and grunting in what sounded like authentic throes of ecstasy. (This year, husband Serge hit the Gallic Top Ten with his reggae-infused version of *La Marseillaise*.) In August 1975, Jane posed for *OUT* in a pictorial featuring the dark-haired, doe-eyed beauty manacled to a brass bed in a dingy hotel. She was wearing handcuffs, torn nylons and not much else. Since unchained, Birkin has become one of Paris' top fashion models. She's also pursued her cinematic endeavors (which began in 1966, when she played one of a pair of promiscuous teenyboppers in *Blow-Up*), starring in several of Gainsbourg's films and in the big-budget Agatha Christie flicker *Death on the Nile*. Most recently, Birkin top-lined the French pic *The Neighboring Room* and has just completed a movie based on the life of Austrian painter Egon Schiele. David Bowie plays the artist, who was persecuted for his allegedly pornographic creations. Jane plays his wife/mistress, who stood by Schiele's side through thick and thin. If only we were all so lucky.

—HALYA HRYNCHUK

MADNESS

"Ask us about our sex lives," demand Mike "Monsieur Barso" Barson, Mark "Bedders" Bedford, Chris "Chrissy Boy" Foreman, Graham "Suggs" McPherson, Lee "Kix" Thompson, Woody "Woods" Woodgate and Chas Smash, the seven natty Anglo wackos known collectively as Madness. "I go out with a hairdresser." "I go out with a singer." "Well, I go out with a bass player," grins drummer Woodgate. "We make a wonderful rhythm section together." Hey-hey, nudge, nudge.

And rhythm is what Madness is all about. Their music is a crazy, helter-skelter jumble of rhythm 'n' blues, rock 'n' roll and ska (the Jamaican precursor of reggae). "It's dance music above all else," the North London invaders insist. Goofy, head-knocking, foot-flying dance music. And unlike British ska revivalists the Specials and the Selecter, Madness injects its music with an irreverent dash of schmaltz and English music-hall bawdiness. "Whatever you do," they insist (almost in unison), "don't call us a ska band. We're a nutty band." And *nutty* is the operative word. As Madness proudly exclaims: "This is the heavy, heavy monster sound. The nuttiest sound around."

—STEVEN X. REA





JOHNNY MULLINS

"I never wrote a song I couldn't use as a Bible marker." So says Johnny Mullins, a 56-year-old elementary school janitor from Springfield, Missouri. Mullins moonlights as a country tune-smith. "I write mostly around four in the morning—my family's still asleep, the town is quiet." So what? you might well say. A lot of janitors wax musi-

cal while they're waxing the floors. Well, try these on for size: *Blue Kentucky Girl*, a Grammy nominee for Best Country Song of the Year, recorded by Emmylou Harris (also a hit in 1965 for Loretta Lynn), *Success* (Loretta Lynn), *Company's Comin'* (Porter Wagoner) and close to 50 other bluegrass ballads covered by such country

stalwarts as Hank Snow, Red Foley, Faron Young and Norma Jean. Has success spoiled Mr. Mullins? "Nope, I've been a janitor for twenty-three years. You can have a hit one year and you make some money, but the next year might be dry. So I've always had a regular job. A man's got to feed his family." Words of wisdom, there. —S.X.R.

Lois Areno

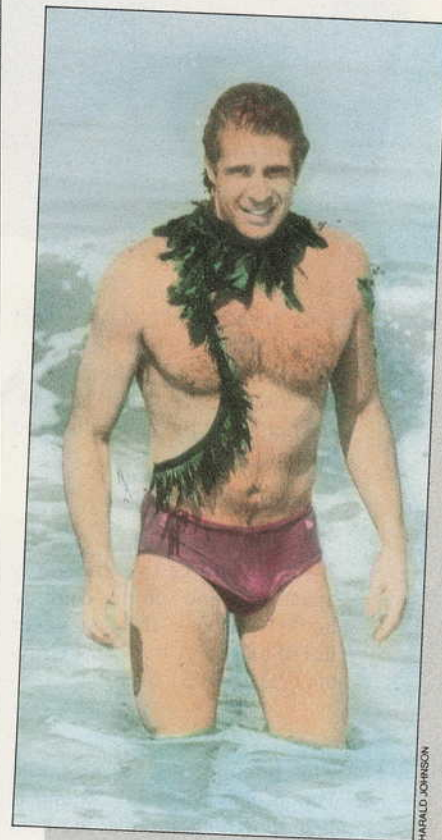
If the girl next door invited you into her hot tub, would you accept? Chances are you would, especially if the blonde in question could be seen jumping in and out of her Jacuzzi as she did for two seasons' worth of TV's *The Ropers*. Since the sitcom's demise, Lois is tackling bigger things—like movies. She costars with Burt Reynolds and Roger Moore in *The Cannonball Run*. How does she feel about roles that ask her to bare all? "I've turned down a lot of parts that required nudity. Most of the scenes rarely end up onscreen, yet somehow seem to surface at private Hollywood affairs. Besides, I'm from an old-fashioned family. If I did a nude scene, it would kill them." And so far, Lois has managed to keep Ma and Pa's hearts pumping—as well as a lot of other folk's.

—CRAIG MODDERNO



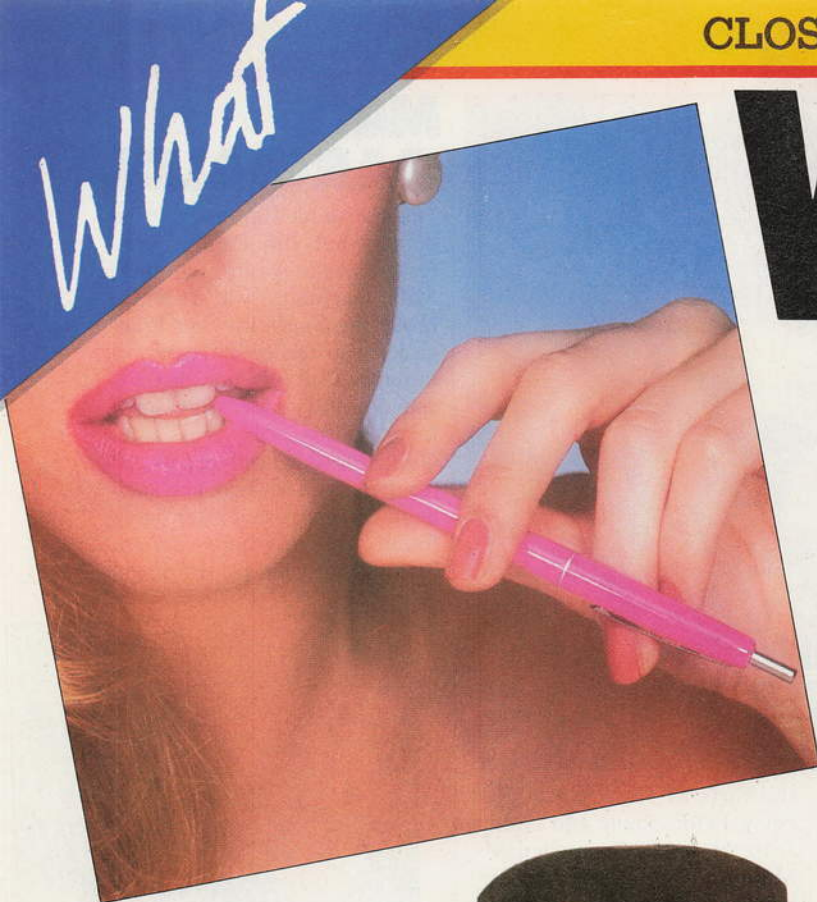
MIKE GARIBALDI

"People think I'm crazy to be doing what I'm doing," confesses rough-water swimmer Mike Garibaldi, who recently broke the Sausalito-San Francisco swim record by nearly 50 minutes. But it's not just his speed and stroke that have folks reeling. Two years ago, Garibaldi was paralyzed as the result of a not-so-freak gun accident. Mike was shot after being found in *flagrante delicto* (caught with his trunks down,



you might say) by his girlfriend's husband—an enraged policeman. But you can't keep a good man submerged. With the bullet permanently embedded near his spine, Garibaldi used his swimming as both physical and mental therapy to steer out of some emotional choppy waters. Now back up and kicking, Mike's a little wiser for his pistol-induced *coitus interruptus*. "The bullet's a reminder for me to be careful," he grins. "But it's not going to stop me from doing anything I want." Including the Australian crawl, the butterfly and an occasional breast stroke. —M. JEFFRIES

WRITE

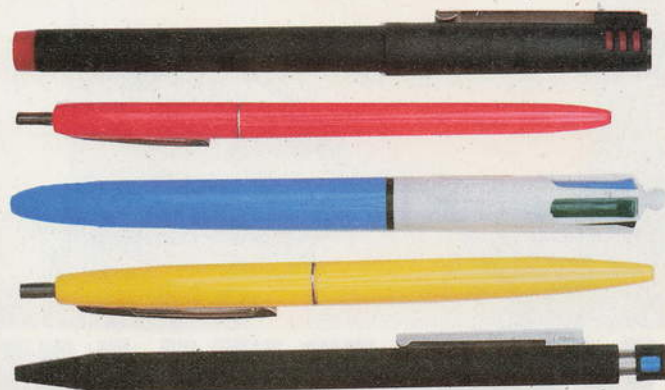


This trendy lady stays color-coordinated with a little help from her Bic Clic. The pen cost her \$.79. You'll have to ask her about the nail polish and lipstick.

"Would you like to come to my apartment and see my coloring books?" is one they've never heard before. A box of 24 Crayola crayons is \$1.09.



This box of 50 Schwan-Stabilo Pen68 pens costs \$37.50 and is just the thing for playing connect the dots with her freckles.



Ballpoint pens are a lot like roach clips—they have a nasty habit of disappearing in a crowd. Here are a few gems that are worth hanging on to. From top to bottom: The Uni-ball ballpoint (which looks like Darth Vader's pen) is \$.98. The Fisher Pretty Pen writes a smooth, clean line and is only \$.50. The Bic Four-Color is so cleverly called because it writes in four colors, \$1.98. The famous Bic Clic is an inflation fighter at \$.79. The Rolls-Royce of pens, the Lamy Three Color, is \$40, from Lamy Products of Newark, New Jersey.



The invention of the ballpoint rates somewhere around the discovery of the quill and ink in the history of writing, and here are a few more prize examples. From top to bottom: The everyday Bic Citation, still a bargain at \$1.29. The Sheaffer Kaleidoscope, high-end stuff at \$3.98. The Parker B-5 ballpoint pen for special occasions, \$6. And the good old Bic Crystal Stick is still the best bargain in writing at \$.29.



For \$49.95, this little lovely from Sterling Corp. not only gives you the time, date, day and seconds—it writes, too!



An old favorite is the world-renowned Nudie Pen. Hold her upright and she's decent, but turn her over and her bikini disappears. Oh, yeah, she writes, too. About \$2.50.

OF WAY

Everything You Need for Pen Pals, Love Notes and Poison Letters

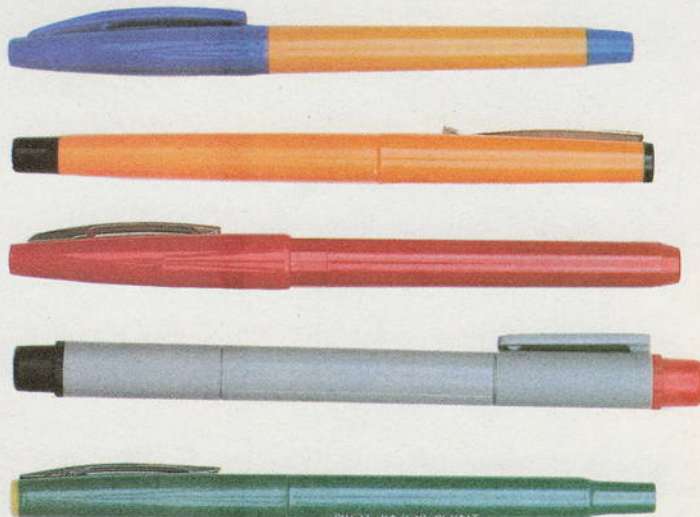
By John Roemer/Photography by Stephen Harvey



The pencil holder (above left) is \$4 from Moxie Brand of New York. The giant crayon (above right) is \$1.09. Look sharp with the Dahle 122 Pencil Sharpener (below), \$9.50.



The Vanishing Point, Pilot's retractable fountain pen, is \$29.95 (center right); the Parker 15 medium- and fine-point fountain pens surrounding it are \$7.50 each.



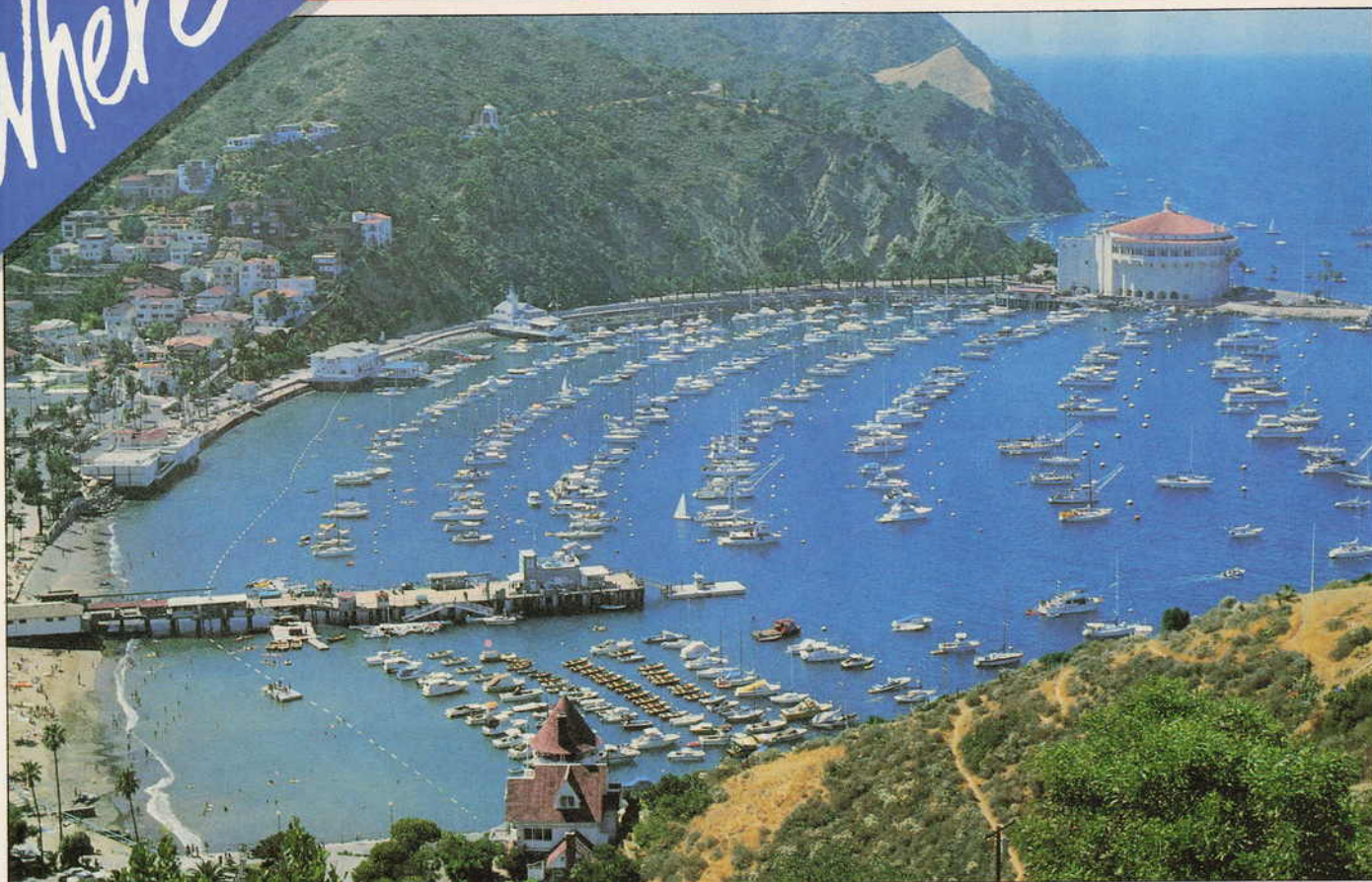
These classy felt-tip pens will give any aspiring Tom Wolfe hours and hours of the write stuff. From top to bottom: The Nikko Finepoint 99-L for \$.79; the Nikko Finepoint XL-2 for \$.99; the Pentel Rolling Writer Extra Fine for \$.98; the Scoop Finepoint-Highlighter for \$1.29; and the classic Pilot Razor Point, which comes in seven colors, for only \$.79.



These Fisher Space Pens write upside down or underwater thanks to sealed ink cartridges that are nitrogen pressurized at 50 pounds per square inch. They also write on glossy photos, at zero gravity, and they're the only pens that have been to the moon. From \$6 to \$10.95.

Where

CLOSERS



THE URBAN ISLAND

Catalina may be just twenty-six miles across the sea from Los Angeles, but it feels like a million.

On one of those clear days, the island's dark silhouette looms up over the Pacific horizon and beckons like some misplaced Bali Ha'i to freeway-weary Southern Californians. Just being able to see it—at 26 miles away—has become some kind of auspicious event. Los Angelenos are known to whisper its name almost in reverence . . . Catalina.

There are several easy ways to get over to Catalina. Hurried jet setters can take a plane out of Long Beach, while nostalgic Vietnam vets can catch a helicopter from San Pedro. However, most folks hop one of several small ferries that make regular runs from San Pedro, Long Beach and Newport. The island has a year-round population of only 2000 people but, on sunny weekends, the figure can swell to five times that number. Most visitors from the mainland

are a little crazy when they get there and, by the time they leave . . . well, almost everybody in L.A. has a good Catalina story.

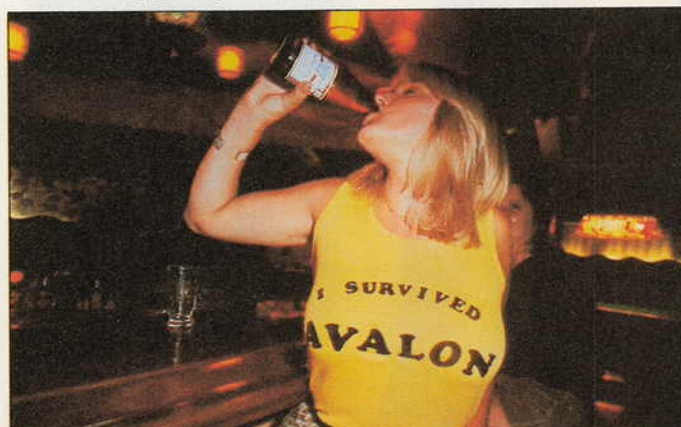
There are two points of entry to the island of Catalina. The Isthmus, a small-boat harbor with minimal facilities on the north end, and the city of Avalon on the south. My parents met each other in Avalon, so I went over there on a recent weekend to seek out my roots.

I traveled with Jinx and Don, a couple of male "groupies" of the Nasty Ladies, an all-girl softball team from Los Angeles who had accepted a challenge from some of the island's female sluggers. A contingent of 70 sailors from the U.S.S. *Gudgeon*, a training submarine parked in Avalon Bay for the weekend, was there to cheer on the girls. Brother, did they ever root when the second base-person came to bat.

They played on a diamond that was at one time the spring-training ground for the Chicago Cubs. In those days, both the Cubs and the island were the property of William Wrigley, Jr., the chewing-gum tycoon. Mr.

Wrigley's family eventually turned 86 percent of the island over to the Santa Catalina Island Conservancy, shutting out condo blight as effectively as a shortage of stucco.

Most of the development of



Top: Picturesque Avalon Harbor as seen from the Wrigley mansion. Above: At Big Mike's, the beers are cold and the females hot. But watch out for islanders who drive their cars through the doors.

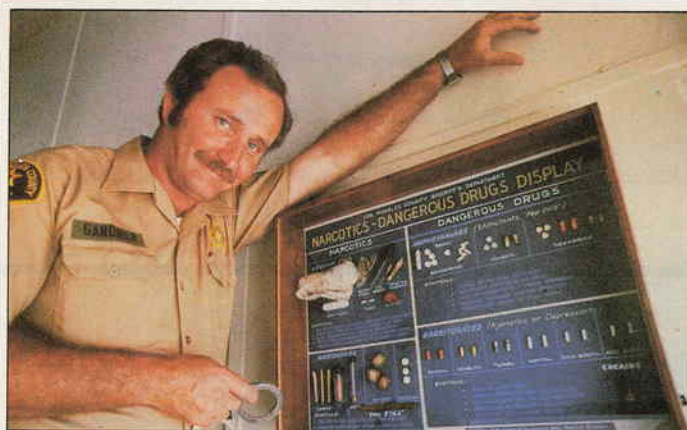
Avalon took place in the Twenties, and the town still maintains its quaint early-Mediterranean architectural style. In 1929, Wrigley built the Casino, a circular monolith that sits out on a point overlooking Avalon harbor. From the Thirties through to today, big bands like Duke Ellington and Jimmy Dorsey have played there. The Casino also houses one of the first sound-film theaters ever built.

In pleasant contrast to the mainland, there are few cars in Avalon. Ferry lines charge twice the normal shipping rate for automobiles and, to drive the inland roads, you need a special key card, which costs \$80 a year. But it's a small town, so there's no trouble walking from one end to the other, even if you're loaded. And because you don't have to drive around, you tend to get a little higher than usual, you know?

There are three liquor stores, seven churches and 14 bars in Avalon—a fair balance. After the softball game, we headed over to the Chi Chi Club, where Errol Flynn used to hang out and listen to some good music. After slugging back a few brews, we headed on to Big Mike's, where the submarine sailors had all reconnoitered to drown in some suds.

We entered Big Mike's through a freshly mangled doorway. Seems one of the locals had tried to drive into the bar with his jeep the week before, but the car wouldn't fit. As crazy as the tourists get, the locals claim to be even farther gone. They claim that "island fever" is the main cause. After the driver extracted his jeep from the bar, he mowed down a hotel fence, crashed into his buddy's pickup truck and then went home to sleep it off.

But as loose and lovely as Avalon is, it's a shame that most visitors to Catalina never get out of the town. The backcountry is remarkable. An inland tour will take you along winding scenic roads populated with wild goats, wild boar and an Arabian-horse ranch. There's even a herd of buffalo. Legend has it that a film crew dropped the animals off in the Thirties and they just hung around and reproduced until there's now over 400 of them. If you're into buffalo chips, you can get beautiful gold-plated



Top: A member of the island constabulary with the famous display of confiscated highs. **Above left:** The Mediterranean-style Avalon waterfront. **Right:** A ferryload of mainlanders arrives.



Top: Part of the native buffalo herd abandoned by a movie crew in the Thirties. **Above:** Part of the comely female herd that descends upon Catalina in search of a tan and a good time.

samples at the novelty shops in Avalon.

But as many people as there are who come to enjoy the land, just as many arrive to enjoy the Pacific. I saw a couple of divers walking up an Avalon road with about 30 abalone they'd taken from the offshore rocks, while out on the pier, a guy was hauling up a 350-pound broadbill swordfish to get a picture.

In the waters around the island stand lush kelp forests (some reaching over 100 feet tall) that act as nurseries to a dazzling variety of multicolored fish. The water is usually crystal clear, so it's great for diving, and you can rent skiffs off the Avalon pier.

By the way, there are many fine hotels in town (e.g., Zane Grey Pueblo, Las Casitas, Island Inn). Rates run about \$35 and up, but you can get a budget room for about \$10 at the Hermosa Hotel. Displayed on the wall of the lobby of the Hermosa is a T-shirt that reads: SURVIVOR, CATALINA ISLAND. I tried to buy one, but the lady at the desk wouldn't sell. "You haven't survived yet," she insisted.

Actually, you haven't survived until you make it back to the mainland. You see, the ferries feature fully stocked bars. There used to be only one large boat, the S.S. Catalina, known affectionately as the Big White Steamship, that made the trip across the channel. People claim the service is more efficient now, though it has lost a little of its charm. The Big White used to get kind of nuts sometimes. I remember one Labor Day weekend when the last ride back to the mainland was packed to the portholes with several hundred space cases.

Halfway across the channel, the crowd around the bar started reaching over and pouring their own drinks. Immediately, things were out of control. The passengers began throwing the life preservers overboard. Then they ripped up whole benches and tossed them off, too. As the boat approached the harbor, guys actually started taking dives off the stern into the bay, a fall of about 70 feet. Sixty drunks eventually went off the back, and every one of them got a standing ovation. It even made the morning paper.

—MICHAEL TENNESEN

NEXT

December issue at your newsstand November 6.
Buy one for a friend.

THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAYS

The nine nutcases that comprise ABC's late-night comedy lineup go under *OUI* scrutiny in what promises to be the most confusing, chaotic and surreally realized interview we've ever run.

THE BARTENDER MYSTIQUE

Everybody knows one, and they're usually real characters.

What is it about these rail workers that has folks like you pouring out your hearts while they're pouring out your drinks?

D'ANGELO LETS GO

Revealing *Small Talk* with Beverly D'Angelo, the beautiful young star of *Hair*, *Coal Miner's Daughter* and *Honky Tonk Freeway*.



SEXUAL DESIRE

Young men aren't supposed to experience diminished sexual desire, right? So why are guys feeling the fires of their passion fading? *Male Sexuality* author Bernie Zilbergeld offers some answers.

ACID FLASHES BACK

Yes, there is an LSD renaissance. Psychedelicized souls are tripping across the country once again, suggesting that there just might be better living through chemistry, after all.

OUI'S 1981 DATEBOOK

Twelve friendly girls bestow their best wishes for your coming 365 in this deluxe pull-out bonus gift.

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oui

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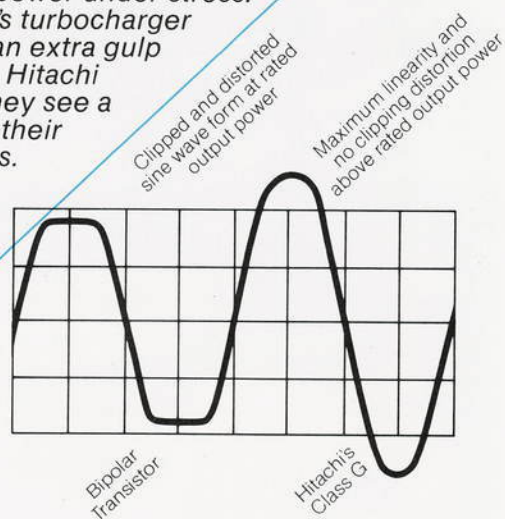
(Bye bye, clipping distortion. Hello, dynamic range.)

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Box: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine;
Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report January 1980.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.